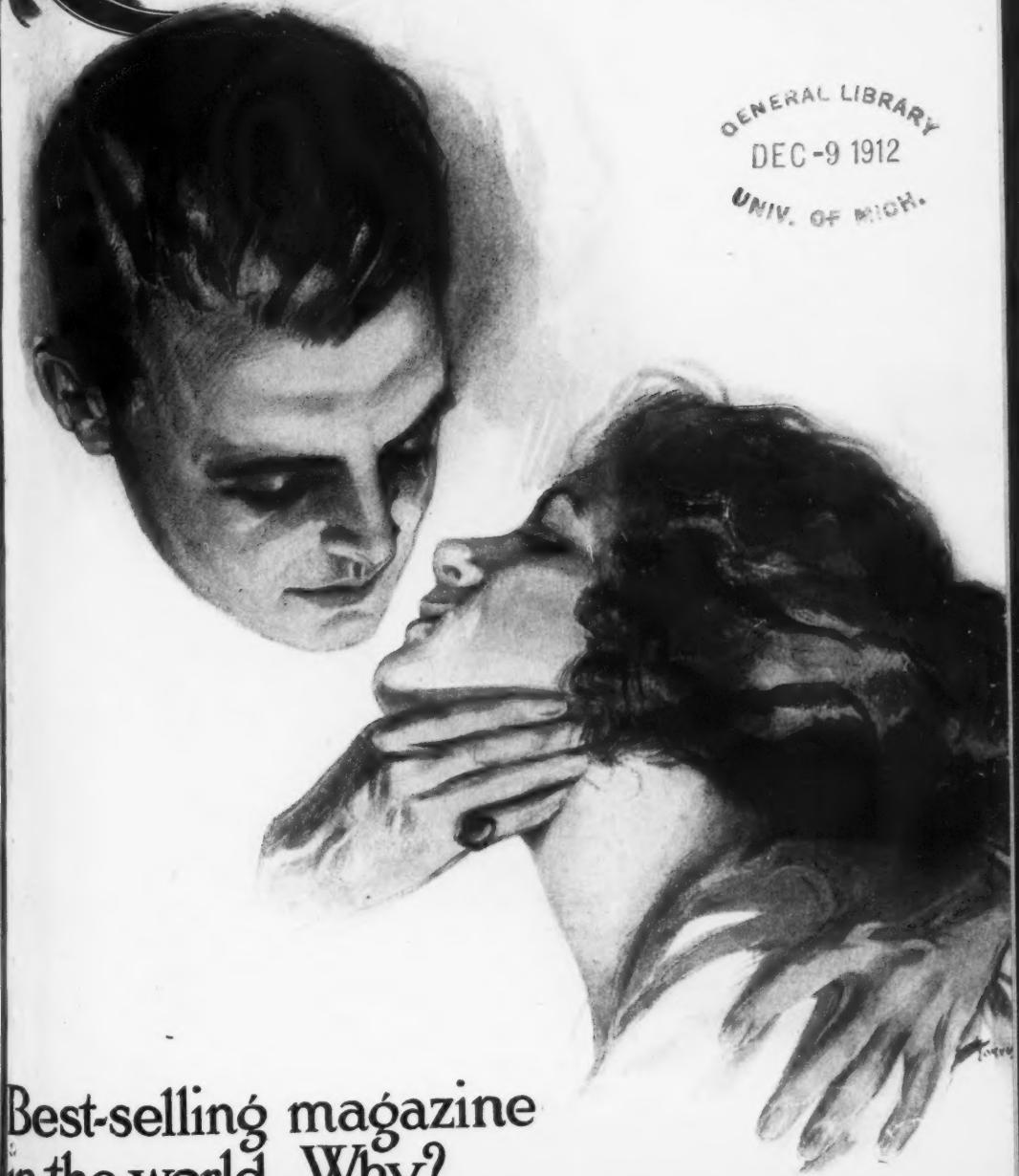


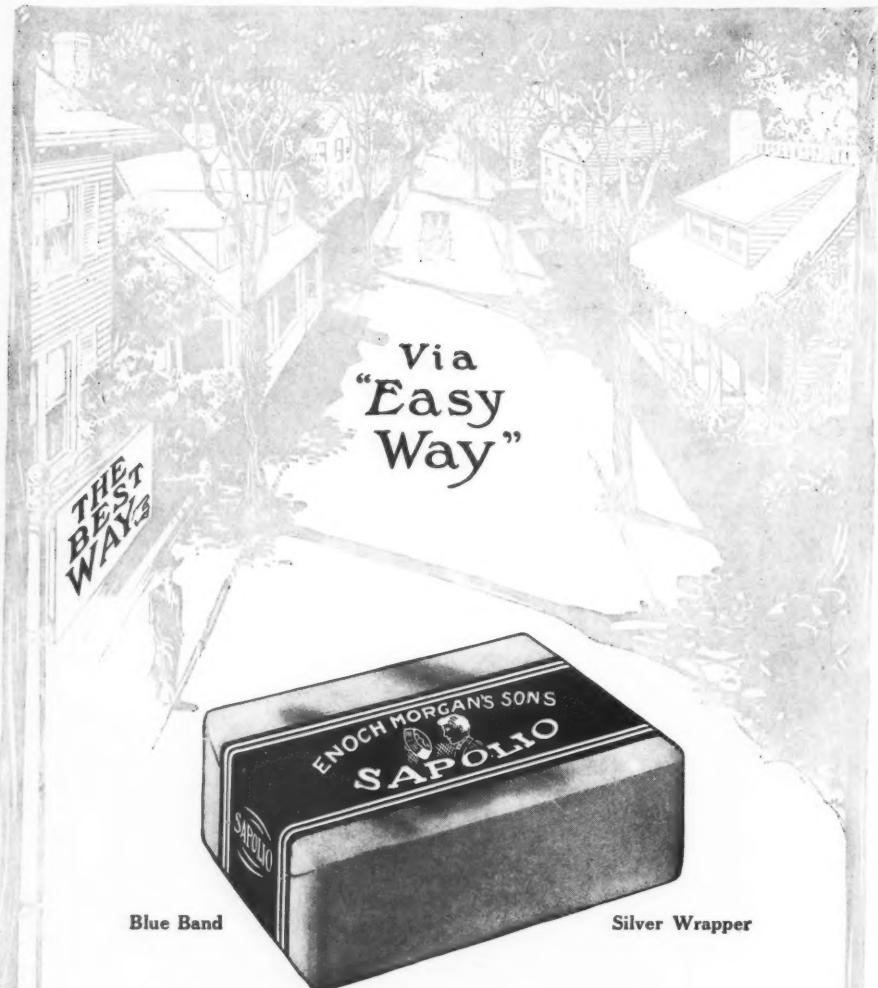
January
Cosmopolitan

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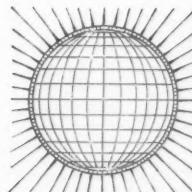
is in charge of the "uplift work" in the community. It **Cleans, Scours, Polishes**, not only in the home, but the Sapolio spirit shows itself in the very streets. Sapolio-kept homes create self-respect and a community interest, and everywhere Sapolio

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Cosmopolitan Magazine

Vol. LIV January, 1913 No. 2



In this issue we give you literally the "cream of the cream" of modern-day artists and story-tellers. The fiction can't be beat. The "specials"—take General Chamberlain's *Fredericksburg* article, Mrs. Logan's life-story, the adventures of a delver into the crater of Vesuvius, and the others—all of them will interest and "hold" you. Altogether we believe this number to be as interesting an issue of a popular magazine as we have seen published. It is right in line with what you expect from

America's Greatest Magazine

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Are You Useful *or* Use- less ?



The parole system has found favor wherever it has been tried. In future, parole will take the place of punishment? Does his liberty add to the health, happiness, and well-being of

THREE are just two kinds of people in the world. These are the useful and the useless.

Everybody occasionally makes mistakes. But the difference between the sane man and the insane is that the sane man profits by his errors, while the insane person never learns, but does the same wrong thing over and over.

There is no such thing as a criminal class, but granting for argument's sake that it exists, then we all belong to it.

Prisons and punishments have existed since the dawn of history. The fear of punishment does not deter; prisons never reform; and penitentiaries do not make men penitent. The men who come out of prison are, as a rule, more

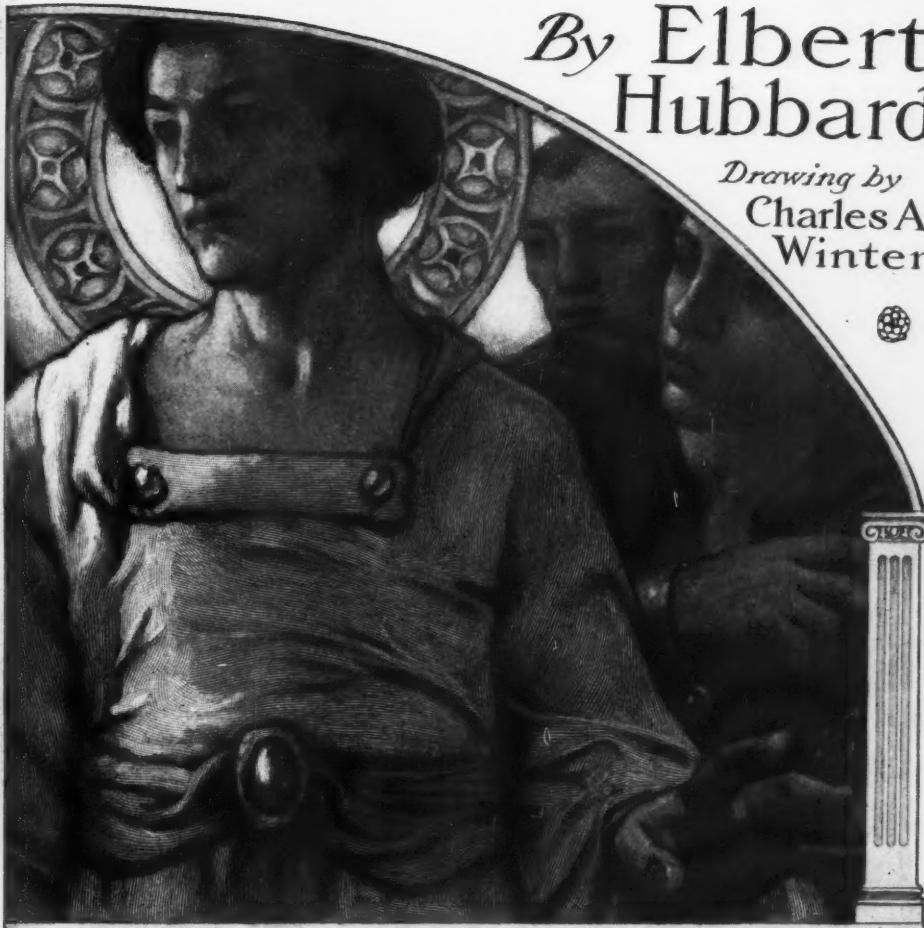
incompetent than when they went in.

The parole system has found favor wherever it has been tried.

In future, parole will take the place of punishment, and the insane asylum will take the place of the prison.

The test will be: Is this man useful or useless? Does his liberty add to the health, happiness, and well-being of the community, or is he a menace, a danger, and one unfit for freedom? Neither science nor experience has shown us the line of cleavage between the mentally defective and the criminal. The insane man does the wrong thing, and so does the criminal, and both suffer.

Common sense reveals to us that health, happy-



By Elbert Hubbard

*Drawing by
Charles A
Winter*

ishment, and the insane asylum will take the place of the prison. The test will be: Is this man useful or the community, or is he a menace, a danger, and one unfit for freedom?

ness, and prosperity lie in useful work. Success lies in human service. To cause unhappiness for another is to summon misery for yourself.

We believe now in Nemesis, who slumbers not nor sleeps. We are punished by our sins, not for them. These things being true, our business is not to punish. The test of sanity is the ability to cooperate with others in useful effort.

Any man who cannot do team-work is insane. The sign of insanity is the continued disregard of the rights of others.

Repeated acts of injury to others should constitute proof of incompetence.

The criminal is an insane man, and as such should have our pity and our protection.

For the first offense the man should be paroled; also for the second, and third. But he who by repeated misdeeds forfeits his right to liberty should be sent to the hospital for the insane.

The prison, the penitentiary, the gallows, the electric chair, will all have to go, for the benefit and advantage of mankind, socially, morally, and economically.

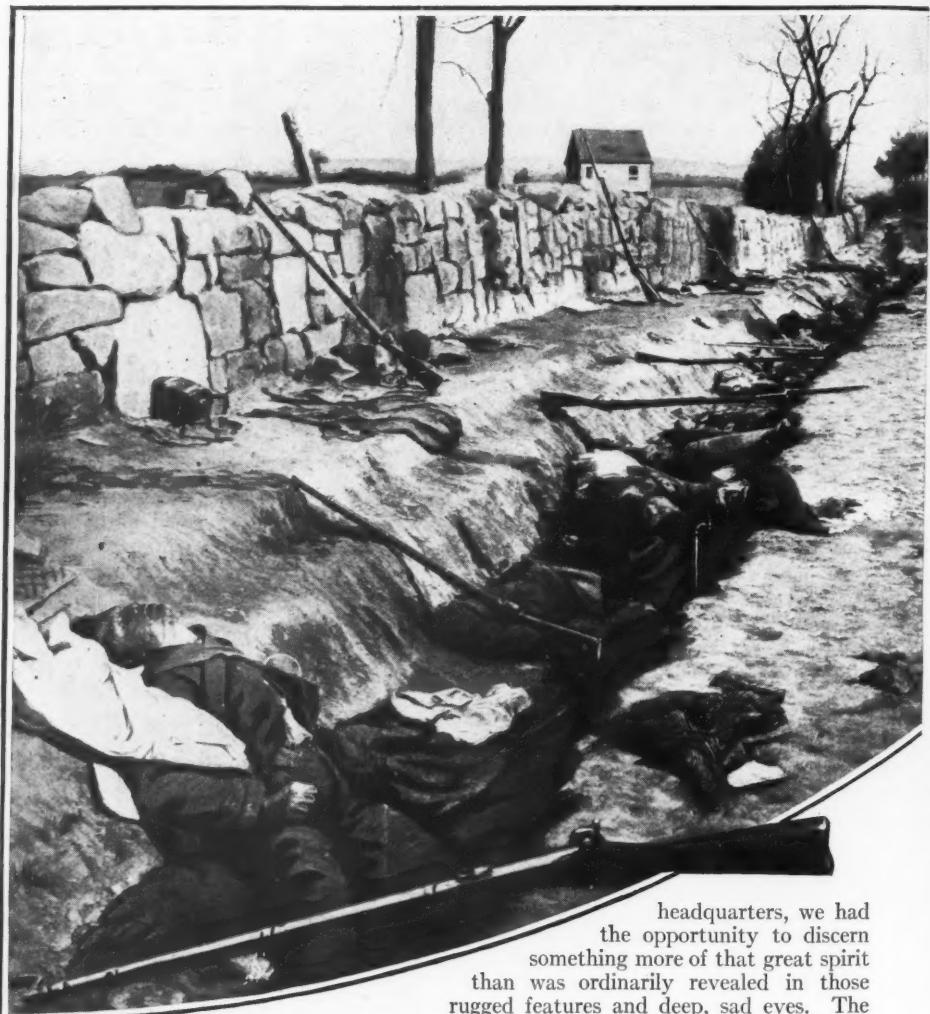
Nature in her wise provision has decreed that all punishment shall be automatic.

The germ of punishment lies in the deed.

Some day we will teach, not punish; educate, not destroy.

Love and labor will reform the world—but neither can do it alone.

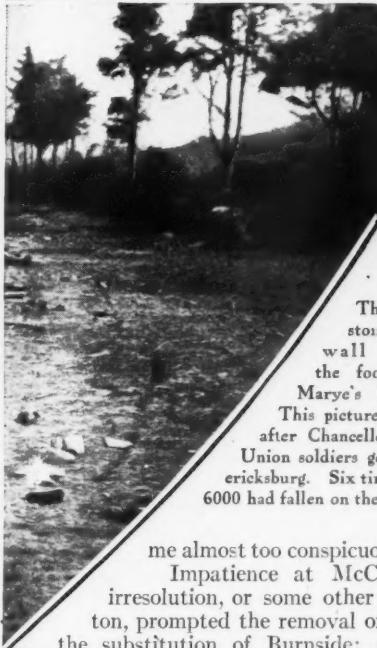
My Story of Fredericksburg



DECEMBER of 1862 found the Army of the Potomac not in the best of cheer. After the hard-fought battle of Antietam, McClellan thought chiefly to recruit his army, and moved but slowly to follow the discomfited Lee. Before we had left that field, President Lincoln came to look over the pitiable scene and the heroic men who had made it, its dead, and themselves immortal. Being a guest at our Fifth Corps

headquarters, we had the opportunity to discern something more of that great spirit than was ordinarily revealed in those rugged features and deep, sad eyes. The men conceived a sympathy and an affection for him that was wonderful in its intensity. To cheer him and them, a grand review of the battered army was given. Lincoln was a good horseman, and this showed him to new advantage. He took in everything with earnest eyes. As the reviewing cavalcade passed along our lines, where mounted officers were stationed in front of their commands, he checked his mount to draw McClellan's attention to my horse, whose white-dappled color and proud bearing made

By General Joshua L. Chamberlain



The
stone
wall at
the foot of
Marye's Heights.

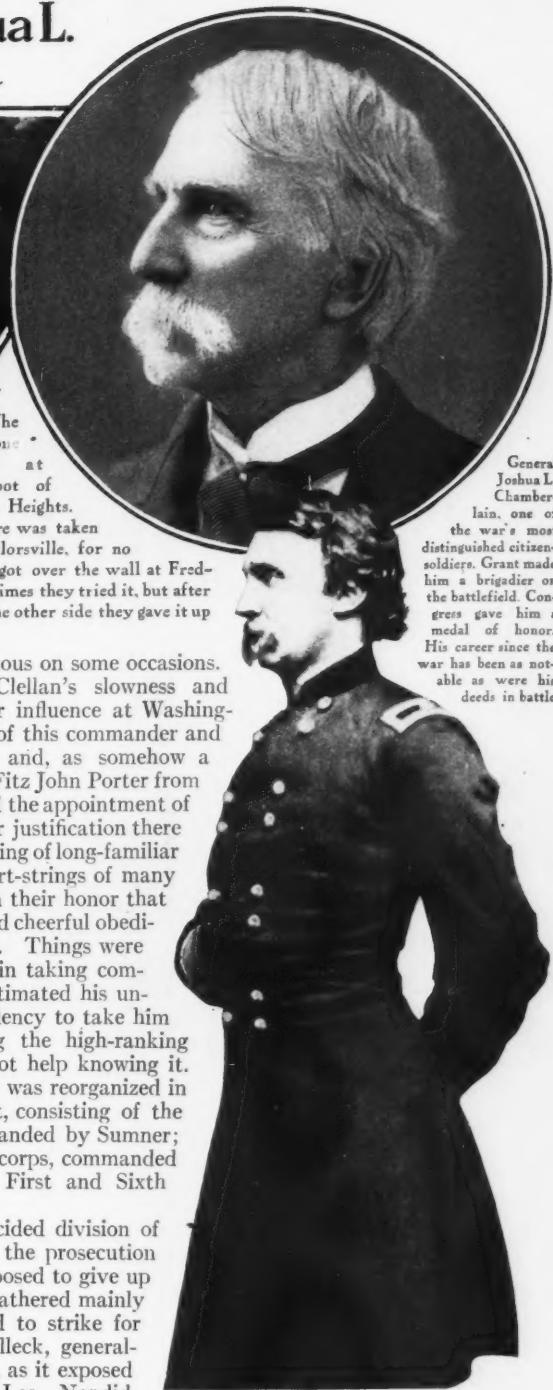
This picture was taken
after Chancellorsville, for no
Union soldiers got over the wall at Frd-
ericksburg. Six times they tried it, but after
6000 had fallen on the other side they gave it up

me almost too conspicuous on some occasions.

Impatience at McClellan's slowness and irresolution, or some other influence at Washington, prompted the removal of this commander and the substitution of Burnside; and, as somehow a sequence of this, the removal of Fitz John Porter from command of the Fifth Corps and the appointment of Hooker to the place. Whatever justification there was for these changes, the sundering of long-familiar ties brought a strain on the heart-strings of many men, but it must be remarked in their honor that no murmuring or lack of loyal and cheerful obedience ever betrayed their sorrow. Things were not brightened when Burnside, in taking command, modestly but unwisely intimated his unfitness for it. There was a tendency to take him at his word—especially among the high-ranking generals—and the men could not help knowing it.

For another change, the army was reorganized in three grand divisions: the right, consisting of the Second and Ninth corps, commanded by Sumner; the center, the Third and Fifth corps, commanded by Hooker; and the left, the First and Sixth corps, commanded by Franklin.

We were soon aware of a decided division of opinion about the best plan for the prosecution of the campaign. Burnside proposed to give up the pursuit of Lee's army, then gathered mainly in the vicinity of Culpeper, and to strike for Petersburg and Richmond. Halleck, general-in-chief, did not approve of this, as it exposed Washington to a back stroke from Lee. Nor did



General
Joshua L.
Chamber-
lain, one of
the war's most
distinguished citizen-
soldiers. Grant made
him a brigadier on
the battlefield. Con-
gress gave him a
medal of honor.
His career since the
war has been as not-
able as were his
deeds in battle

FROM RESERVE COLLECTION

My Story of Fredericksburg

the President. Burnside then offered a compromise plan: to cross the fords of the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg and seize the heights around that city, making his line of supplies the railroad between Fredericksburg and Acquia Creek on the Potomac. Halleck still disapproved, and the President only reluctantly assented. But to the astonishment of both, Burnside, instead of crossing at the upper fords, moved down the north bank of the river and took position directly confronting Fredericksburg.

LEE PREPARES A DEATH-TRAP

Burnside's intention was now manifest—to cross the Rappahannock at this front. This would require the service of pontoons, and the demand for them went promptly to Washington. This, of course, displeased the authorities there, a direct assault on Fredericksburg being no part of the plan approved; and there was a long wait for pontoons. In turn, this gave Lee time to confront our purpose with his usual promptitude and skill. He seemed to have had perfect knowledge of Burnside's movements and plans. He lost no time in seizing the crests and wooded slopes which surround Fredericksburg, where he strongly posted his infantry, covered by breastworks and rifle-pits. The ground afforded every advantage for his artillery, both for cover and efficiency, and enabled him to dispose his whole line so as to bring a front and flank fire upon any possible assault of ours. His chief of artillery said to scrutinizing Longstreet: "Our guns are so placed that we can rake the whole field as with a fine-tooth comb. A chicken could not live on that field!" Other batteries were so directed as to sweep every pontoon bridge we could lay. At the base of the principal crest behind the city some of Lee's best troops manned a breast-high stone wall, before which after history lays direful memories.

At last, on the 25th of November, the pontoons began to arrive. It requires skill and level heads to lay a pontoon bridge. But our brave engineers found their skill baffled and the level of their heads much disturbed by the hot fire from the well-manned rifle-pits on the opposite shore, and from the sharpshooters in the houses above them, and had to give up the task. Then our nearest batteries opened a terrific fire on those offensive shelters and their occupants, under which some of the houses were set

afire, the smoke and flame giving a wild background to the tense and stirring scene. In the tumult and shadow of this some daring men of the 7th Michigan and the 19th Massachusetts forged to the front, manned the forsaken boats, and pushed across, driving all before them. Howard's division soon crossed over and seized and held that portion of the town.

I may present an incident of this bombardment which impressed me at the time, and has stood vividly in memory ever since. I was near one of our upper batteries—I think Benjamin's, of the 2d Regular—observing the effect of the fire, when a staff officer of Sumner's rode up and, pointing across, bent low in his saddle and said with softened voice, "Captain, do you see that white shaft over yonder in the green field above those houses?" "I do, sir," was the reply. "That is the tomb of Washington's mother," rejoined the staff-officer. "Let your guns spare that!" "They will, sir!" was the answer, as if the guns themselves knew. I turned away, thoughtful of many things.

Next morning the bridges were laid without opposition; Lee doubtless thought his guns would do better work when crowds of men were crossing. Two bridges were in front of our right, Sumner's ground; one for us, in Hooker's front, just opposite the lower city—one being thought enough, as we were not expected to make our principal crossing there; two a mile or more below, in Franklin's front. Lee's dispositions for an offensive-defensive battle were such that it became necessary for us to cover his entire front with artillery for possible chances; so 149 guns were put in position on the north bank of the Rappahannock.

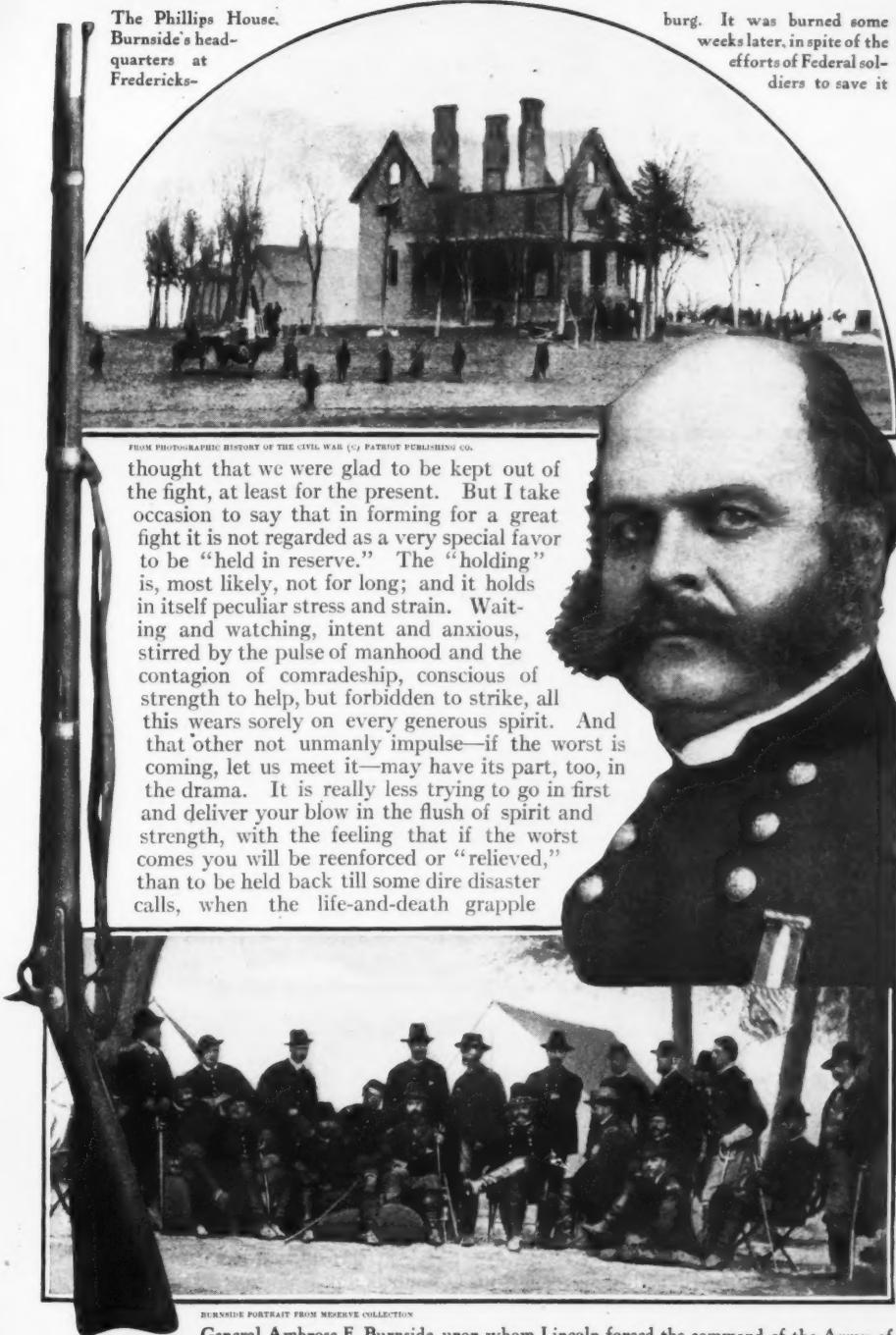
BURNSIDE'S PLAN OF BATTLE

The plan of battle was now made known to us. Sumner was to make an attack and secure a lodgment in the upper and central portion of the town; Franklin was to make the main assault a mile or two below, turn Lee's right, and take his main position in flank. To support Franklin in this, two divisions of our Third Corps were sent him, thus giving him sixty thousand effective men. Hooker, with the rest of our grand division, was to move up to the north bank, near the middle pontoon bridge, ready to cross there or to go to the support of either right or left as should be needed.

So we were held in reserve. It may be

The Phillips House.
Burnside's head-
quarters at
Fredericks-

burg. It was burned some weeks later, in spite of the efforts of Federal soldiers to save it



FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR (© PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.)

thought that we were glad to be kept out of the fight, at least for the present. But I take occasion to say that in forming for a great fight it is not regarded as a very special favor to be "held in reserve." The "holding" is, most likely, not for long; and it holds in itself peculiar stress and strain. Waiting and watching, intent and anxious, stirred by the pulse of manhood and the contagion of comradeship, conscious of strength to help, but forbidden to strike, all this wears sorely on every generous spirit. And that other not unmanly impulse—if the worst is coming, let us meet it—may have its part, too, in the drama. It is really less trying to go in first and deliver your blow in the flush of spirit and strength, with the feeling that if the worst comes you will be reenforced or "relieved," than to be held back till some dire disaster calls, when the life-and-death grapple

BURNside PORTRAIT FROM REEDS COLLECTION
General Ambrose E. Burnside, upon whom Lincoln forced the command of the Army of the Potomac after McClellan had failed to follow up his victory at Antietam. A decisive defeat was the result. The lower picture shows him with his staff

clinches, and you must recover the lost ground or die trying. Or, on the other hand, to be called to advance in triumph over a field already carried—something then is lacking to the manly sense of service rendered according to strength.

THE DEATH-DELIVERING STONE WALL

Our division, Griffin's, of the Fifth Corps, was massed near the Lacy house, opposite the city. We could plainly see the fierce struggle of our Second and Ninth corps to surmount those flaming crests behind the city. Lines first steadily moving forward in perfect order and array, the flag high poised and leading; checked and broken somewhat on each successive rise under the first range of shot and shell; no musket replying—for this would have been worse than useless—but bright bayonets fixed, ready at the final reach to sweep like a sharp wave-crest over the enemy's rock-like barrier. Right on! Then, reaching the last slope before and beneath the death-delivering stone wall, suddenly illumined by a sheet of flame, and in an instant the whole line sinking as if swallowed up in earth, the bright flags quenched in gloom, and only a writhing mass marking that high-tide halt of uttermost manhood and supreme endeavor. Then a slow back-flowing, with despairing effort here and there to bear back broken bodies of the brave glorified by the baptism of blood. Again and again the bold essay repeated by other troops, with similar experience, and thickening ridges of the fallen marking the desperate essays.

There we stood for an hour, witnessing five immortal charges. Tears ran down the cheeks of stern men, waiting, almost wishing, to be summoned to the same futile, glorious work. We harkened intensely for the sound of Franklin's guns. Now was heard the exclamation of some veteran commander of ours unable to endure the agony of suspense: "For God's sake, where is Franklin! Where are the sixty thousand that were so quickly to decide this day!"

We had heard for a little while the boom of guns and a dull roar through the woods below, but all had died away, and a strange boding silence in that quarter desolated our hearts. The rumor came that Meade's division alone had cut through the stubborn lines of Lee's right flank, but, unsupported, had been driven back; and thereafter a brave onset by Gibbon's division had

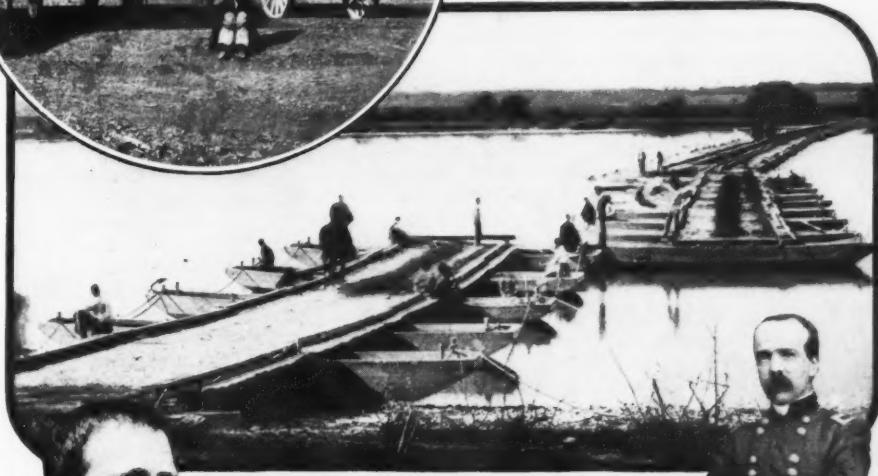
met quickly a similar fate—and nothing more seemed attempted; or if so, but in vain.

Now came the call for the reserves! Burnside, despairing of the left and seeing the heroic valor on the right, at last exhausted in unavailing sacrifice, ordered in the Fifth Corps, Griffin's division to lead. First came the silent departure of our first and second brigades, whose course our eyes could not follow. We waited in tremulous expectation. Not in fear, for that has little place in manhood when love and duty summon; but eager to do our best and make the finish. Few words were spoken among officers, however endeared to each other by confidences deepened by such pressure of life on the borders of death as war compels; the sense of responsibility silenced all else. Silence in the ranks, too; one little word, perhaps, telling whom to write to. Griffin gave us a searching, wistful look, not trusting his lips, and we not needing more. Now rang forth the thrilling bugle-cry, "Third brigade, to the front!"

OVER THE RIVER AND UP THE HILL

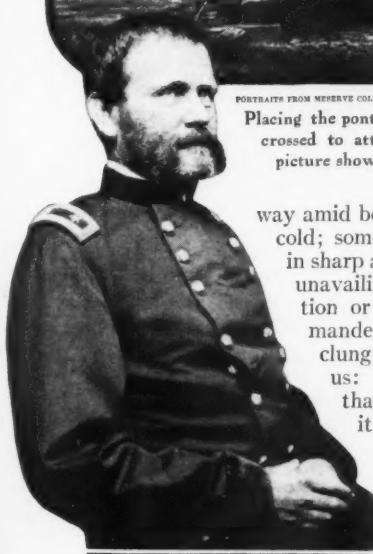
We pushed for the near-by middle pontoon bridge. The enemy's cannoneers knew the ranges perfectly. The air was thick with the flying, bursting shells; whooping solid shot swept lengthwise our narrow bridge, fortunately not yet plowing a furrow through the midst of us, but driving the compressed air so close above our heads that there was an unconquerable instinct to shrink beneath it, although knowing it was then too late. The crowding, swerving column set the pontoons swaying, so that the horses reeled and men could scarcely keep their balance. Forming our line in the lower streets, the men were ordered to unsling knapsacks, and leave them to be cared for by our quartermaster. We began the advance. Two of our regiments had failed to hear the last bugle-calls in the din and roar around, and did not overtake us: we were thus the right of the line. Our other two brigades, we heard, had gone to the relief of Sturgis's division of the Ninth Corps. We were directed straight forward, toward the left of the futile advance we had seen so fearfully cut down. The fences soon compelled us to send our horses back. The artillery fire made havoc. Crushed bodies, severed limbs, were everywhere around, in streets, doorways, and gardens. Our men

FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY
OF THE CIVIL WAR (C)
PATENT PUBLISHING CO.



PORTRAITS FROM MUSEUM COLLECTION

Placing the pontoon bridges upon which the Union army crossed to attack Lee at Fredericksburg. The top picture shows pontoons loaded for transportation



General W. B. Franklin, commander of the left grand division at Fredericksburg

began to fall, and were taken up by the faithful surgeons and hospital attendants, who also bring courage to their work.

Soon we came out in an open field. Immediately, through the murky smoke, we saw to our right a battery swing into position to sweep our front. It opened on us. "God help us now! Colonel, take the right wing; I must lead here!" calmly spoke our brave Colonel Ames to me, and went to the front, into the storm.

Now we reached the lines we were to pass for the farther goal. We picked our



General
Daniel Butterfield

way amid bodies thickly strewn, some stark and cold; some silent with slowly ebbing life; some in sharp agony that must have voice, though unavailing; some prone from sheer exhaustion or by final order of hopeless commander. The living from their close-clung bosom of earth strove to dissuade us: "It's no use, boys; we've tried that. Nothing living can stand there; it's only for the dead!"

On we pushed, up slopes slippery with blood, miry with repeated, unavailing tread. We reached that final crest, before that all-commanding, countermanding stone wall. Here we exchanged fierce volleys at every disadvantage, until the muzzle-flame deepened the sunset red, and

My Story of Fredericksburg

all was dark. We stepped back a little behind the shelter of this forlorn, foremost crest, and sank to silence, perhaps—such is human weakness—to sleep.

A BIVOUAC WITH THE DEAD

It was a cold night. Bitter, raw north winds swept the stark slopes. The men, heated by their energetic and exciting work, felt keenly the chilling change. Many of them had neither overcoat nor blanket, having left them with the discarded knapsacks. They roamed about to find some garment not needed by the dead. Mounted officers all lacked outer covering. This had gone back with the horses, strapped to the saddles. So we joined the uncanny quest. Necessity compels strange uses. For myself it seemed best to bestow my body between two dead men among the many left there by earlier assaults, and to draw another crosswise for a pillow out of the trampled, blood-soaked sod, pulling the flap of his coat over my face to fend off the chilling winds, and, still more chilling, the deep, many-voiced moan that overspread the field. It was heart-rending; it could not be borne. I rose at midnight from my unearthly bivouac, and taking our adjutant for companion went forth to see what we could do for these forsaken sufferers. The deep sound led us to our right and rear, where the fiercest of the fight had held brave spirits too long. As we advanced over that stricken field, the grave, conglomerate monotone resolved itself into its diverse, several elements: some breathing inarticulate agony; some dear home names; some begging for a drop of water; some for a caring word; some praying God for strength to bear; some for life; some for quick death. We did what we could, but how little it was on a field so boundless for feeble human reach! Our best was but to search the canteens of the dead for a draft of water for the dying; or to ease the posture of a broken limb; or to compress a severed artery of fast-ebbing life that might perhaps so be saved, with what little skill we had been taught by our surgeons early in learning the tactics of saving as well as of destroying men. It was a place and time for farewells. Many a word was taken for far-away homes that otherwise might never have had one token from the field of the lost. It was something even to let the passing spirit know that its worth was not forgotten here.

Wearied with the sense of our own insufficiency, it was a relief at last to see through the murk the dusky forms of ghostly ambulances gliding up on the far edge of the field, pausing here and there to gather up its precious freight, and the low-hoovering, half-covered lantern, or blue gleam of a lighted match, held close over a brave, calm face to know whether it were of the living or the dead.

We had taken bearings to lead us back to our place before the stone wall. There were wounded men lying there also, who had not lacked care. But it was interesting to observe how unmurmuring they were. That old New England habit so reluctant of emotional expression, so prompt to speak conviction, so reticent as to the sensibilities—held perhaps as something intimate and sacred—that habit of the blood had its corollary or after-glow in this reticence of complaint or murmur under the fearful sufferings and mortal anguish of the battlefield. Yet never have I seen such tenderness as brave men show to comrades when direst need befalls. I trust I show no lack of reverence for gracious spirits nor wrong to grateful memories, when confessing that this tenderness of the stern and strong recalls the Scripture phrase, "passing the love of women."

NIGHT ON THE BATTLEFIELD

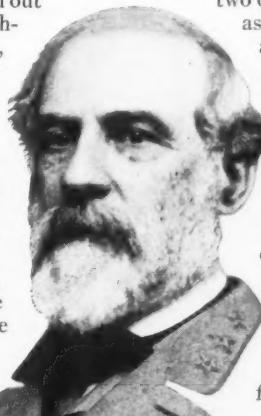
Down again into our strange companionship of bed! The uncanny quest for covering was still going on around, and coming near. Once a rough but cautious hand lifted the dead man's coat-flap from my face, and a wild, ghoul-like gaze sought to read whether it was of the unresisting.

All night the winds roared. The things that caught their beat were such as were rooted to earth, or broken and shivered by man's machinery. One sound whose gloomy insistence impressed my mood was the flapping of a loosened window-blind in a forsaken brick house to our right, desolate but for a few daring or despairing wounded. It had a weird rhythm as it swung between the hoarse-answering sash and wall. To my wakened inner sense it struck a chord far deepening the theme of the eternal song of the "old clock on the stairs": "*Never—forever; forever—never!*" I still seem to hear, in lonely hours with the unforgetten, that dark refrain sounding across the anguished battlefield.

Wakened by the sharp fire that spoke the dawn, as I lifted my head from its restful though strange pillow, there fell out from the breast-pocket a much-worn little New Testament, written in it the owner's name and home. I could do no less than take this to my keeping, resolved that it should be sent to that home in the sweet valley of the Susquehanna as a token that he who bore it had kept the faith and fought the fight. I may add that sparing mercy allowed the wish to be fulfilled, and this evidence gave the stricken mother's name a place in the list of the nation's remembered benefactors.

Soon came a storm of

bullets from front and flank to rout us from our slight shelter in the hollow between the two outermost crests of the manifold assault. This not sufficing, the artillery took up the task, trying to rain shell down upon us and sweep solid shot through our huddled group. We had to lie flat on the earth, and only by careful twisting could any man load and fire his musket against the covered line in front. Before long we saw two or three hundred of the enemy creep out from the right of their stone wall and take advantage of a gully-bank where the ground fell away from our left, to get a full flank fire on us.



My Story of Fredericksburg

The situation was critical. We took warrant of supreme necessity. We laid up a breastwork of dead bodies, to cover that exposed flank. Behind this we managed to live through the day. No man could stand up and not be laid down again hard. I saw a man lift his head by the prop of his hands and forearms, and catch a bullet in the middle of his forehead. Such recklessness was forbidden. We lay there all the long day, hearing the dismal "thud" of the bullets into the dead flesh of our life-saving bulwarks. No relief could dare to reach us: reenforcement we did not wish. We saw now and then a staff officer trying to bring orders, and his horse would be shot from under him the moment he reached the crest behind us. We had to take things as they came, and do without the rest.

ORDERED BACK TO FREDERICKSBURG

Night came again, and midway of it the order to remove and take respite within the city. Our wounded were borne to shelter and care back near the pontoon bridge. We got our bodies ready to go, but not our minds. Our dead lay there. We could not take them where we were going, nor would we leave them as they lay. We would bury them in the earth they had made dear. Shallow graves were dug with bayonets and fragments of shell and muskets that strewed the ground. Low head-boards, made of broken fence-rails or musket-butts, rudely carved under sheltered match-light, marked each name and home.

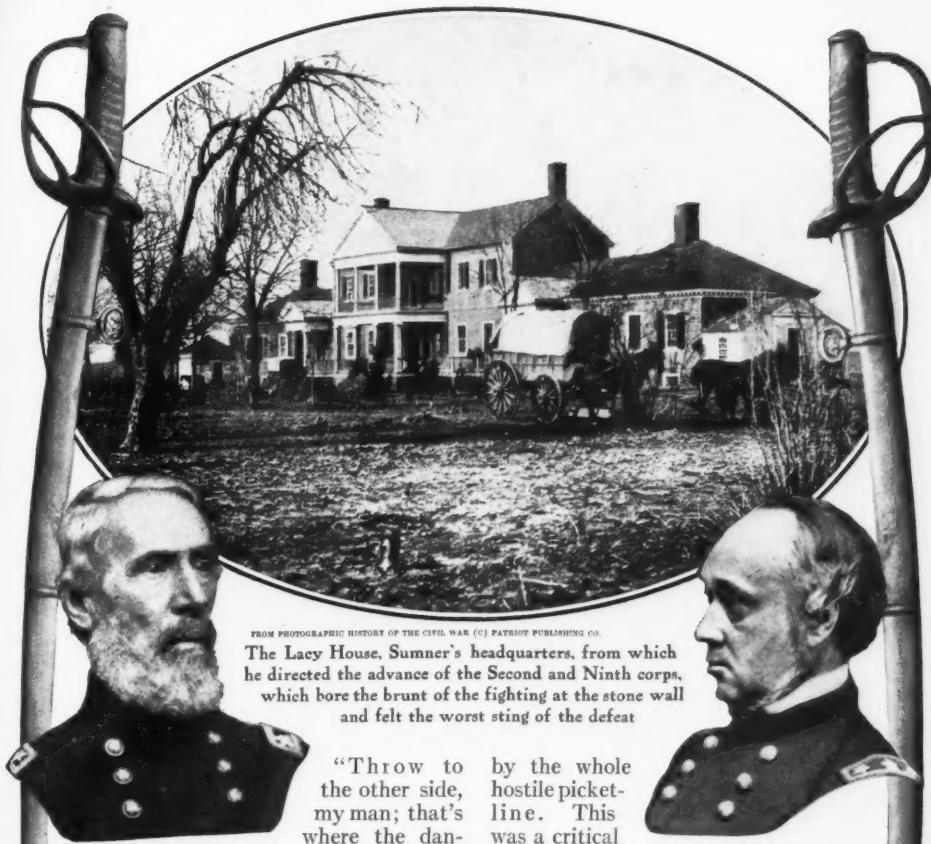
We had to pick our way over a field strewn with incongruous ruin; men torn and broken and cut to pieces in every indescribable way, cannon dismounted, gun-carriages smashed or overturned, ammunition-chests flung wildly about, horses dead and half-dead still h̄d in harness, accoutrements of every sort scattered as by whirlwinds. It was not good for the nerves, that ghastly march, in the lowering night! We were moved to the part of the town first occupied by Sumner's troops, and bivouacked in the streets, on the stone flagging. Little sleep that night, or rest next morning. Troops of all commands were crowded in without pretension of military use or position. Consequently the Confederates began to bombard their own town. Toward night rumors came through prisoners that Stonewall Jackson was coming down from the right upon our huddled mass

to crush us where we were or sweep us into the river. No doubt he could have done it. But we afterward learned that Lee did not favor the proposition, not feeling quite sure of the issue. He thought we might fight with our backs to walls as he had seen us fight before them, in the open. Rumor came also that Burnside, in his desperation, had ordered a new assault on the stone-wall front, and proposed to lead his Ninth Corps in person. But, as we afterward learned, Lincoln, hearing of this, wired, forbidding it.

Just after midnight of this miserable day we were summoned—three regiments of us—to set forth on some special service, we knew not what or where, something very serious, we must believe. Some extensive operations were contemplated—we were aware of that from the decided manner and movements of officers and men of all commands. But we were soon assured as to our part. We were bound for the extreme front, to form a picket-line to cover the center of the field while the army was to take some important action. Colonel Ames commanded our line, the regiment coming under my charge. The last order came in low tones, "Hold this ground at all hazards, and to the last!" A strange query crossed our minds: Last of what? No dictionary held that definition. As a general term, this reached the infinite!

REBUKED BY A REBEL PICKET

So we went to work, silently, but intently. Groping about, we laid hold of some picks and spades strewn rather hurriedly around a little to our rear earlier in the night. The men were told to settle themselves into the ground, and let it hold them for a good turn; each two, or each for himself, to throw up a little earthwork, elbow-like, behind which the morning's test might be withheld for a while. We were so near the enemy's rifle-pits that we could hear something of their conversation, from which it appeared that they were about as anxious as we were. We spoke only in whispers. The night was pitch dark. To be sure of the proper direction of our line I had to feel my way along by such tokens as instinct and prudence could provide. Hearing the gravel going at a lively rate a little out of what I thought conformity to instructions, I approached the sound and said in a very confidential tone to the invisible performer,



FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR (C) PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.

The Lacy House, Sumner's headquarters, from which he directed the advance of the Second and Ninth corps, which bore the brunt of the fighting at the stone wall and felt the worst sting of the defeat

FROM MUSEUM COLLECTION

General E. V. Sumner, commander of the right grand division at Fredericksburg

"them Yanks be? They're right onto us now." I was rebuked and instructed, but must preserve my dignity as a Confederate on "grand rounds." "Dig away then, but keep a right sharp lookout!" I said—then obeyed my own suggestion and "dug away" as calmly as my imperfect lookout would permit.

We were pretty well buried, and braced for the coming dawn, when a strange clatter came up from the left rear, and a gasping voice called, "Where is the commander of these troops?" I acknowledged that responsibility. "Get yourselves out of this as quick as God will let you! The whole army is across the river!" was the message—heard, no doubt,

by the whole hostile picket-line. This was a critical moment. Something must be said and done quickly. "Steady in your places, my men!" I ordered. "One or two of you arrest this stampeder! This is a ruse of the enemy! We'll give it to them in the morning!" This was spoken with no suppressed nor hesitating tone, but pitched for the benefit of our astonished neighbors in double darkness in our front. My men caught the keynote of my policy, trusted my discretion, and held themselves quiet. I stepped back to the staff officer, and rebuked him severely for his rashness, pointing out to him the state of things, vexed at having to moderate even my stress of voice. He explained. He had had such a time getting over that field and up to this

FROM MUSEUM COLLECTION

General H. W. Halleck, general-in-chief of the army from 1862 to 1864

My Story of Fredericksburg

front line he had almost lost his wits. I could understand this; and told him to follow for himself his message to us, and I would not report his misdemeanor.

HOW WE FINALLY LEFT THE FIELD

I sought out Ames, and we made up a manner of withdrawal: to keep up appearances; to hold the line for a time, with pretended zeal but redoubled caution; then to withdraw under a new form of tactics: every even-numbered man to resume his digging and make it lively; every odd-numbered man to step softly to the rear and form line under the second officer of the company; this half of the regiment to move back a hundred yards or so and halt in line of battle, faced to the front, and hold there till the other half, formed in like manner, should come up and pass them to a like distance; then the reciprocal movement to be repeated till we got well to the rear. These tactics proved to be wise, for the enemy, after a short, puzzled hesitation, came out from their entrenchments and followed us up as closely as they deemed safe, the same traits of human nature in them as in us causing a little "nervousness" when moving in darkness and in the presence of an alert enemy, also moving.

Thus we made our way over that stricken field, with stooping walk and muskets at a "trail." It had been a misty night, with fitful rains. Just as our first reach was attained, the clouds broke apart in rifts here and there. Through one of these came a sudden gleam from the weird, wanling moon, which struck full upon our bright musket-barrels, and revealed us clearly to our watchful pursuers. A bullet or two sang past us. "To the ground, every man of you!" went the quick order, and only a scattering volley sent its baffled greeting over our heads. We had to watch now for favoring clouds.

It was a dreary retreat down those wreck-strewn slopes. It was hard enough to be stumbling over torn-up sods, groups of the dead or forms of the solitary dying, muskets dropped with quick relax, or held fast with death's convulsive clutch, swords, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, fragments of everything, everywhere, but when a ghastly gleam of moonlight fell on the pale faces, fixed and stark, and on open eyes that saw not but reflected uttermost things, it sent a shiver through us.

Reaching the pontoon bridge-head just at dawn, we found that the bridge-floor had been muffled by sods and brush, that our expected night-tread might not disclose our passing to the pressing foe. We gathered what we could of what had belonged to us, taking along those of our wounded that had not gone before. But the piteous spectacle of others not of our command but belonging to us by the bond of a great brotherhood so moved our large-hearted surgeon, Doctor Herson, that he begged permission to stay among them. This he did at the cost of being taken prisoner with dire experience of suffering for himself. Sorrowfully but proudly we left him for his ministry of mercy.

So we crossed again that bridge we had passed three days before with strange forebodings but unswerving resolution, little dreaming that we should be put to shame, but now little imputing to ourselves the blame. While waiting for the pontoons some of us had frequently ridden along the bank in full view of the Confederates across the river and through field-glasses studied the construction of their works with curious interest and the natural common-sense inference that we would never be called upon to assault just where Lee had prepared for and wished us.

WHY THE BATTLE WAS LOST

Over the river, then, we marched, and up that bank, whence we now looked back across at Fredericksburg, and saw the green slopes blue with the bodies of our dead. It was raining drearily when I brought the regiment to rest by the dismal wayside. General Hooker came riding slowly by. We had not seen him during the terrible three days. Indeed, he had no business to be where we were. We supposed he and our corps commander, Butterfield, were somewhere controlling and observing their commands. Hooker caught sight of me sitting in the rain leaning back against a tree, and gave kindly greeting. "You've had a hard chance, Colonel; I am glad to see you out of it!" I was not cheerful, but tried to be bright. "It was chance, General; not much intelligent design there!" "God knows I did not put you in!" came the rather crisp reply. "That was the trouble, General. You should have put us in. We were handled in piecemeal, on toasting-forks." It was plain talk. And he did not reprove me.

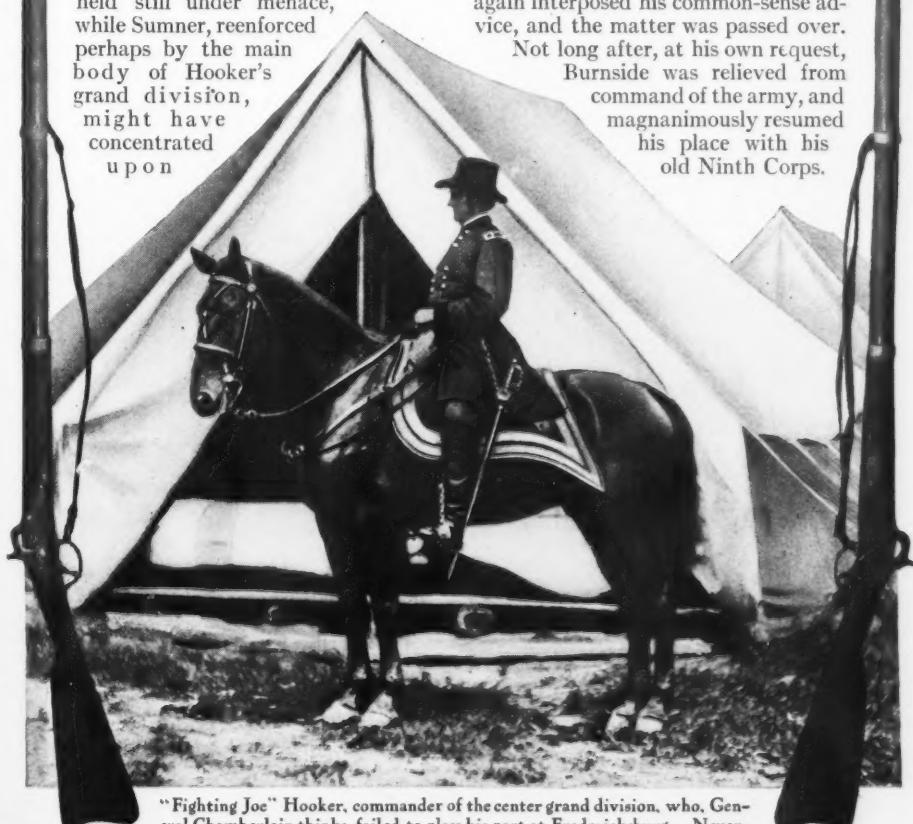
But the general's remark led to wide inferences. It disclosed perhaps the main cause of this great disaster. The commander of the center grand division "did not put his men in!" They were sent by superior orders, in detachments, to support other commands, or as a "forlorn hope," at various times and places during the unexpected developments—or rather the almost inevitable accidents—of the battle. It should not have been a disaster; Franklin with his 60,000 men should have turned Lee's right; whereas he attacked with only two divisions, and one at a time; and did not follow up with his whole force their splendid initiative. When Franklin failed, it was rashness to expect Sumner to carry the formidable heights behind the city, made impregnable by Lee's best skill and valor. That front might have been held still under menace, while Sumner, reinforced perhaps by the main body of Hooker's grand division, might have concentrated upon

Lee's left, above the city, and flanked the formidable bastions crowning the heights that entrenched his front with all that earth and manhood could do.

That the battle was not fought according to Burnside's intention, and that his plan was mutilated by distrust and disharmony among his subordinate commanders, does not exonerate him. It is part of the great trust and place of a chief commander to control reluctant and incongruous elements and to make subordinates and opponents submit to his imperial purpose.

Burnside attempted a vindication somewhat on these lines; but too late. He prepared an order removing from command several of his high-ranking but too little subordinate generals, and made ready to prefer charges against them for trial by court-martial. But Lincoln again interposed his common-sense advice, and the matter was passed over.

Not long after, at his own request, Burnside was relieved from command of the army, and magnanimously resumed his place with his old Ninth Corps.



"Fighting Joe" Hooker, commander of the center grand division, who, General Chamberlain thinks, failed to play his part at Fredericksburg. Nevertheless he was soon given command of the whole army, and at once began to reorganize it for Chancellorsville.



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

Jimmy's lips compressed. "Then we won't settle," he announced with calm deliberation. Wallingford looked at the boy quite thoughtfully. Their eyes met, for the first time, in a clash of wills, of which the boy was entirely unconscious

(*"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"*)

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

We doubt if any series of stories has won and kept a tighter grip on popular favor than "Wallingford." "Always interesting"—that is the gist of your letter-comment. And now Mr. Chester is adding a new interest. He is developing "Young Jimmy" and "Toad"—two real kids bubbling over with mischief, go-ahead, and just the plain joy of living. They make a great team with Wallingford—who isn't quite sure he likes Young Jimmy's hunch to "follow in father's footsteps"—and Blackie, who just naturally helps the game along and as usual has the time of his life doing it. In this story the kids organize a ball team—and Young Jimmy cashes in on an ear-lobe

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"**G**EE, you kids'll catch it!" hailed Spider, as Toad Jessop and young Jimmy Wallingford banged into Mayor Daw's office and dropped their hand-luggage on the floor. "All the folks are down to the Grand Central Station to meet you."

"The president of the road lives in Tarryville; he stopped the Flier here, and we got off with him," explained Toad, who had so many freckles that he looked like a yellow guinea-egg. "What's that T. T. for?"

"Tarryville Tigers," replied Spider promptly, glancing down with pride at the red initials on the blouse of his red-and-yellow baseball suit. "I'm just starting to the game."

"Can't we telephone father and Uncle Blackie?" suggested Jimmy, who was pale and fair-skinned like a girl, but boyishly handsome.

"Of course not!" scorned Spider, with a laugh at the ignorance of it. "Listen to that, Toad! How do you think anybody's goana telephone anybody in that crowd?" "Easy!" declared Toad Jessop promptly. "How'll we do it, Jimmy?"

Jimmy was looking reflectively at Spider. His large, brown eyes were disconcerting, and Spider moved uneasily out of their range.

"Doesn't father know anyone who has an office near the depot?" Jimmy presently asked.

"See, I told you!" Toad indignantly charged Spider. "Who has an office near there?"

"Their tailor has a shop on Park Avenue," admitted Spider unwillingly.

"What's his number?" demanded Toad, turning energetically to the 'phone.

"Murray Hill 'leven thousand three hundred," acknowledged Spider.

"Let Spider call him up, Toad," directed Jimmy, who was alive with the instinct of caste, and who had a thorough grasp of the theory of the conservation of energy.

"Let Toad do it. I ain't got time," declared Spider instantly, edging to the door.

"I bet you have!" decided Toad, vacating the 'phone immediately, and bristling as he stood up to face Blackie's office-boy.

"Honest I ain't, Toad!" pleaded Spider. "I'd fight you, but we got to play a champion game with the Fevermarsh Fiends. I'm first base."

Toad forgot all about the telephone. "You got a good catcher?" he anxiously inquired.

"Best there is!" confidently stated Spider. "We got the best team of our age in the Vacation League!"

"I bet you couldn't lick ours!" asserted Toad; "nor the one Jimmy had at his school! Say, I played hookey a day ahead of closing time to beat it over to Jimmy's school and come home with him."

"What do you play on your team, Jimmy?" asked Spider, estimating the paler boy slightly, out of the corners of his eyes.

"Nothing," replied Jimmy quietly. "I was just captain."

"Oh," said Spider; "a bench captain," and there was a trace of contempt in his tone.

"Jimmy's team won seventeen out of twenty games!" boasted Toad. "They beat us twice, and that's going some! Say, can we get on your team?"

"It's against the rules," exulted Spider. "This is the sixth-grade nine, and we don't take in any private-school kids."

"I can lick any player on your team!" offered Toad instantly, reddening between his freckles.

"I ain't got time now; honest I ain't!" regretted Spider, looking at the clock. "Besides, I don't dare take any chances with my wing. Come on out and see the game."

"I wonder how many private-school boys there are in Tarryville," speculated Jimmy, as the three, impressed by the fleetness of the minutes, clattered out into the hall, and closed the spring-lock door with a slam.

II

AT five thirty, four people sat in Jim Wallingford's library, staring miserably into space.

"Are you sure this is the day, Jim?" asked Fannie Wallingford, whose face was drawn and white, and whose hands had been clasped until the knuckles were blue.

Wallingford took a frayed cigar from his mouth. He had been smoking at it for half an hour, without a light. "June Fourth," he worried, comparing a pocket-worn letter and the calendar for the twentieth time.

The telephone bell rang, and Blackie Daw, whose forelock was twisted into two black horns, grabbed the instrument.

"Is it a telegram?" asked Fannie, before Blackie had the receiver to his ear.

"Hello!" he nervously shouted.

"Blackie! Is it a telegram?" insisted Violet Bonnie, with an assortment of creases in her usually clear brow.

"No, it's Mr. Simmons," Blackie paused long enough to reply, and the other dejected watchers lost all interest in the conversation.

"I suppose there is no one at either school to-day, to answer a telegram," surmised Wallingford.

Fannie pressed her temples. "I didn't want to let the boys travel alone," she fretted. "Are you *sure* this was the day? I don't think we did right in leaving just

Paul Pollet at the station. We shouldn't all have come home."

"I was positive the boys would be here," puzzled Wallingford, "when I found that the Flier had stopped in Tarryville."

The telephone bell rang, and Blackie, who had retained his seat near it, again answered.

"Is it a telegram?" inquired Violet and Fannie, as if with one breath.

"No," answered Blackie, in deep discouragement, and got rid of the man on the wire as quickly as possible.

"What's it all about, Blackie?" asked Wallingford, grasping at any diversion from his anxiety.

"A regatta, at the opening of the dam," said Blackie, in annoyance. "This was our public-spirited friend Bolter, who once put a cute little by-pass around his water-meter, and the other was Subscription Simmons, who forged eighty-two proxies in the last Tarryville Traction Company meeting. I'm going to telephone the newspaper offices to find out if there's been a wreck anywhere."

"Blackie!" cried the emotional Violet Bonnie. "Do you think there could have been a wreck? Honest, if anything happened to those two boys I'd— Why, bless their hearts! The dirty little brats!" and she broke for the door.

Fannie Wallingford, giving one glance out the window, overtook and passed Violet Bonnie in the hall, and met her son half-way down the walk, while Toad Jessop trudged on and permitted himself to be clasped to the motherly bosom of Violet Bonnie Daw. He had a swollen nose and a skinned knuckle, but his eyes were full of joy.

"Did you get off the Flier in Tarryville?" demanded Violet.

"Of course we did," said Toad. "It stopped here. Say, Jimmy and I are going to organize a private-school baseball team to do up these Tigers," and he turned, combatively, to watch the victorious Tarryville team trudging past.

"Have you been to a ball game all this while?" Violet Bonnie went on with rising indignation, as the men came down the walk and Fannie turned to greet Toad.

"Sure," said Toad, returning Fannie Wallingford's kiss with hearty affection. "Hello, Pap Blackie! We went to the office first, and Spider was just going out to the game, so we all had to hustle. Hello,



"I think I'll bet on Captain Jimmy's team," mused Hecksmith, after a keen glance of appraisement at the Wallingford youngster. "Here's your receipt, Jessop."

Pap Wallingford! Say, Jimmy and I are getting up a baseball nine. Jimmy's to be captain, and I'm going to be catcher. Is it nearly dinner-time?"

"The little devils!" laughed Violet Bonnie in huge admiration. "Come on and get washed. Ma Wallingford has chicken-pie and apple-dumplings for dinner."

"Who got licked, Toad?" inquired Blackie, solicitously examining the swollen nose.

"Well, I got two of his teeth, but I guess they were loose anyhow," considered Toad. "They didn't want to let Jimmy umpire."

"Who did umpire?" asked Blackie.

"Jimmy," explained Toad simply.

Blackie was so pleased with the beautiful modesty of this narration that, when the telephone bell rang after their return to the house, he was able to take a much more interested view of the proposed regatta.

"Certainly Mr. Wallingford and myself will be in on it," he answered the local patriot. "We'll not only enter our boats,

but we'll help illuminate the grand canal, from the pink marble administration building to the smallest peanut concession back of Carnival Lane."

"We don't contemplate anything quite so extensive as that," laughed the public-spirited citizen.

"Why not?" urged Blackie, in high good humor. "Don't let's pike!"

"Who was it?" asked Wallingford, listening happily to the shouts of the boys upstairs in the bath-room.

"Old P. G. Fitts," grinned Blackie. "He's a nice party to inspire public doings. Why, Jim, he's the man who invented six-to-the-gallon quart bottles."

"There's seems to be a tremendous amount of enthusiasm about this Tarryville dam opening," mused Wallingford.

"The grandest occasion of the century," declared Blackie. "It turns six miles of low-tide marsh-banks into water front, and there are not less than two hundred property-owners on this inlet who can only use

boats when the moon says so. Tarryville, Jimmy, is up and coming. I'm proud to be its mayor!"

"You should charge liberally for that," chuckled Wallingford.

"No chance," resignedly declared Blackie. "I'm the top goat on every subscription list."

"Here's where we get it back," suddenly decided Wallingford. "They're all excited about this regatta. An active-minded man can always cash enthusiasm."

III

THE door of John Hecksmith's office opened, and the room began to fill with boys. John Hecksmith, who was a red-faced man with a bald spot entirely surrounded by curly hair, laid down his newspaper and put his spectacles on it.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he observed, with unusual punctiliousness. "Is there anything I can do for you in the mortgage loan line?"

Twelve boys looped themselves solemnly along the rail which separated his desk from intruders.

"No, sir," said the freckle-faced boy, looking him squarely in the eye. "We want to use your ground just below the new dam."

"I'm glad of that," responded Mr. Hecksmith. "I didn't know it could ever be used. Who are you gentlemen, might I ask?" and he ranged over the row with a separate smile for each seriously interested face.

"We're a committee of the Private School Scouts," replied Toad Jessop promptly. "It's a baseball nine."

"A committee of twelve, eh?" chuckled Mr. Hecksmith. "Where's the rest of the nine?"

"We're all here," explained Toad. "We organized to play against the Tarryville Tigers and the rest of the Vacation League, and they won't let us in unless we have grounds of our own. How much will you charge us?"

"Not a cent," heartily stated the owner of the real estate. "Go right down there and lay out a diamond, if you can find a spot dry enough, and play all you like. Great Scott, boys, don't jump through the floor!"

He was justified in that request, for the shouts of joy which followed his gift seemed almost dangerous in their intensity.

"Shut up, you!" yelled the freckle-faced boy, and made a dive for the red-headed shouter, who was useful in his place but needed to be started and stopped. "Thank you, Mr. Hecksmith," said Toad officially.

"You're quite welcome," grinned Hecksmith. "Good day."

The big-eyed and fair-skinned boy, who had stuck to Toad's elbow throughout the interview, now drew Toad away from the red-head, and conversed with him earnestly.

"Say, mister," said Toad; "we'd rather pay you."

"You needn't feel that it's accepting charity," laughed the property-owner. "You can't damage that ground, and you can't be in anybody's way."

Toad looked uncomfortably at the big-eyed boy. "Jimmy says we ought to pay you two dollars a game," he insisted.

Mr. Hecksmith gave more attention to the quiet boy. He was particularly attractive, and there was a certain compelling appeal in his large brown eyes. His ears, though well formed at the top, were lobeless and ran down on a perfect tangent with his cheeks, but his other features were flawless.

"I think Jimmy had better tell me why he insists on paying," suggested Hecksmith curiously.

"Well, sir," explained Jimmy, with a slight flush on his face, but gazing steadily at Hecksmith's eyebrows, "we've challenged the Tigers to a match game on July the first, and we're going to charge admission. If you'd happen to change your mind about us playing there, we'd be embarrassed; but if we pay you in advance, you couldn't stop the game."



Young Jimmy Wallingford

John Hecksmith laughed heartily. "Young man, you must tell your father to send you to a law school," he advised. "Since you're going to charge admission, I don't mind taking your two dollars. Do you happen to have it with you?"

Toad Jessop was prepared to meet that demand. He produced a little wad of greenbacks, and, straightening out a two-dollar bill, walked inside the railing and laid the money on the desk.

He turned away, but the earnest-faced Jimmy met him just inside the gate. "You must get a receipt," Hecksmith heard Jimmy whisper.

"Oh, yes; we want a receipt," said Toad, returning with business-like briskness.

"Come here, Jimmy," invited Hecksmith with a grin. "How do you want this receipt made out?"

Jimmy pondered that matter very carefully. Mr. Hecksmith cast his eye along the row of boys. Every face had its brow puckered into a tight knot; that is, all but the redhead, whose features bore no expression whatever.

"Well," said Jimmy at last; "just say that you received two dollars from Toad Jessop, to let the Private School Scouts' baseball team play ball on your ground, below the dam, on July first, and that they can practise free; and that they can rent the grounds for any other match games this summer, if they pay you two dollars a game."

"What's your name?" inquired John Hecksmith, as he prepared to write.

"Jimmy Wallingford!" chorused four or five of the boys, led by Toad Jessop.

"He's our captain," added Toad. "I'm catcher. We'll be the only team in the Vacation League that has a bench captain!"

"I think I'll bet on Captain Jimmy's team," mused Hecksmith, after a keen glance of appraisement at the Wallingford youngster. "Here's your receipt, Jessop. Now if you boys will go down to Naylor's store, I'll telephone him to give you two dollars' worth of balls and bats, with my compliments."

The noise would have been miscellaneous and disharmonious, perhaps, but Toad Jessop nipped it in the bud by stopping the red-head and organizing the riot.

"Three cheers for Mr. Hecksmith!" he ordered, and Mr. Hecksmith hurriedly opened the windows to let some of the racket out.

IV

THE glistening white ball in front of the window turned on its pivot, and revealed a human countenance on the other side of it, as Wallingford came into the office of W. O. Jones.

"Well, Onion, you got it," said J. Rufus.

"Perfectly clear title to the entire twenty acres, for ten thousand dollars, spot cash," reported Onion Jones.

"Good enough," commended Wallingford. "No incumbrances of any sort?"

"Not a trace," responded Onion. "I could have bought the ground for less, but there's a new tide-water dam being built there, and a corner of this tract goes far enough above it to give a sixty-foot boat-landing. Hecksmith insisted on selling that stretch of the frog-garden by the front foot."

"Cut that frog-garden idea," warned Wallingford. "It's all right for you to knock a piece of property when you are going to buy it, but when you're getting ready to sell it you must kid yourself into the belief that it's the Garden of Eden. The former Hecksmith marsh is now Regatta Park."

"Isn't it a beautiful spot!" admired Onion Jones, looking off into space and seeing the waving palm-trees. "What's the idea, Jim?"

"Simple enough," explained Wallingford. "You're going to fill in that land, and cut it up with winding driveways, and plant trees and shrubbery, and build fifteen or twenty fine modern houses, on the residence-park system, with a private canal twisting around to the combined auto- and boat-garage at the side of every residence."



"Toad" Jessop

"Gee, I'm some promoter!" bragged Onion Jones, waving a fly-brush over his shining scalp. "Where do I get the money for all this, and when do I begin?"

"You begin right away," Wallingford promptly informed him. "There's an architect already getting up a gaudy water-color sketch for you, and you're to start digging on the canal as soon as he gives you a diagram. In the meantime, if anybody insists on buying that property from you, before you've actually invested your millions, the price is one hundred thousand dollars."

Onion Jones looked far away again at Regatta Park, and saw the winding canal, with beautiful ladies stepping out of automobiles and into romantic motor-gondolas. "If I could only find some of your brand of hop I wouldn't have to stay such a piker," he mourned.

V

CHINCHILLA WILLIAMS, naturally so called because of the forest of whiskers he bore about with him, was more than happy to receive a call from a gentleman of such eminence in the profession which Chinchilla had himself striven to adorn.

"Well, ex-Mayor, how busy are you?" greeted Wallingford, in a crisp tone which made the earnestly avaricious Williams sit up and take notice.

"I'm never too busy to coo to a dollar," stated Chinchilla hopefully.

"I came to you because of that," grinned Wallingford; "and because you are one of the most public-spirited and home-loving of all our prominent Tarryvillians. Are you not?"

"I am not!" emphatically rejoined Chinchilla. "If I could sell my beautiful fog-bank, up around the inlet, for a twenty-five per cent. loss, I'd move right out of the charming country into the dull prosaic town of New York, where you can get anything you want in fifteen minutes."

"Always assuming that you have the price," corrected Wallingford. "However, cheer up, Chinchilla. When the new dam is built you can probably get a better price for your Williams Villa."

"That's what they all think," gloomily complained the once mayor of Tarryville.

"That's where you boobs are so flat eyed," chuckled Wallingford. "Each one

of you figured for himself, and thought that nobody else was on. About this time it begins to dawn on you that you can't sell to each other. Your dam was built for that purpose, and even your regatta is merely to whoop up local enthusiasm."

"What are we to do?" puzzled Chinchilla. "If you'll show me how to stab, I'll take a chance."

"Coax in some outside suckers," urged Wallingford. "Get up a grand exposition at the completion of the dam. Get up a carnival attraction that will drag people out here from the city, from up and down the river, and from all along the Sound. Spend a little real money to start a good, live property movement, and come out with a profit."

Chinchilla Williams surveyed Wallingford long and earnestly. "That sounds so good that I have to know why you're so anxious," he speculated. "You don't want to sell; you're on the river side of the town."

"Frankly," grinned Wallingford, "I'm plugging for a friend of mine. Onion Jones has just bought the Hecksmith property, below the dam, and it's the only site available for a grand exposition."

Chinchilla sat back in his chair, wreathed in a smile of content. "I am enthusiastically in favor of the proposition!" he stated. "I am the most public-spirited citizen in Tarryville! I am anxious for the glory and honor of my native town! How much do I get out of it?"

"Ten thousand, on the day Onion Jones sells his Regatta Park site to the Tarryville Water Exposition Association for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Wait just a minute," requested Williams. "How much does Onion Jones get?"

"Ten thousand."

Again Chinchilla Williams smiled his satisfaction. "It is a noble plan for the public good!" he enthusiastically admitted.

VI

THE Tarryville *Banner* and the Tarryville *Blade*, being conspicuously urgent for anything which carried with it the semblance of human life and activity, were madly enthusiastic over the suggested New York-Atlantic Waterways Exposition at historic Tarryville; for, overnight, the project and the name had expanded as far as the lungs of Chinchilla Williams could inflate them.

Even before the local papers had made the cause their most heart-hungry mission, Chinchilla had properly spurred Subscription Simmons, who, having retired from the pickle business at too early an age, was never without a public-spirited document in his right-hand breast pocket.

It was Subscription Simmons who first called on J. Rufus Wallingford, to force him into the exposition association. He was a man who had smiled so much, in establishing a reputation for peace on earth and good will toward men, that his lips had grown that way, and he had cultivated a sweet-pickle modulation of the voice which small boys loathed.

"I suppose you have heard of our great project, friend Wallingford," he voiced, in the soothing tones of one saying, "Great as are thy wrongs, I forgive thee."

"A little," admitted Wallingford, none too cordially. "I thought it was the intention to give a mere regatta, and I've already subscribed a hundred dollars toward that. I'm against the present movement"; and enjoying the fact that he could drop his usual rôle of suavity, he stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his broad white vest, tilted back in the desk-chair of his library, and endeavored to look severe, which was a difficult expression to place on that round, pink face, with its twinkling eyes.

Mr. Simmons was quite distressed, though he smiled with Christian leniency. "Against it!" he protested. "Impossible! Why?"

"The outcome of it will be that men of means will be attracted to Tarryville, will see its beauty and convenience as a residence location, and will bid up the price of local property to four times its present value."

In spite of his unselfish attitude toward the public good, the eyes of Mr. Simmons glittered greedily. He owned two pieces of residence property on the inlet, and these had been on the market for three years.

"That would not be a public calamity," he urged.

"Not to people who want to sell their property," returned Wallingford. "But I don't want to sell mine, nor do I want its tax valuation raised."

Mr. Simmons was deeply grieved by this selfish attitude. "Anything which is of benefit to the community at large, Mr. Wallingford, is of benefit to every member of that community," he sonorously stated.

"After all, we do not contemplate anything like a world's fair. We merely wish to secure a guarantee fund of fifty thousand dollars, and, with two hundred well-to-do property-owners to divide the responsibility, this would only make a total possible assessment of two hundred and fifty dollars each. Surely we can count on you for that."

"How do you propose to spend your fifty thousand dollars?" inquired Wallingford, with the frowning insistence of a cautious business man.

"Well," explained Mr. Simmons glibly, "we find that Mr. Hecksmith has sold the only available site for ten thousand dollars. We have not yet seen the new owner, but he can't ask us more than fifteen thousand. That will leave us twenty thousand dollars for buildings, five thousand for regatta prizes, and ten thousand for advertising and operating expenses."

Wallingford swung straight up in his chair, and gave an impatient half turn toward his desk. "It won't do," he declared. "Mr. Simmons, irrespective of the influence of this project on my property, I don't like to be associated with a flivver, which a second-grade proposition of this sort is likely to be. An exposition with a name like you've given this one, should be planned on a half-million-dollar scale, in which case I might buy an interest in some inlet property and sell on the inevitable rise. Otherwise, you should stick to your ten-thousand-dollar regatta."

On this position Wallingford held, and no amount of argument could budge him.

Crestfallen Subscription Simmons was obliged to go away without his signature, but, undaunted, he sicked on Wallingford half a dozen other professional enthusiasts who had more money than occupation. They, too, were compelled to go away unsatisfied. Mr. Wallingford would either sanction a real, live, energetic half-a-million-dollar exposition or the ten-thousand-dollar regatta; preferably the latter!

VII

YOUNG JIMMY WALLINGFORD sat under the only tree on the Hecksmith property, and absorbedly watched Cliff Fitts trying to bunt. "No use, Fittsy," he finally decided. "You can't lead the batting order if you can't lay down a better bunt than that against those Tiger pitchers."

"I'm the fastest runner on the team!" insisted young Fitts, whose long legs were jointed half-way up to his neck, and whose skinny arms hung nearly to his knees.

"That won't help you any, if you can't get started," explained Jimmy quietly. "You're hitting nothing but little pop flies, and you can't even work a pitcher for strikes."

Young Fitts threw down his bat with a slam. "I'll lead off, or I won't play!" he announced.

Toad Jessop, working eagerly behind the bat, and practising signals with the stolid-looking, red-headed pitcher, threw off his catcher's mask. "Who's the captain of this team?" he wanted to know.

"Jimmy Wallingford," admitted Cliff, lengthening his neck to look down defiantly at the bristling Toad. "But he don't have to be my captain. I can quit if I want to."

"No, you can't quit either!" denied Toad, thrusting his chest upward as far as possible.

"Wait a minute, Toad," commanded Jimmy. "Cliff don't quite understand this. He can't lead the batting order, because he can't get down to first often enough. I'm going to take Cliff out of center field and let him play first base."

Toad stepped back. Cliff's delighted smile was proof enough that he was willing to drop to fourth place in the batting list. He had always wanted to play first base. Little Joe Clement came hurrying up, in extreme agitation.

"Look here!" he belligerently shouted. "If Cliff Fitts takes first base, where do I go?"

"Shortstop," answered Jimmy promptly. "Tommy Simmons goes from short out to center field, and he leads the batting order."

Toad Jessop looked around him anxiously, but everybody was satisfied. Jimmy sat under the tree again to watch the severe batting practice, and to wonder about that double row of stakes which started at the water's edge, and wound, in curiously recurring curves, over the face of nature. In one place the stakes had crossed the diamond, but, in this place, they had been simply and expeditiously pulled out and thrown away.

A wagon, drawn by two horses, came down across the field. In it were four dark-skinned and short-legged laborers, and two plows, two road-scrapers, four picks, and four shovels. The laborers dismounted,

unhitched the horses from the wagon, and hitched them to one of the plows. The shortest and thickest of the intruders, the one with the heaviest mustache, inspected the landscape while the others were stolidly unloading, and he discovered the absence of some of the stakes. He hunted in the marsh grass until he found them, and started to stick them back in their places. He found himself surrounded by fourteen boys before he had crossed second base.

One boy, a severely freckled one with particularly blue eyes, breasted close up in front of him.

"What are you goana do?" this boy demanded.

"Maka da canal," and the head intruder tried to press on through.

He found himself again confronted by the freckle-faced boy, and by the information,

"Say, we got this place rented."

The chief intruder pondered that statement for a full half-minute, and then he turned slowly on the circle of boys. "Get offa da lot!" he ordered, and began to push.

The three assistants began to run first, and the Neapolitan quartet reached Main Street just ahead of a shower of rocks propelled by fourteen experts who could disturb a bird on the top of the tallest tree.

VIII

SUBSCRIPTION SIMMONS, heading a committee of three, hunted up Onion Jones, and got his price on the Hecksmit tract, and hurried to the nearest café for a stimulant.

"Whew!" gasped Henry Bolter, whose countenance, with its eyes and nose and mouth down-arched, looked like a croquet set. "Why, the man is the most rapacious person I have ever met!"

"He has a live business proposition," defended P. G. Fitts, to whom nine hundred per cent. was a legitimate profit. "Regatta Park, according to the beautiful painting hanging in his office, will be the nearest like paradise of any spot on earth. I don't blame him for demanding a profit on that site."

"His improvement should enhance the value of all Tarryville property," conceded Mr. Simmons. "However, he is taking advantage of our exposition to advertise it."

"He'll get nothing but a regatta," firmly announced Henry Bolter, lengthening his arches. "I don't even know if he'll get that."



Enjoying the fact that he could drop his usual rôle of suavity, Wallingford stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his broad white vest, tilted back in the desk-chair of his library, and endeavored to look severe

"Oh, we should never allow personal pique to influence our actions," soothingly counseled Mr. Simmons. "The mere fact that Mr. Jones will derive a benefit from our enterprise should not prevent us from assisting him, so that we may derive a benefit from his enterprise."

"Simmons is right," agreed Fitts heartily, tugging at his mustache, which had been carefully cultivated in order to furnish him a distinguishable feature. "Moreover, I begin to see where Mr. Wallingford was right last night, when he said that he did not care for a piker game."

Even Henry Bolter was impressed by that observation. "Mr. Wallingford is very shrewd," he admitted; "shrewd, but inclined strongly to self-interest."

"That's the kind of a man to get with you in any scheme," declared Fitts. "He said to me, either a ten-thousand-dollar regatta or a half-million-dollar exposition."

"It's the regatta," declared Bolter, adding a few more wickets to his facial set.

"I don't know," mused the ever-hopeful Simmons, figuring vaguely on a new sub-

scription list. "It takes daring to accomplish great things."

The next morning, Onion Jones, at Wallingford's direction, sent a man to Subscription Simmons to offer him ten thousand dollars for a café concession.

Chinchilla Williams, immediately thereafter, by Wallingford's direction, went to Mr. Simmons with a grand project. "Let's stop being pikers," he argued. "Let's organize the exposition association for half a million dollars. We'll buy Mr. Jones's property, and lay out the exposition grounds according to his plans for Regatta Park. We'll whoop her up on a tremendous scale, and make the place look like a Garden of Eden. We'll attract all the moneyed people surrounding New York, and, after the exposition is over, we'll sell them the inlet. We'll erect our exposition buildings so they can be turned into residences, and we'll make our celebration the biggest real estate deal of the century!"

The Tarryville *Banner* and the Tarryville *Blade* helped Chinchilla Williams tremendously in that heaven-topping idea, and it

grew like wild-fire. Eleven of J. Rufus's neighbors called on him, and labored with him, in the next three days, and they finally forced him into the association. He and Blackie Daw subscribed five thousand dollars each!

"Now," said P. G. Fitts cheerfully, "we'll go to W. O. Jones and beat him down to seventy-five thousand!"

IX

W. O. JONES, anxious to start his canal to show that he was a hundred thousand dollars' worth in earnest, headed the next delegation of laborers in person. This time, however, two of his workmen were named Clancy, one was a Sullivan, and the other answered to the name of O'Keefe. They were not much more earnest workmen than the Neapolitan quartet, which had refused to return to the scene of action without police; but they would not run from rocks.

Onion Jones found Jimmy Wallingford giving careful instructions in the squeeze play, and, in view of the Neapolitan incident some days before, he deemed it diplomatic to hold a parley.

"Look here, kids, you'll have to move your diamond," he suggested, with the sort of smile erroneously supposed to be effective with small boys.

Jimmy Wallingford studied Onion Jones thoughtfully. "There's no place to move it to," he explained. "This is the only solid ground big enough to hold a baseball field and a grand stand."

"Then you'll have to find some other vacant lot," announced Mr. Jones firmly, and mopped his glistening brow, from his forehead to the back of his neck.

"We don't have to move," insisted Jimmy, with aggravating calmness. "We've paid rent in advance, and we have a receipt, and can use this ball field all summer."

Onion Jones mopped with a rotary motion. "Let me see that receipt," he demanded.

"All right," agreed young Jimmy, while the other boys gathered closer, with quivering eagerness, to carry out the carefully rehearsed program. "You send your men up to the road, so nobody can snatch our receipt, and let us tie your hands behind your back, and we'll let you see it."

Onion Jones experienced the flood of outraged dignity which comes to any man

who enters an argument with a pack of boys. "You go to blazes!" he flared. "Clancy, get busy."

Jack Clancy, with a friendly grin at the boys, bowed his head and started toward them, followed by the other Clancy and Sullivan and O'Keefe. To their surprise, and somewhat to their disappointment, and altogether to Onion Jones's confusion, there was not a rock thrown. Instead, the team, headed by Jimmy Wallingford and Toad Jessop, left the field in an orderly procession, without a jeer, without a taunt, without a threat!

Mike Sullivan spat on his hands to yank a plow out of the wagon. "It's you that's in bad, Mr. Jones," he wisely opined, being the father of seven boys. "Them's a fine lot of healthy young devils, and they're too quiet."

X

"HELLO, Uncle Blackie, we want an injunction," hailed Jimmy Wallingford, walking into the mayor's office at the head of his rough-shod troupe.

"Paul, serve one injunction, hot, with peanuts on the side," called Blackie promptly into the next room, where sat a chunky young man with a pompadour and thick spectacles. "Anything else I can do for you Indians, and what's the injunction about?"

"A man, by the name of Jones, has bought our baseball grounds from Mr. Hecksmit," explained Jimmy, with as impersonal gravity as if he had never seen Blackie before. "Mr. Jones wants to drive us off the lot, but Mr. Hecksmit says we can get an injunction. We've paid two dollars to play a match game there on July the first, and to practise all we want to, and to rent the field any time we want it this summer, for two dollars a game; and here's our receipt."

He spread that much-thumbed and crumpled and ragged-edged document before the mayor, and Blackie rose straight up on the rounds of his chair, from pure joy.

"Onion Jones!" he softly gloated. "I think I should like the pleasure of handling this case for you."

"Sure!" accepted Toad enthusiastically, quite out of his turn. "Boys, if Pap Blackie takes this up, he'll get us more than we can think of. You see if he don't!"

"Thanks," beamed Blackie. "Paul, get one of those pink injunctions. Jimmy, did you show this receipt to Onion Jones?"

"Well, no," Jimmy slowly informed him. "He wouldn't let us tie his hands behind his back."

"Perfectly legal and perfectly proper," gravely commented Blackie, with the solemn wisdom of a judge. "Did you tell him that you were about to apply for an injunction?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy. "I was afraid that if we did, he might try to buy us off, and I thought that if we got the injunction first, we might get more from him."

Blackie almost choked. "You will!" he fervently promised, wiping his eyes. "You certainly will!"

Young Jimmy's forefinger followed down the rim of his lobeless ear reflectively. "Uncle Blackie," he anxiously inquired, "what all should we ask him for?"

Blackie howled with laughter. "On that point I am scarcely able to advise you," he stranglingly confessed. "I think you'd better consult J. Rufus Wallingford. I'll arrange an interview for this evening."

"Say, Blackie, hurry!" urged the practical Toad. "Those diggers may tear up our diamond. They're Irish!"

XI

ONION JONES, in a most heated state of vexation, called up J. Rufus Wallingford the minute the latter came home to dinner. "You want to get after your boy quick," he advised. "Our work on the canal was stopped this afternoon by an injunction. I went up to see Hecksmithe about it, and he told me that young Jimmy Wallingford, and a freckled boy by the name of Jessop, had rented our ground for a ball park."

"Jimmy's Private School Scouts," guessed Wallingford. "Did you say that they got out an injunction?" and he chuckled with such hearty pride that he scarcely heard the answer.

"What's the joke?" demanded Onion, chiefly vexed because he had lost the day's contest to a pack of kids. "Don't you know that if these Tarryville lolllops get an idea that the property's legally involved, they'll jump the fence? They're to buy to-morrow, and there's a sixty-thousand-dollar profit for you and Blackie."

"Oh, hush!" chuckled Wallingford. "You're sca'ed about your piking little ten

thousand. A funny story in the Tarryville papers will fix that."

"It won't, if you don't get a hold of your kid and stop that injunction," fretted Onion. "Blackie Daw told me, not



Onion Jones, in a most heated state of vexation, called up J. Rufus Wallingford the minute the latter came home to dinner. "You want to get after your boy quick," he advised

an hour ago, that the kids have the best legal advice in the state."

Wallingford hung up his receiver so he could laugh, but he sobered instantly when Blackie Daw came into the room, with Toad and young Jimmy.

"J. Rufus, I have called, on behalf of my clients, to ask a little advice," said Blackie, with intense solemnity. "It concerns an injunction, procured this day through the mayor's office."

"Yes, I know all about the case," admitted Wallingford, studying the sober countenance of his son with an entirely new interest. "The owner of the property has tried to drive you off your ball field, and you want a reasonable settlement."

"Yes, sir," acknowledged young Jimmy, crossing his legs and interlacing his fingers over his knee. "What all do you think we can get from Mr. Jones?"

Somehow Wallingford found the laugh dying out of him. "What had you thought of asking for?"

"Well, to begin with, we'd have to have new grounds, and a grand stand," recited Jimmy thoughtfully, "and our uniforms, and some balls and bats and masks and gloves."

"And a spread!" added Toad hungrily.

"And a trip to Coney Island, in a chartered boat, with me as skipper!" supplemented Blackie excitedly.

"And about ten dollars apiece, to spend while you're there," chuckled Wallingford, again tickled with the situation. "I should think you might get all those things. In fact, I'll see that you do."

"Thank you, father," said Jimmy, sobering down to business again. "There's another thing. They have to let our diamond alone until we play our match game on July first. We've made all the arrangements."

The next story of "***Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford***" will appear in the February issue.

Your Choice of Fisher's Girls

Harrison Fisher's latest creation, "Sweethearts," is the cover picture for this month's *Cosmopolitan*.

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"Oh, you can't get that!" hastily advised Wallingford, figuring how much the precious two weeks meant in preparations for the exposition.

Jimmy's lips compressed. "Then we won't settle," he announced with calm deliberation.

Wallingford looked at the boy quite thoughtfully. Their eyes met, for the first time, in a clash of wills, of which the boy was entirely unconscious.

"Why, Jim, the exposition association don't need to tear up the diamond for the next two weeks," suggested Blackie. "There's plenty of other work for them to do."

"That's right," accepted Wallingford eagerly, glad to escape from the impending deadlock. There had been a calm fixity of purpose in young Jimmy's eyes, with which he had not wanted to clash. "I'll see Mr. Jones and the exposition people for you, and get you exactly what you want."

"Stung, J. Rufus, and by a child!" exulted Blackie, after the boys had gone jubilantly out to carry the news to the Private School Scouts.

"It will cost us a thousand of our profits," chuckled Wallingford; "but fifty-nine thousand is enough reward for being forced into a public-spirited movement."

"That's a great kid!" grinned Blackie. "Do you know, Jim, he wouldn't even begin his dicker with Jones until he had his injunction. He figured that he could get more out of Onion that way. He's a smart boy!"

He was laughing heartily, when a slowly gathering look of concern on Wallingford's face checked him.

"Yes, he is," admitted Wallingford, with a trace of worry.

THE REMARKABLE EXPLOITS OF

Grace Burton and Stephen Pryde

Women are not usually associated in the public mind with the Sherlock Holmeses, the Dupins, or the Lecoqs, and yet in the police annals of the cities they play a big part. Mr. Oppenheim is one of the first modern-day writers to recognize the excellent possibilities of the "woman-detector" in fiction. His "Grace Burton" is a new type—a young woman, handsome, attractive, alert, who has the skill and the courage to match wits with the keenest of the underworld, and to come off a winner. Her own life of mystery helps her to solve mysteries. And you can trust Mr. Oppenheim to make the way she does it interesting. In this story she is faced with a murder case, and does some quick thinking

The Tragedy at Charlecot Mansions

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "The Long Arm of Mannister," "The Moving Finger," "The Lighted Way," etc.

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

PRYDE and Grace Burton were having tea together in her sitting-room. Notwithstanding the drawn blinds and the open window, the room seemed to be full of the August dust and heat.

"Perhaps now," Pryde remarked, as he drank his third cup of tea, "you'll tell me why you have been so silent all the afternoon?"

She looked at him fixedly. "I was thinking," she said, "about the kind friend who lends you his motor-car so often."

Pryde opened his cigarette-case and tapped a cigarette leisurely against its side. "What does it matter?" he asked.

"Not much," she admitted, "except that sometimes I have wondered whether you are being quite honest with me. Sometimes—"

She stopped short. Without any suggestion of a knock, the door had been suddenly thrown open. A woman stood upon the threshold. Pryde was conscious of a wave of perfume, a flutter of draperies, a strange, bewildering likeness—and yet, what a difference!

"My dearest Grace!" the newcomer exclaimed. "You sly little woman! And you never—"

She broke off, as though seeing Pryde for the first time. She turned smilingly toward him.

"Please forgive me," she went on. "I am so used to finding Grace alone that it

never occurred to me she might have a visitor."

Grace had risen to her feet. She had the appearance of not being altogether pleased.

"This is my sister, Mr. Pryde," she said—"Mrs. Laverington."

Mrs. Laverington put out a delicately gloved hand and laughed up into Pryde's face. He was still numb with the shock of an amazing likeness. It was another Grace, but how different! The young lady, whose deep brown eyes were seeking to hold his, was everything that a musical-comedy young lady should be.

"I have known Mr. Pryde—Sir Stephen now, isn't it?—for quite a long time by sight," Mrs. Laverington declared. "I do wish Grace wouldn't introduce me by my married name. Everyone knows me so much better as Stella Forde. Now you have heard of Miss Stella Forde, haven't you, Sir Stephen, although I am sure you have never heard of Mrs. Laverington? And if you are a friend of Grace's, and she asks you here to tea—which, let me tell you, is a very high honor indeed—how is it she doesn't know that you are Mr. Pryde no longer?"

For the moment Pryde was altogether at a loss. He glanced almost timidly toward Grace. She was looking very cold and stern. "The fact is," he began—"well, to tell you the truth, I was rather afraid to tell your sister," he went on, turning to the

young lady who preferred to be known as Miss Stella Forde. "She is good enough to let me help her every now and then in one or two little affairs that come our way, and I was afraid it might make a difference."

"It certainly would," Grace said quietly.

Miss Stella Forde threw back her head and laughed softly. Pryde watched her with fixed eyes. There was a queer, disturbing fascination about this likeness. In a vague sort of way it distressed him.

"If you're not the queerest, old-fashioned creature," Miss Stella Forde declared. "However, I'm not going to interfere in what isn't my business. Tell me what you think of our show, Sir Stephen? Don't dare to say that you haven't noticed me! And do you really like my gray costume in the second act?"

"I am sorry," Pryde told her, "but I haven't been to the Hilarity for over a year."

"You haven't seen 'The Girls of London'?" Stella cried incredulously.

Pryde shook his head. "I am not very fond of musical comedy," he remarked coolly.

"Silly!" she exclaimed, laughing into his face. "Well, you'll have to come and see 'The Girls of London' now. Promise, or I sha'n't let you go, and I can see that you're dying to get away."

"I shall certainly come very soon," Pryde promised. "If you should want me, Miss

Burton," he added, a little wistfully, "I shall be either in my rooms or round at the club."

"I don't think that I am likely to," she assured him.

Pryde spent an hour in his rooms and an hour at his club. London was almost a wilderness. Sir James was at Carlsbad; Inspector Simmons was taking a melancholy holiday at Margate. There was not a soul to talk to; not even a rubber of bridge worth cutting into.

Finally he became sick of explaining why he was still in town, and went back to Grace's rooms. She had dragged her table into the coolest corner of the apartment, and was bending over her work when he entered.

A sort of resentment gave him courage. Instead of the apology which had been upon his lips, he came toward her with a frowning face and a complaint.

"My partner," he declared, "this is absurd. You have no right to be doing this infernal work in this stuffy atmosphere."

"And why not?" she asked, looking up at him ominously.

"Because if you've frittered away your share of the money we've made together, I haven't," he said.

"You don't seem to realize what a partnership means. I'm in funds, and you're not. We've nothing to do, there's no sign of our having anything to do. Let me lend or give you the money to go to the seaside for a month. You can choose any rotten little hole you fancy, and I'll go to the other end of the kingdom, if you like, or abroad. To stick here and slave yourself to death is simply ridiculous."

Grace leaned back in her chair. Although she would not have let him know it for the



Pryde was conscious of a strange, bewildering likeness—and yet, what a difference!

world, she was feeling just a little giddy. All the life seemed to have been sapped out of the air; there was a buzzing, for a moment, in her ears. She set her teeth, however, and answered him.

"Our partnership," she asserted, "is a matter of business. We have divided the profits fairly, whenever there have been any to divide. If I have chosen to spend mine, or if I have them and choose to save them, that is my affair. It has nothing whatever to do with you."

"Rubbish!" he answered bluntly. "I'm getting tired of talking reasonably to you, Grace. I've come into some money. I dared not tell you that it was more than a trifle because I was afraid you'd push me outside altogether. You know very well, whatever you say about it, I'm your man. I can't look at another woman. I can't spend a happy hour anywhere, anyhow, knowing that you are here like this. For Heaven's sake, push aside this selfishness, this cursed, priggish selfishness! I've fifty pounds in this envelope. Take it and get away into the country somewhere. You needn't give me your address unless you like. I'll keep away, somehow or other. But I can't have a moment's peace so long as you remain here."

"Will you tell me," she asked, "what compulsion there is upon me to add to your comfort by accepting charity?"

"Charity be hanged!" Pryde cried viciously. "What have you done with your own money, anyway?"

"I might reply that is my business, but I will not," Grace said.

"I have one relation in the world. You saw her a couple of hours ago. She is married to a dear, good fellow who has gone abroad to work hard and try to make money for her. He has a splendid post, and everybody says that he is sure of success. It only means another year or two. In the meantime, Stella is a sort of charge upon me."

"A charge, indeed!" Pryde muttered. "She must be getting ten pounds a week at the Hilarity."

Grace sighed. "I think she is getting nearly that," she admitted, "but you must remember that it is a very expensive life. They have to find costumes, and they must always be nicely dressed. Then Stella is fond of amusement and gaiety, and I'm afraid she is just a little easily led away. I don't know whether you quite understand what I mean, but

I want her to have all those small luxuries which to her are almost necessities, without her having to accept them from anyone else."

Pryde opened his lips and closed them again. Grace was looking at him steadfastly. The words which had trembled upon his lips died away, never to be uttered.

"You take too much upon yourself," he



"My dearest Grace!" the newcomer exclaimed. "You sly little woman!"

insisted. "Your life is made up of nothing but privations. Surely your sister could efface a few for her husband's sake?"

"Stella is different," Grace explained. "It is not her fault. She has never learned to do without some things which do not seem in the least necessary to me. It is of no use comparing us. We are of different molds. I know what my duty is, and I'm going to try to do it. I want—oh! I want so much to be able to look after Stella so that when her husband comes there will be nothing to mar the joy of their meeting."

Pryde turned away and walked to the window. Not for the world would he have told her the thoughts that were in his brain. He looked out over the tired, sunlit city, and there were tears in his eyes. "To revert," he remarked presently, without turning his head, "to my first suggestion."

"I do not wish to seem ungrateful," Grace said, and her voice was noticeably softer. "Life means something a little different to all of us. To me the most precious part of it is the absolute preservation of my independence. It may seem somewhat priggish to you. I cannot help it. I have not been used to accepting favors from anyone. The day I began to do so, life would be different. I wish," she went on, "I really wish that you would leave London for a time. Our little partnership has been very interesting, and it was useful to you when things weren't going very well. Now you have no need to run such risks. Stella tells me that you are a baronet, with five or six thousand a year. It is a great compliment you have paid me to have just stayed on here and gone on as though nothing had happened, but it is my real wish," she concluded, looking at him earnestly, "that you go. Things can't be quite the same, you see. Please!"

He came a little nearer to her. "Oh, Grace," he pleaded, "if only you would care just a little! You aren't made of ice and all the chill things of life, are you? Underneath it all you're a girl like the rest. Close your eyes for a minute, throw away this hard workaday life. I want you, dear, so badly. Don't make me miserable and throw away a great chance of happiness yourself, just because of this—do you mind if I say it?—stubborn pride. It is a man's privilege to give to the woman he loves, and it isn't an unequal bargain, after all, if the woman gives herself."

Grace for a moment did not reply. Pryde had a sudden instinct of wild hope. Her lips were quivering, the faintest of flushes had stolen into her cheeks; the large, tired eyes had, without a doubt, grown softer. He caught at her hands. Perhaps he was premature, perhaps the sudden assertion of his physical strength repelled her. She shook her head.

"If you are kind," she said, "you will leave me. My answer is already spoken, and I am a little tired, a little overwrought, this afternoon. Please!"

Pryde took up his hat and went. That night he sat in the stalls of the Hilarity Theater and was favored with several very charming little glances and smiles from Miss Stella Forde. He gossiped with a few men whom he happened to know, and the next morning he sent her a little invitation, to which he received a charming reply—Stella Forde would be delighted to lunch with him at Prince's at half-past one. She had seen him the night before. How horrid of him not to have come round! He must be very nice indeed if he hoped to be forgiven, and she was looking forward to seeing him ever so much, and she remained most sincerely his, Stella Forde.

The luncheon was quite a success. Stella was looking charming in white muslin, a great picture hat, the daintiest of shoes and white silk stockings. Pryde tried his best to make himself agreeable, and there seemed no limits at all to her amiability. And all the time, as he sat and looked into her face across the flower-laden table, Pryde was conscious of the most extraordinary mixture of revulsion and sentiment which he had ever known. It was Grace's body and face and eyes which some one had stolen away and was misusing. Once, when she whispered a little challenge at him across the table, he could have taken her by the white throat and strangled her.

Luncheon was over before he spoke to her plainly. Then he drew his chair close to hers. "Miss Stella," he said, "I am going to be very honest with you."

"I hope that doesn't mean," she pouted, "that you're going to be disagreeable."

"I am in love with Grace," he declared.

She made a grimace at him. "And I'm so much prettier," she sighed. "Dear Grace is so good, but think how dowdy she is, and what a queer little person! I'm sure you'd find me more amusing. Besides, Grace is

as cold as a fish. She doesn't care for men a bit."

"I am in love with Grace," he repeated softly, "and I shall be in love with her all my life. She won't have anything to say to me. All the same, I can't alter. She is so tired and thin, and she wants a holiday terribly. She has spent all her savings—I think I know, Miss Stella, where they have gone to."

Stella drew a little away. There was the pout in her face of a spoiled child. "I don't see what business it is of yours—" she began.

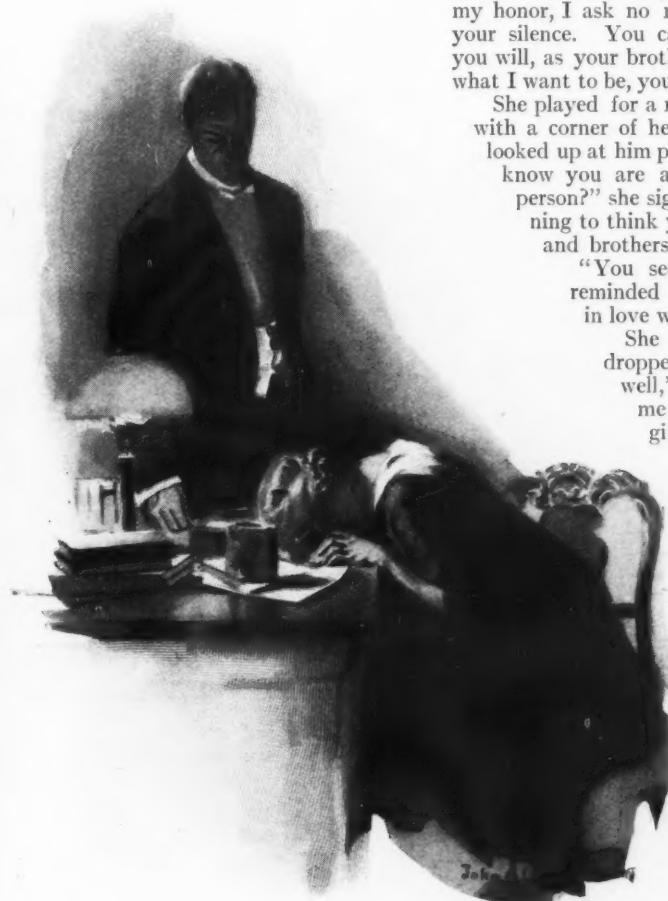
"Don't be foolish," Pryde interposed, patting her hand. "Do you suppose I don't know that you must have pretty things, and that life is expensive? Grace insists upon giving you her savings because she knows that, too, and because she doesn't want you to accept presents from anyone else until your husband comes home. Don't interrupt me, there's a good girl. You'll find I'm not such a disagreeable old thing, after all. Now listen. Be good natured. I've come into money. It's no use to me. Take it from me instead of Grace. Send back to Grace what you've had from her lately. I'll make it up and more, and upon my honor, I ask no more from you than your silence. You can look upon me, if you will, as your brother. That's exactly what I want to be, you know."

She played for a moment thoughtfully with a corner of her napkin. Then she looked up at him pleadingly. "Do you know you are a very disappointing person?" she sighed. "I was beginning to think you could be so nice, and brothers—"

"You see, Miss Stella," he reminded her quietly, "I am in love with Grace."

She rose abruptly and dropped her veil. "Very well," she said, "drive me home, and I will give you a list of the money I have had from Grace lately, and tell you what she has promised to send me. I shall have to say that I have had a check from Harry. He has promised me one for a long time, anyhow."

They passed out together to the street. Pryde was so well satisfied at his success that he never glanced to the right or to the left. They entered his car and were driven off,



"Forgive me," Grace whispered. "I had a strange idea, and it was like poison. I want to get rid of it. Don't talk. Leave me alone, please."

and Grace, who had stopped short upon the pavement, clutching her parcel of manuscript under her arm, looked at them with eyes filled almost with horror and a queer pain at her heart. Perhaps that moment was a revelation to her. She looked around a little wildly. Suddenly she felt an arm through hers.

"Feeling faint, miss?" a policeman asked quickly. "Hold up a bit, and I'll get an ambulance."

For a moment the shops and the people seemed all mixed up together. She was conscious of a deadly sickness, a curious ringing in her ears. Then she set her teeth firmly. To faint, here in Piccadilly! Such a thing was not possible!

"I will take a taxi," she told the policeman.

He called one and helped her in. Already the faintness was passing. She went about her business.

Pryde, with an effort, kept away from Grace's rooms for the rest of the day. He dined at his club, spent a wasted hour at a music-hall, where he bored himself to death, and finally returned to his rooms soon after eleven. He was reading, about half an hour later, when the telephone bell at his elbow rang. He caught up the receiver eagerly. His first surmise had been correct. It was Grace who spoke.

"Is that Mr. Pryde?"

"It is," he replied. "Good evening, Miss Burton."

"If you have not retired," she continued, "will you step down here for a moment?"

"With pleasure," he answered promptly.

He hastened down-stairs. Grace had been sitting in an easy chair by the window, but she rose to receive him. She had an opened letter in her hand; her face was very white and cold.

"Mr. Pryde," she said, "or Sir Stephen, I want to ask you a question."

"You can ask me as many as you like," he declared. "What is it?"

She handed him the letter and a check. "Do you know anything about that?"

He read the letter word for word and glanced at the check. "What should I know about it?" he asked.

Grace half closed her eyes for a moment. "Please don't evade the point," she begged. "You see what Stella says—she has had a great deal of money arrive unexpectedly.

I don't believe it can have come from her husband. It tortures me to say this, but I don't see how it is possible. It came from some one! I saw you both at Prince's—to-day—as I passed. Tell me, did it come from you?"

So his little scheme was to fail! He was found out already! "It did," he admitted.

Grace gripped for a moment at the table. "You!" she murmured. "You and Stella!"

"You are angry with me, of course," he said slowly, "yet I don't think you ought to be. I have observation, you know. I have seen your little room stripped of everything that was worth having. I see you here, working till your fingers must nearly drop off. You wear shabby clothes, you have taken no holiday. And all this money has gone to be spent by Stella in idle luxuries; all this money has gone in the one wild, fervid hope of keeping her true to her husband. Very well. If money and an easy life can keep her as you would have her be, she shall be kept in the right way without your breaking your life about it. I lunched with your sister to-day. I told her a few words of truth. She was at least sensible."

"She took your money!" Grace faltered. "I saw her step into your car with you."

He looked a little puzzled. "I went with her to get a list of her debts and the money she had had from you," he explained. "Then I wrote her a check. You can be as angry with me as you like. I did it because I cannot bear to see you as you are. Oh! Grace," he wound up, "can't you see that if it was clumsy and impertinent of me, I still did it because I love you, and because I can't bear to see you denying yourself everything in life worth having, for the sake of a poor frivolous creature like Stella Forde."

Grace sank slowly back in her chair. She leaned her arms upon the table; her face for a moment disappeared. "Forgive me," she whispered. "I had a strange idea, and it was like poison. I want to get rid of it. Don't talk. Leave me alone, please."

He stood before her, his heart aching. She seemed so frail and pitiful. Her light brown hair was beautifully brushed and neatly arranged, her linen collar was clean though frayed, her gown was rusty, and she wore not a single ornament. Her shoulders were shaking. Poor little woman!

There came at that moment an altogether unexpected interruption—the telephone bell



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

Pryde fell on his knees for a moment by the side of the prostrate figure. He rose again almost at once—there was no mistaking the look on that face

began to ring. Grace raised her head and stared at the instrument. Pryde did the same. As though by common consent they both glanced at the clock. It was just midnight.

"Who can it be?" she exclaimed. "I know no one who would ring me up at this time of night." She caught hold of the receiver and raised it to her ear. "Who is it?"

The voice which reached her was half faint, half choked, more than a little incoherent. "Grace! Grace! Come to me—come to me at once! Bring some one. I am terrified to death! Come to me, please. Something has happened!"

"What is it?" Grace demanded. "Yes, yes, I'll come at once, but what is it?"

"I can't tell you," the voice replied. "It is too terrible! Hurry!"

Grace laid down the receiver and rose quickly to her feet. "It is Stella," she said. "Something has happened in her flat. I am going round. Will you come, too?"

"Of course!"

"Go down-stairs and get a taxi," she directed. "I shall be there in a moment."

They arrived at their destination in less than ten minutes. The hall-porter took them up in the lift to the sixth floor, and Grace led the way across the landing. Almost immediately her finger had touched the bell, the door was opened by Stella's maid. The girl was still wearing her outdoor clothes; her cheeks were as white as chalk. She pointed across the hall to the door of the sitting-room. She seemed about to speak when it was suddenly opened and Stella appeared. She, too, was still in the clothes which she had worn home from the theater. She, too, had the appearance of a woman beside herself with fear.

"Come in quickly!" she cried. "Shut the door, Esther."

They passed into the sitting-room. A young man was leaning against the mantelpiece, his head buried in his arms. In the middle of the room a man was lying on his back, with his arms outstretched. His glassy eyes were upturned toward the ceiling. In the middle of his shirt-front was something thin and quivering, a little line of silver. Upon the table close to where he lay was an open telegram. The young man by the mantelpiece turned slowly around. He was as pale as the two women, and in his eyes was the fear of the coward. Pryde rec-

ognized him at once—a young man about town whom he knew slightly.

"What has happened, Dusanoy?" he demanded. "Quick!"

The young man trembled from head to foot. "I—don't know," he faltered.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Pryde answered. "If anyone wants help here, we must have the truth, and quickly. Who is this?"

"I don't know," the young man repeated.

Pryde fell on his knees for a moment by the side of the prostrate figure. He rose again almost at once—there was no mistaking the look on that face. He turned to Stella, who stood clutching at the back of a chair.

"Who is this, Miss Forde?" he asked.

She opened her lips twice without uttering the slightest sound. When at last she spoke, it was in a sort of hysterical shriek. "I don't know!" she sobbed.

Grace, who for a moment had been herself almost overcome, forced her sister into a chair. "Stella," she said firmly, "don't be absurd. Something terrible has happened. Tell us quickly what you can about it. It is the only way to help—can't you see that?"

Stella pointed to the table. "Read that telegram," she faltered.

Pryde moved quickly across. He read it out to Grace:

"Southampton. 10 o'clock. Just arrived. Starting for town immediately in motor-car. Splendid news. Shall come straight to Charlecot Mansions. Love. HARRY."

Pryde put the telegram down. Stella pulled herself up a little in her chair.

"Listen," she said, "Eddy Dusanoy brought me home. We were going on to the Artists' Ball. Esther was with us. When we got here and turned the light on, we saw that," she went on with a little gulp, pointing toward the prostrate figure.

"There was no one else here?" Grace inquired.

"No!"

"No sign of anyone having been here?"

"No!"

"Where was the telegram?"

"On the table."

"Opened or unopened?"

"Unopened."

Grace glanced at the clock. "How long have you been here?" she inquired.

"About twenty minutes," Stella replied. "I telephoned to you at once."

Dusanoy suddenly burst into a little cry.

He had turned round and was facing the figure upon the floor. "They'll say I did it!" he gasped. "They were ragging me last night—said I was jealous of Stella."

"Do you know who he is?" Pryde asked.

"It's Bartlett, the new tenor," Stella replied.

Pryde stooped and picked up the latchkey from the floor. "There was no one in the flat when he came," he remarked. "He must have used this key. Show me yours, Miss Forde."

Pryde compared the two. There was a slight difference in the shape.

"Walter Bartlett has never uttered a serious word to me in his life," Stella moaned. "I had no idea whatever of his coming here."

Pryde glanced once more at the clock. Then he drew Grace a little on one side. "Of course, the same thing has occurred to both of us," he said. "Your brother-in-law has had time to reach London. He may have come up here and found this man waiting. What sort of a temperament has Laverington?"

"He is very passionate," Grace admitted fearfully. "He is horribly jealous, too!"

"Your sister can't be telling the whole truth," Pryde decided. "She knows Bartlett. He is here in her rooms, dead. He must have come here to wait for her."

Stella rose to her feet. She stood there with her hands above her head. "If he did," she cried, "I swear upon my soul that it is without my knowledge! I swear that no word of love-making or even flirtation has ever passed between us! Can't we do something—can't something be done? Harry may come in at any moment, if—if he hasn't been—"

Her voice died away in a horrified whisper. She was white to the lips.

"That isn't Harry's work," Grace declared calmly. "He might kill, but not in that fashion."

"Who lives in the flat below?" Pryde asked suddenly.

"An elderly couple—a Mr. and Mrs. Anderson," Stella answered.

"And above?"

"I don't know," Stella replied. "The flat above has only just been opened—yesterday, I think. They meant to keep it as an attic, but there has been such a run on the place that they have opened it up as a small flat."

"Wait here for one moment, all of you,"

Pryde directed. "Grace, don't let them move."

"I will see that they do not," she promised.

Pryde passed out onto the landing and listened; there was no sound of anyone about. He looked at the elevator-shaft. It went only as far as the floor upon which he was. Then he ran softly up the stairs until he came to the door of the flat immediately above the one which he had just left. Again he listened—there was still silence. Very softly he tried the key which he held in his hand. The door opened. He felt along the wall for the knobs of the electric lights and turned them on. He was in a tiny hall. Opposite him was a door corresponding with the door of Stella's sitting-room. Again he listened—there was no sound. Very softly he opened it. The room was in darkness, but the moon was shining in through the wide-open windows. He looked swiftly around. It was a woman's sitting-room. There was a great divan drawn up to the open windows. On the table were a tray and some supper laid for two, and a sheet of paper upon which a few words were written. He read them quickly:

Shall not be back till one. Please wait. NETTA.

Again he listened—the place was empty. He left all the doors open and ran softly down. When he entered the room, the four people whom he had left there seemed scarcely to have moved. They were like pictures in a tableau, except that Grace was holding her sister's hand and trying to make her talk.

"Listen, all of you," Pryde said. "If you two have told the truth, I have a theory. Until yesterday this was the topmost flat. The room above has been known only as an attic. There is a sitting-room there, empty; a supper waiting for two; a note on the table in a woman's handwriting, saying that she will be back at one. Wait. There is only one thing to be done. I propose," he added, turning to Grace, "that we accept your sister's story. If she and Dusanoy have spoken the truth, this tragedy does not belong here. It may belong up-stairs. Let us take it there."

They all looked at him as though failing to understand.

"It is a risk, of course," Pryde went on coolly, "but we do no good here. If he is found in this room—"

"He can't be found here!" Stella shrieked.

"He can't!"



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

She turned round as they entered. "Send for the police, please," she begged. "Something has happened here—something terrible!"

Pryde glanced at the clock. "Come," he ordered. "Dusanoy, be a man for a moment, if you can. I'll take the shoulders, you take the feet. Esther, you must help."

The procession started—a weird and horrible one. Step by step they mounted the stairs, passed in through the doors which Pryde had left open, laid their burden down by the side of the table. Then they turned and hurried out, closing the doors behind them.

"We've either saved your sister," Pryde said softly to Grace, "or we've got ourselves into thundering trouble. Very soon we shall know. I am going to open the outside door. I want to hear the lift come up."

He had scarcely done so when he called to Stella. He stood upon the threshold. The lift was coming creeping up.

"Stand here and talk to me as though I were an ordinary caller," he directed. "Mind, we are running risks to help you. Be a woman for a minute. I want to see who this is."

She did her best. Pryde covered her as much as possible. He held her hand in his. Then the lift stopped and out tripped a little dark-haired girl, singing softly to herself. She waved her hand to Stella.

"Hullo, Stella!" she cried. "You didn't know I was a neighbor, did you? I've got the loft above you. Come up and see me some time."

Stella murmured something. The little woman went singing up the stairs. They all drew closer together, listening. They heard her open the door, they heard it close behind her, they heard her shriek. By that time their senses seemed dulled to horrors. It was simply a signal for which they had been waiting. Pryde and Grace rushed up. The little girl was on her knees beside the prostrate figure. She held an open letter in her hand.

"He's killed him! He's killed him!" she moaned. "Walter!" She turned round as they entered. "Send for the police, please," she begged. "Something has happened here—something terrible!"

"Who is that?" Pryde demanded, pointing to the figure by her side.

"It is Walter Bartlett," she faltered. "That beast Jerome has killed him! He always swore that he would. See, I have his letter. Send for the police, please."

"I will telephone at once," Grace promised. "Let me stay with you."

She shook her head. "Come up again

soon," she implored, "not now. Leave me alone for a few minutes."

They descended the stairs and entered the little sitting-room below. Even Grace was shaking. Pryde was dazed.

"The tragedy belonged there," he announced softly. "Who is she?"

"It's little Netta Fawsitt," Stella replied. "She's in my company. Walter Bartlett was mad about her, and so was that great brute Jerome."

Dusanoy helped himself to a whiskey. "Thank God we're out of it!" he said.

"You had better go home," Pryde ordered; "go home and forget everything. Mind that you do forget."

The young man caught up his hat and coat and almost staggered to the door. They heard it slam behind him, they heard his retreating footsteps on the stairs. Stella began to sob in Grace's arms.

"Grace! Grace! I swear that I'll never be the least bit foolish again—never! If Harry would only come and take me away! I'm sick of the stage—I'm sick of the whole life."

Pryde was busy telephoning to a police station. Then there was a clamorous knocking at the door. Stella herself ran to open it. There was the sound of muffled voices. In a moment or two she reappeared, almost carried in the arms of a tall man. He held out both his hands to Grace.

"So you've taken care of her for me, dear!" he exclaimed heartily. "I couldn't keep away a second longer. I've had all the luck in the world, made pots of money, and I've come home for Stella."

Grace shook hands with him warmly. There was a wonderful relief in her face.

"I am so glad you've come, Harry," she said.

An hour afterward, Pryde and Grace found themselves on their homeward way. Pryde knew that for once in her life Grace was overwrought, and he said scarcely a word until they reached their destination. He opened her door for her, turned up the light, and put her in an easy chair. She leaned back with a little sigh of relief.

"Miss Burton—Grace," he said quietly, "I am going to leave you now. If you need me for anything, the telephone will be by my side. To-night has been horrible, but remember that the tragedy which happened is outside our lives, and that all is well with Stella now. Good night!"

"Good night!" she whispered very softly.

The next story of "*Grace Burton and Stephen Pryde*" will appear in the February issue.



DRAWN BY GAYLE HOSKINS

"Shure I love ye—an' I always loved ye," whispered Phil, "but you was not for me, Eileen, not for the likes of me." He struggled against the smother of death. "There's been a lot of things cured here this morning, and the Young Doctor'll cure the rest."



The three McMahons were notorious. The older two were horse-thieves

The Flight of the McMahons

It is hardly necessary to recommend a story by the author of "Pierre and His People," "The Right of Way," and "The Weavers." He "belongs" already—measures up without argument to the Cosmopolitan "top-notch." Besides, you probably know the McMahons from the stories by Sir Gilbert in which they appeared and which we have already published. So here they hold the center of the stage again—a daredevil, lawless trio, outcasts, fugitives from justice, with all the traits of hatred, jealousy, fearlessness, revenge, that come to men of their kind living in defiance of law and order. And what happens to them is all because a girl in strange woman fashion falls in love

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Level Crossing," "The Three McMahons," "The Camp-Meeting at Mayo," etc.

Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins

THE three McMahons were notorious. The older two were horse-thieves, and Bill, the oldest, had made a mock marriage with an innocent girl, and had ill used her, till she fled from him, with the Young Doctor who attended her, across the American border to the town of Bonanza, taking refuge there with the U. S. marshal. Bill had followed to bring her back, but nothing came of that except the sudden retreat of Bill and Matt over the border, with the Mounted Police after them for horse-stealing. The third brother, Phil, who had stayed behind at Bonanza for good reasons, joined the others again three days later, as they drove the stolen horses southward by a détour toward Montana at its most western corner.

"Well, you got here!" was Bill's greeting to his brother, as Phil's spent horse came stumbling into the ravine where the two McMahons were resting with the stolen horses. "It's took ye three days!"

Phil slid wearily from his horse before he replied. "I had to get on your track from the corral, and I had to keep out of the way of the Riders that are after you. As you didn't give me your map of the road, I had to do it on my own," he added with an edge to his voice.

"You ain't shook hands," said Bill with a snarl.

"I'm out o' the habit of shakin' hands. Besides, I only shake hands with my friends," was the slow, biting reply.

There was an ugly look in Bill's eyes, but

The Flight of the McMahons

his words were careful. "What are we?" he asked furtively.

"Brothers."

"What's the difference?"

Phil's eyes flashed, but he did not answer at once. He took a drink from a little flask he carried, but he did not offer it to his brother, and at last he said:

"It's all the difference. With a brother, you've got to play the family game, got to stand by, no matter what the business is; and you have to perjure your soul, or eat dirt, for your brother, but you don't have to where a friend is concerned."

"You been eatin' dirt or perjurin' your soul for your brother?" asked Bill with sullen anger.

"Shure, that's what I did back there in Bonanza," was Phil's reply. "I come in on ye at Bonanza in the thick of your trouble. I'd been away three years, and didn't know what you'd done—not till I saw you trying to get the girl away from the marshal. If I'd done right, I'd have told the crowd you had a wife in Dakota, when you made a mock marriage with as handsome a girl as ever lived, with as good a girl as ever—"

A black storm rose in Bill's eyes. He was possessed of the passion which, beside all other passions, is as red to white. Ever since he had left Bonanza behind, it had grown in him. It had only been through Matt McMahon's influence, and the habit of making good his adventures, that he had not abandoned his stolen horses, and gone over to Askatoon to kill the Young Doctor. He had cursed himself a hundred times for not having seen the thing through.

"Then, why didn't you tell them?" he said fiercely. "If it hadn't been for you, I'd have seen the thing through. You upset the wagon, you did. That's the kind of brother you are."

He suddenly burst out with a flood of oaths, obscene, wild, demoniacal.

"She's mine. What do I care for the law! That wildcat, down in Dakota, that I married ten years ago, what's she to me! Why didn't she divorce me! What does she want to hang on to me for, if I'm such a slimer! I'm goin' to have my way. I don't care what happens, I'm goin' to cut the heart out of that doctor, and I'm goin' to break Eileen to pieces in my arms, before I send her after him."

He made a hideous gesture of possession, fury, and cruelty, which made Phil Mc-

Mahon turn away his head for an instant, but it sent a look of hardness into his eyes, too—a steely, cold look, not in accord with his humorous, irresponsible nature.

Phil looked his brother in the eyes. "You want to know why I didn't tell the crowd?" he asked. "Well, because—you know it well enough—because they'd have lynched you. Men don't like women treated bad—when it ain't their own women. If I'd told them the truth, as I told it to her after you'd gone, we'd have our mouths full of rotten earth by this time. You can bet your boots on that."

"We'd have our mouths full, eh?"

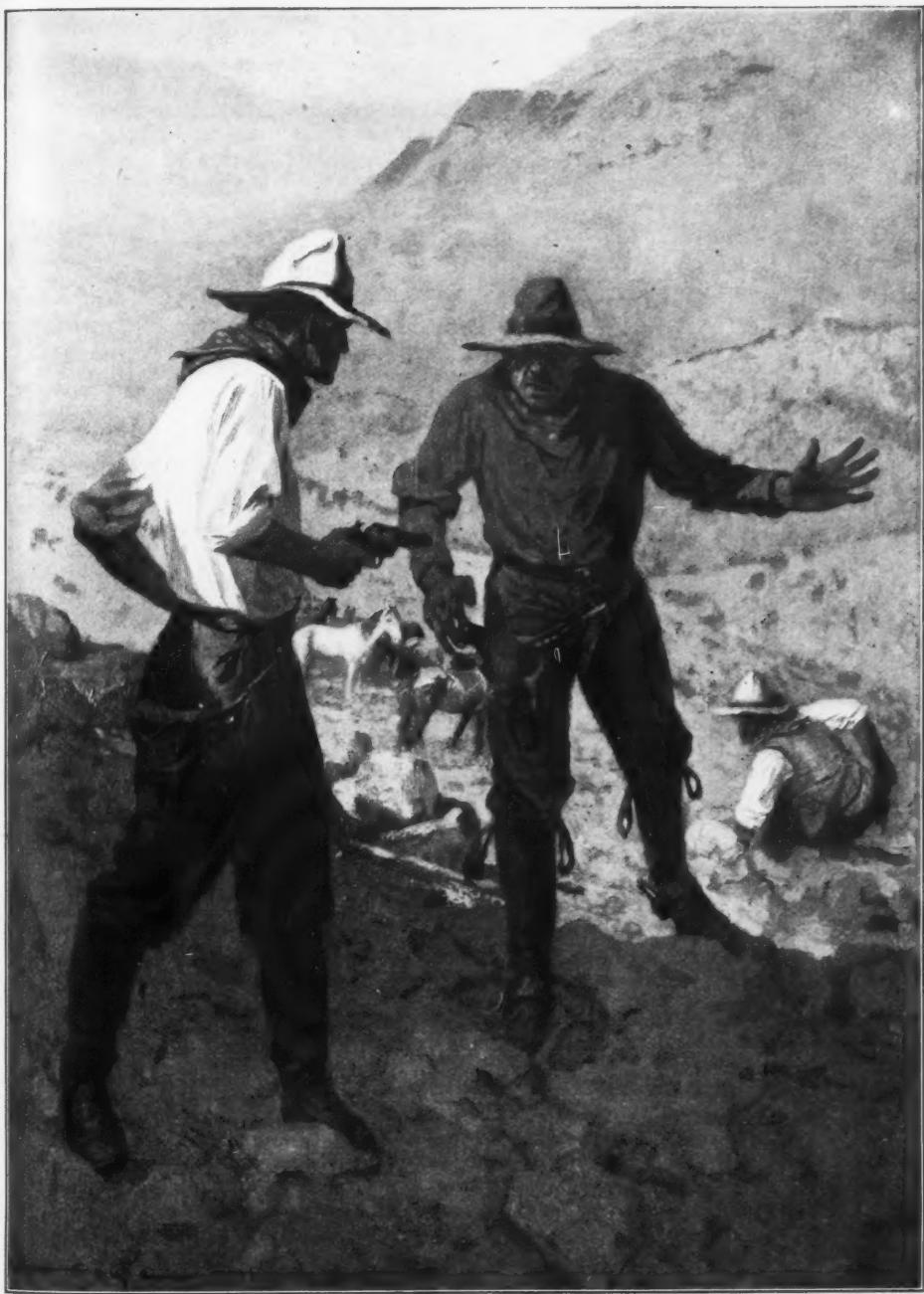
"That's what I said," Phil replied. "I'd have had to stand by you two while trouble was on. I'm a McMahon, and I got to do for the family what I wouldn't do for—"

"What you wouldn't do for a friend, eh?"

"That's it, Bill—what I wouldn't do for a friend. Blood's blood, and one of the family has to help pay the debts of the lot, and has to share the shame, too, if it's got to be shame. And he mustn't squeal when the guns is on the window-ledge or the rope hangin' over the beam."

The reference to the guns on the window-ledge was like a lash across the face of Bill McMahon. The guns at the window of the marshal's house at Bonanza had prevented him from carrying off Eileen, and the suggestion of the rope over the beam had such an intimate nearness to the present danger, and to the danger that would have come if the crowd at Bonanza had been told what Phil knew, that the insanity of the fighter in the last ditch was on him. His face was contorted with fury, and his hands twitched toward his pistol.

"Here, what are you goin' to do, Bill?" said Phil with no accent of fear or panic in his voice. "Not goin' to shoot me for tellin' the truth, are ye? I saved ye from the lynchers, and I'm not sorry I did—for your own sake and for hers. Annyhow ye've got a chancet for your life now, even if the Riders find ye before ye get to the border, but there wouldn't have been no chancet if I'd have split on ye. If ye hadn't been my brother, my own blood, I'd have split all right enough. I dunno but that I'd have split your head with a bullet, Bill. For a dirtier game never was played. She wasn't only but a child, and as innocent as a bird, and was due to have her chancet in life. You never give her no chancet. What got



DRAWN BY GAYLE MORRIS

Like lightning Phil's fingers caught the pistol from his hip, as he saw Bill reach convulsively for his own, and he had his brother covered in a flash. "No, you don't, Bill. You got to get up earlier. I've been shootin' a lot since I saw you last," he said

The Flight of the McMahons

intil ye, that ye couldn't lave her alone? Ye'd no business to drag her intil the slime. And if I'd been where ye were, it wouldn't have happened. I only come in when the worst had been done. It was queer I got back to you at the very minute when I could do some good—could save her and you, too!"

At first as Phil talked Bill had swayed from one side to the other like a wild animal in its rage, but as his brother went on his face took on the flaming whiteness of that insane determination which kills the looseness of fury, and he became still and intent, his head thrust forward like an animal watching. There had suddenly flowed into him the black poison from the last darkest well of the passion called jealousy, and it had transformed him. He had been jealous of the Young Doctor, he had been tossed on the horns of that wild beast which has produced more tragedies than any other of the fierce passions of mankind, but here was a jealousy deeper still. He was suddenly conscious that Phil McMahon's indignation came not from outraged human nature alone, but from love of the woman, passion for her, resentment that he himself did not possess her, had not married her; and he was all at once possessed with the blackest anger which can possess a man—that against his own flesh and blood. That the Young Doctor should have run away with his Eileen was one thing, and it was a thing worth any punishment; but this was the secret consuming fire which burned up the last root of tradition and family and every congenital tie.

So far as he could care for anything he had cared for his younger brother Phil when they were boys together yonder in Kildare, for Phil had a hand that was always giving, when it had anything in it, a heart that would lay itself on the altar of sacrifice for anything it cared for, and a tongue that was full of humor as a "tick." And he had used Phil as a tapster uses a spigot to fill his own cup when it needs filling. The years, however, had hardened him, had spoiled him, till even the ancient thing which binds the worst men together in the blindest, faithfillest, and even most criminal devotion had declined in him. There was only just enough left of it to make him understand the significance of what Phil had done at Bonanza, to prevent him from using his pistol now against the man that loved Eileen. He did not know whether the

Young Doctor loved her or not, or whether she loved him; it was enough that the Young Doctor had taken her from him, and made her declare that she would never live with himself, Bill McMahon, again. But here was a different thing. Here was one that loved Eileen, and—

His brain was like that of some animal faced by a human, not an animal, problem. He could not think. He was conscious only that here was a thing that would be, even if it had not been, and in his eyes it assumed all the semblance of reality.

"You want her yourself," he said in a hoarse voice. "That's why you're talking like a female man in a gospel shop. You want her yourself!"

Phil laughed a little in a strange, hard sort of way, and jerked his head contemptuously. Then he said:

"I wouldn't think much of the man that didn't want her—honestly, a man that wasn't married, and had a *right* to want anny woman. I might have tried my try three years ago at the loggin', if I'd wanted to, and if I had, I'd have been within my rights. There ain't anny harm in bein' sorry that I didn't act when I had the chance, nor any harm in callin' the man that used her as you've used her a slimy, low skunk that ought to get lynched with all that belongs to him—same as you and me. If I didn't think that she'd have her chance yet, to get what's her due, I'd be sorry the lynchers didn't get ye at Bonanza."

"You're goin' to have her now?" asked Bill in a voice guttural with the congestion of passion in him.

"I ain't answerin' anything to you, Bill. You got no rights annywhere in this. You're done, so far as she's concerned. If I didn't think you was, I'd be a sight quicker with my gun than you could be."

Like lightning his fingers caught the pistol from his hip, as he saw Bill reach convulsively for his own, and he had his brother covered in a flash.

"No, you don't, Bill. You got to get up earlier. I've been shootin' a lot since I saw you last." He laughed his low, half-sneering laugh again.

At that moment the third McMahon intervened. Matt had been busy with the camp equipment and in starting a fire, and had taken little notice of the two until the quarrel had become critical. Then he came between them.



They all three watched the newcomer as he plunged down the hill on his spent cayuse

"That's enough, boys," he said. "We're only three now, and I don't want to face the Riders alone, or with one or two ducks that can't swim, because their toes is slit. You got other things to think of than old Tom Tannahill's girl. You got your own lives to think of, though I don't see why Phil's in this at all. He ain't wanted for havin' too manny horses, and he didn't have more than one woman—why anybody that ain't blind insane wants a woman at all, I don't know. It's only trouble. Put

up them guns—put it up, darn ye, Bill. Let's get shot by the stranger and not by the prodigal brother."

He watched them sullenly put up their guns, and then he said: "I got a notion that we're about as safe as a powder-keg on a stove. Bill thinks that we've got a trail that the Riders won't follow, but what's the good of thinking that we're the only bright diamonds in the world! Phil there's found us easy, and though he's got the family instinct to find the family,

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there's others have got the instinct of the enemy of the family. What do ye think, Phil?"

"I think I'd rather have a regiment of brothers after me than a dozen Riders of the Plains," was Phil's reply. "They've got the scent of the trails in their noses, and what's more, the West is lookin' hard at them while they're out after the three McMahons."

"Why *three?*" asked Matt, as he turned some bacon on the fire. "It ain't goin' to be anny fun gettin' over the border, and there's no good in pretendin' to three owners of the mob of mustangs while there's only two."

"You don't know why I'm here?" asked Phil.

"You're here because we come from the same litter, but we ain't goin' to get away anny more or anny less because you're here. You can bet on that. If it comes to fightin', the difference between two and three ain't goin' to save us."

"Oh, I've got to be in this with the McMahons!" answered Phil slowly. "Horse-nabbing ain't in my line, but every man's got his own way of breakin' the law, and he chooses his own law to break. Mine ain't horse-stealin', that's all I'm saying, Matt."

"What is your particular fancy?" asked Bill sullenly, for the look of a murderous passion was still in his eyes. "Is it wife-stealin'?"

"Can't you drop that, Bill?" was the quiet reply. "Let's lave it alone. You're out of that, and I'm out of it, too, for good and always. You've stole horses that belong to some one else, and you stole a girl that run away from you, by the help of a man she's goin' to marry, now she knows she's free from you by law and every other way. You got no rights anywhere, so lave it alone. That's my advice, lave it alone!"

Bill made a gesture of fury and malevolence. "She'll never have him. He'll never have her. She's mine. Law or no law, she's mine. I was the first that made her into a woman, and I'll keep—"

Phil McMahon was on his feet with a spring. He was like one that had been struck a blow of shame. The reckless fire of his nature leaped up, as a wind suddenly sweeps up a cloud of dust. A woman had been to him ever a being apart, even the worst of women. He had lifted his hat to the

squaw and the hired girl and the millionaire's wife with equal consideration, and a strange chivalry made him sensitive where any woman at all was concerned; while here was the only woman he had ever thought of as a man thinks, when he looks round to choose a keeper of his house, spoken of as the butcher might speak of the lamb whose throat he had cut ere he served it up on a dish.

The tragedy of the McMahons might have been accomplished there and then had it not been for outside intervention, for Bill McMahon's brain was twisted from its moorings with passion, and Phil was obsessed by the fact that a woman he loved had been cruelly wronged.

"Yes, I'll keep her," roared Bill McMahon. "She'll never belong to the dog that stole her from me. What do I care for the law! She's been my woman, and she's got to come back to me—sooner or later, it's got to be. I'm goin' after her, when I've got them horses safe. Do ye think I'll let it be! I was the first man that ever shut the door on her alone and turned out the light, I—"

He got no further. The sound of galloping came to their ears, followed by a loud exclamation from Matt.

"It's Dulac!" he exclaimed.

II

THEY all three watched the newcomer as he plunged down the hill on his spent cayuse. Reaching the clearing where they were, he dropped from his horse heavily. He was one of two half-breeds who had done much dirty work for the McMahons, and to whom they had given instructions to act as a kind of rearguard in their last bold criminal enterprise.

"They're about ten miles off," he said in French, then added in English, "about ten miles away—the Riders! I have see them."

"They're coming on?" asked Bill fiercely.

"Pretty quick; but they have camp to rest."

"How the devil did they come to get on the trail?" almost screamed Bill McMahon.

"It is easy—that," was the half-breed's reply. "They have got Bourbon." Bourbon was the other half-breed employed by the McMahons.

"Bourbon—he sold us!"



DRAWN BY GAYLE HOSKINS

At that moment Bill McMahon broke forward toward Eileen. White with fear and loathing she fired, and missed him. His gun was in his hand, but he thrust it in his belt, and lunged with savage, outstretched hands toward the girl

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Dulac nodded. "There is reward—five hundred dollars. Bourbon hears it, and he go—at once after you start."

"Bourbon heard of it *first*, before you—eh?" said Bill with a hideous oath.

Dulac shrugged his shoulders. "What does it matter! I am here. I give you warning. I am with you—to stay with you."

"How many are there?" asked Matt.

"Six," was the reply.

"We're four," was Phil's laconic comment.

"Fighting for our lives," added Matt as he took the bacon from the fire. "That makes four more; so the odds is with us."

"It ain't got to be four though," interposed Phil again. "Dulac here—what's he in it for? He ain't one of us. Let Dulac vamose. It's a McMahons' business, and it ain't anny other's. The McMahons have to do the thing alone, if it's to be done at all."

In the presence of the common foe and the common danger there was a momentary cessation of the personal quarrel which had sprung up so suddenly, which had been so near a climax a few moments before.

"If Dulac wants to stay, he can stay," growled Bill. "This troupe's a McMahon troupe maybe, but it can have camp-followers, I guess. An extra gun is good for a man, if it's quick, and Dulac's been out with us before."

Dulac was silent. He seemed occupied with his cayuse. Phil spoke quickly, however.

"If this ain't goin' to be a McMahon business, one and undivided, a family party out to do its job alone, I go now—shure what's the good of draggin' in the wide world! Dulac's no more to do with the business than a chimpanzee had to do with the fall of Adam. Why, he ain't even got a real horse—nothin' but a damaged cayuse that he paid for himself, maybe."

"I got it trading. I give a shack for it, and some seed potatoes," murmured Dulac, snatching, with a wolfish ferocity of hunger, at the bacon Matt offered him.

"You want to go?" snarled Bill.

Dulac looked every way except into Bill McMahon's face. He had a strange fear of the master who had used him so ill from first to last, and he wished he had made himself safe—by flight, not as Bourbon had done, who had sold the secret of the trail for cash. Dulac had the glimmering of the

thing in him which was in Phil McMahon. He had a faint and wavering sense of honor which might see him through bad places on occasion.

"He is no good—this cayuse now," he replied, jerking a head toward the mongrel little beast which had done such good work for the three McMahons. "Not a mile he can go now. I ride like the devil, to tell you the Riders come," he added.

"Of course the cayuse is done," said Matt McMahon. "You can help yourself to anny of our lot over there, if you want to go." He nodded toward the bunch of horses feeding in the depression to the left. "Dulac can help himself, if he wants to go," he added to his brother Bill, who stood moodily looking into the fire, and refusing to eat the food offered him.

"Oh, get out, and go to the devil!" answered Bill with an oath. "We're goin' to lose the horses annyhow."

"Ain't you goin' to push on right off down to the border?" asked Matt in unfeigned surprise.

"I'm goin' to get back east, and 'way down to Dakota. I'm goin' to let the horses go to blazes. I'm goin' east—goin' to cut away down past the Riders and get over the border beyond to the southeast."

Phil's face changed expression as Bill spoke. A set, determined look came to his jaw. It was not for nothing, not simply to escape danger, that Bill gave up the game here, that he abandoned the horses which he had risked his safety, his freedom, and his life to steal. There was a fair chance of getting across the border with the mob of horses, if there was any luck, and Bill McMahon was not the man to throw chances away, or back down from an enterprise just because of danger, small or great. He was not a coward physically, and his vanity gave him courage, though it had no moral force behind it. Phil knew his brother as a musician knows his score. He read the thought behind the brutal face, the purpose in the new plan. He realized that jealousy and hatred were drowning every other feeling in his brother's mind. Bill was going east and south—not to Dakota, but to find Eileen and the Young Doctor, to work his dastardly will on them both. Bill McMahon was obsessed by the passion which overshadows all others. He was no longer concerned for the horses he had stolen, which, under other circumstances, he would have

abandoned only in the last emergency. The bigness and daring of the adventure, which would have been to him like drink to a dipsomaniac, were obliterated in the primitive desire to kill a man because of a woman, and to kill a woman because of herself.

Phil read the page of fire with the understanding which a common origin, a nature got of the same fiber, made possible. From the blood and bone of the same parents came the revelation.

Phil turned to Dulac. "You get, soon as you can skit," he said sharply. "Take the best you can find, and you'd better get across the border quick, for the horse ain't yours—or ours. Its pedigree'll make a lot of trouble for you, if you haven't got your bill of sale."

"If I go—my wages! It is a hundred dollars you owe me," he said, and he had the courage now to look in Bill's face.

"Take two horses," roared Bill. "There's no money."

"Take two horses that's loose and free to all the world, for there's no money," sneered Phil, at the same time thrusting a small bunch of ten-dollar bills into Dulac's hand.

Dulac looked at him with an expression which said, "I'll stay with you," but Phil shook his head decisively. "It's the three McMahons now that's got to see the thing through. No outsiders. Get going quick!"

A moment later Dulac was riding away south, as hard as the best horse of the stolen mob could carry him. He was not fool enough to take two horses.

The three watched him go.

"I'm off," said Bill McMahon, with his face turned toward the east where the Riders of the Plains were.

III

ONE thing Dulac did not tell the McMahons concerning the Riders of the Plains. He did not tell them that those he saw were only one section of the whole detachment sent out to capture them. But that was because he did not know. Seldom before had so many Riders been engaged on an enterprise of the kind. One of them had ever been considered the equal of five criminals, such was their prestige, and there had been many remarkable single-handed captures of bands of law-breakers. A matchless courage, joined to a knowledge that the whole country was behind them, gave them an unequalled authority and success.

In regard to the two McMahons, however, there had come to headquarters a conviction that they would fight desperately, would "make red" in the attempt to capture them. Three small detachments had, therefore, been sent out—that which Dulac had seen, another which was cutting the trail the McMahons had taken farther south between them and the border, and a third, the smallest, which patrolled the line of country between Askatoon and Bonanza directly at the border.

The McMahons, with faces turned east, would now miss the Riders lying across the trail to the southwest; they could, by bearing away to the southeast, avoid the detachment which Dulac had seen; but there remained that which patrolled the trail from Bonanza to Askatoon.

And the flight of the McMahons was stayed in this quarter. They had ridden hard, but not so hard that there was not good horse-power still in hand. They were near the border in the early morning when Bill, with an attempt at even speaking in ill accord with his murderous mood, turned to his younger brother and said:

"Over the border it's safe, and there's nothing more for you to do betimes. You was set on standin' by the family whiles the family was needin' you, and you've met your promissory; but two's company and three's none now and henceforth. In half an hour we're over the border, and Matt and I'll be cuttin' away down to Dakota. You ain't got nothin' in common with us, and we might as well quit here—right here."

Phil's face flushed a little, and he shifted in the saddle with a nervous jerk. "You ain't over the border yet, Bill," he replied, "and when you do get over, you won't be makin' for Dakota, though that's what you ought to be makin' for. You'll be tryin' to steal back what ain't yours, and you'll have more trouble in doin' that than in annexin' thoroughbreds. While you got the job on, I'm not leaving you, Bill."

There was a devilish grimness in Bill's face as he replied. "But if I understand it," he said, "while you're with the family on the horse business, you're against the family on the other?"

"The family ought to agree and stand together," was Phil's answer in a low, meaning tone. "I'm for unity. I was willin' to do some shootin' for the family, if the Riders got after us and the horses, but now

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I'm goin' to call the game myself. I propose we all get away down to Texas, where I've got a ranch. We can do a bit of horse-dealin' there, and get more land, and boodle the gover'mint, and cut as wide a swath as you like. They're not too partikler in Texas. The laws ain't so strict as they are here, and they've got no Riders down there. There's a lot of personal lawmaking in Texas, and there's plenty to do. That's my plan, and it's all right; and the family's bound to stand by me as I've stood by it. . . . I had some trouble down in Texas, and I'd have been all right if I'd had partners, but it got hot, and I had to take a vacation—I hadn't any partners, and I talked too big. Shure, I tried to rush the bunch against me, and it didn't work. But I'm for goin' back, and if I have the family with me, if we three go back there, we can make Texas talk of the three McMahons as they never talked of any three galoots in all their born days. Ain't it good, what I say? I'll divide what I've got, and we can begin to accumulate—to accumulate, boys."

His move was brilliantly worthy of the situation, and what his story lacked in bare truthfulness it made up in usefulness, as a solution of the present problem. They all knew that Bill was on his way to get "his woman" back, or to kill, and that if he was going to Dakota at all it was only when he had finished that savage adventure. Matt McMahon had no stomach for the business, but he had no will to oppose Bill, who had domineered over him for a lifetime, and Phil was determined to stand by, and prevent the worst, when the worst emerged. If he could help it, Bill McMahon would never get possession of Eileen nor do the Young Doctor any harm; and, in his black, bad heart, Bill knew this, and the jealousy that consumed him was like a burning, fiery furnace. He had no cue to bring the quarrel with Phil to an issue, and he waited till circumstances should set the ring, and give his passion its chance. He thought it might come in this way or in that; but it came, as such things generally do, in a way wholly unexpected and singularly accidental. Destiny acts sometimes as though it had a demoniacal humor, and certainly she gave evidence of it in the case of the three McMahons; for even as they moved toward the border, where there was safety, danger came suddenly across their path as a snake slips from bush to brake. Danger

came, and that which Bill McMahon most desired of all else in the world came.

Eileen came.

She and Father Roche and her own father, old Tom Tannahill, had started from Bonanza to Askatoon confident in the view that the McMahons, hunted by the Riders of the Plains, would be far away, saving their skins, and that the journey to the shelter of Father Roche's home at Askatoon could be made without peril. Even her old friend, the U. S. marshal at Bonanza, when he left them at the border at sundown, had sped them gaily on their way. But old Tom Tannahill had no head for topography, and no instinct for the trail, while Father Roche had never made the journey before, and also his head was ever where his heart was—in the clouds. Thus it was that these three wandered far from the trail during the moonlit night, and were rescued by one of the men of the patrol who were searching for the trail of the McMahons.

And thus it was that, even as Phil McMahon was urging his brothers to go with him down to Texas to get them away from certain trouble, the trouble came upon them as a ship looms up suddenly out of a fog. The two parties were not a hundred yards from each other when the three McMahons rode in on a little clearing where Eileen, old Tom Tannahill, the sergeant of the Riders, and Father Roche had halted for breakfast. The sun was just rising, and the pungent smell of the brush and scrub and grass was in their nostrils. The air was as sweet as though it had just been made in the heavens, and the world seemed as good a place as any human soul could wish to inhabit. It was no place for slaughter.

Bill McMahon was rejecting with an ugly oath his brother's proposal to go to Texas, when his eye caught sight of the little group in the clearing. He saw Eileen's hair, free of hat or covering, shining in the soft, golden morning, saw the lightness with which she stepped, and the grace of her lithe figure, heard her laugh cheerfully at something the sergeant-trooper said to her. And then he went mad. He struck spurs into the gray mare and was on the group before it fully understood the situation. As the horse sprang forward, however, Eileen recognized the three, and gave a sharp cry of distress and fear. Only the trooper was armed, and his gun was out in a flash, but he knew he was outnumbered,

and he could do no more than make a fight of desperation. He could not shelter Eileen. There was no time for that, but he realized that she was armed. He saw her pistol flash, even as Bill McMahon bore down on her.

What happened was the work of an instant. The only reply to the trooper's cry of "Halt!" was a pistol shot from Bill McMahon as he dropped from his horse beside Eileen. The bullet caught the sergeant in the left shoulder. He fired, but not at Bill, who was protected by his horse. He fired instead at Matt McMahon, whose gun cracked simultaneously with his own. Both fell, Matt rolling from his horse like a bundle, the sergeant collapsing where he stood with a groan of anger and dismay.

At that moment Bill McMahon broke forward toward Eileen. White with fear and loathing she fired, and missed him. His gun was in his hand, but he thrust it in his belt, and lunged with savage, outstretched hands toward the girl. She fired again, but the bullet only grazed his cheek. With an obscene oath and a brutish roar, his eyes protruding in his passion and fury, his hands caught her, but even as they did so two shots rang out.

The savage hands fell back convulsively from Eileen's shoulders and breast, and the huge form of Bill McMahon jerked sideways from her. Even as the brutal hands caught her, she had seen the face of Phil McMahon near—as in a wild dream she saw it—then she was conscious of a gun outstretched in Phil's hand, and the next instant Bill McMahon lay stone dead at her feet.

For a moment she stood dazed and overwhelmed, then she was conscious that she no longer saw Phil McMahon's face or Phil McMahon at all, and she started forward with a distraught cry of wonder and pain. She was in a circle of dead and dying. Bill was as dead as though he had been slain a thousand years before; Matt McMahon lay shot through the heart beside his thoroughbred; Father Roche was bending over the sergeant, who, dangerously wounded, had had strength enough to bring down Phil McMahon, even as he fired at his brother;

and her father, whimpering Irish laments, was kneeling beside the youngest McMahon, who was crumpled up on the ground with death in his eyes.

In a moment, with presence of mind restored, Eileen was beside him, his head pillow'd on her knee. "Are you hurt bad?" she asked gently. "Oh, are you hurt bad?"

"'Tis the last hurt," he said with a gasping breath. "'Tis all done—so soon."

Her tears dropped on his cheek. She wiped them away.

"Let them stay," he whispered. "I'd like—to feel them—as I go. I killed him, me own brother," he added with painful slowness. "There was nothin' else to do at all. He'd have broke you to pieces. But the sergeant got me. We both fired at once—and Bill's gone—and I'm goin' hard. But you know all about it now, don't ye?" he asked.

"Know what, dear?"

"Dear? Did ye say that to me? Dear, is it, from you to me? Then you know—acushla, you know!"

"Tell me," she said helplessly.

"Shure, I love ye—and I always loved ye, though I didn't see the cup was full till down at Bonanza when I found that Bill had used you so. It wouldn't have made anny difference—you was not for me, Eileen, not for the likes of me." He struggled against the smother of death. "There's been a lot of things cured here this morning, and the Young Doctor 'll cure the rest. He'll make up to ye for all that's been."

"I will think of you till I die," she said with a great gentleness, looking into his fading eyes.

"Glory be," he murmured. "The sergeant was me friend! It had to be. I killed me own brother, and I had to go. 'Tis all right. Glory be—glory be!" he added with the mortal shuttle shaking in his throat. "'Tis like—the days—me mother—hushed me."

She leaned over and kissed his forehead. He smiled the wan smile of the fading senses, and tried to speak, but failed. The priest drew near, intent to bless, but she shook her head at him. All the McMahons had taken their flight.



Inside the Fiery

By Professor



Professor Malladra and his assistant negotiating a cinder slope

The great battery jets on the southwest wall in action. At the top is seen an abandoned station

The edge is dentilated with slender needles of lava and slag of various colors, which, under the action of atmospheric and volcanic agents, continually crumble in, slide away, and are transformed. This work of demolition of the beautiful

yet awful mountain has lasted six years; should Vesuvius not reawaken, a few years more will suffice to convert it into an immense chaotic heap.

These edges, the walls, and the bottom are pulsing with mineral life—the hot gaseous life of the lava and the jets. There are white columns of steam, restless spirits, vibrating or coiling tongues, heads of fiery ruffled hair, which the wind lengthens out into twisted tufts of ribbon and strips of exquisite thinness, that

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author of this Malladra of the world-famous Observatorio esterous and highly important task. He has that modern scientific scholasticism can of the explorer. Like his illustrious coun-

descended into the uttermost depths of has actually faced death amid the chok-

torrid pit. This is the graphic story of

I SHOULD need the pen of Dante to describe the tragic and awful impression I received when I first stood on the brink of the crater of Vesuvius and looked down into its volcanic mouth. The thrill which I felt then I still experience—although I now know the by-ways of Vesuvius much better than the streets of Naples.

It is an immense circular abyss, enclosed by exceedingly high, sheer, or overhanging walls. These are broken here and there by plane surfaces descending with the utmost steepness, on which the stones which ever fall from above hurtle down with high speed, raising trails of dust. Here and there are long and very steep landslides, practically upright and resting against the base of the wall, some of them rising half-way and even higher in the crater. They are formed by the accumulation of detritus, which unceasingly goes rolling down to the bottom. It is truly the image of the Inferno.

The edge is dentilated with slender needles of lava and slag of various colors, which, under the action of atmospheric and volcanic agents, continually crumble in, slide away, and are transformed. This work of demolition of the beautiful

Crater of Vesuvius

Alessandro Malladra

remarkable article, Professor Alessandro Malladra of Vesuvius, has achieved a dangerous and established new seismic data and proved go hand in hand with the cool-headed pluck of the tryman, Dante, Professor Malladra has Inferno, but unlike the poet the scientist found fumes and blinding vapors of a his trip and the wonders that he found.

vanish in the air. Infinite in number, immensely diversified in intensity and chemical constitution, they are now isolated, now in groups or batteries; at times in long horizontal lines, then again in radial lines.

Taking no account of the possible and probable sudden changes in the treacherous bottom, the poisonous sulphur and hydrochloric jets, the invisible emanations of air, poor in oxygen, but exceedingly hot, which could in a few minutes burn away the explorer's rope hanging from the wall—disregarding these and other small inconveniences, the greatest and most obvious danger to those who wish to descend into the bowels of Vesuvius is due to the constant falling of large and small stones, even when these stony showers are not suddenly converted into huge landslides. Fortunately the large blocks in falling create a great deal of noise, which the echoes of the huge cavity repeat and draw out, giving one time to look up for them and get out of their way; the small stones, however, come down with the speed of bullets.

In this respect the internal walls of Vesuvius are of two kinds: those which discharge most cannon-shots present steep slopes hollowed out by the bombardment and large conoids of detritus on the bottom; those which fire off less have, on the other hand, slopes vertical or nearly so, and the few stones, comparatively, which traverse them acquire much greater momentum. The choice, therefore, for those who wish to descend into the crater is very difficult. After a long examination I decided in favor of the south-southeast wall.

The morning of May 14th gave promise of a hot day; at intervals gusts of wind rolled the pebbles over the edge into



A detail of the great Mercalli jet, whose excessively hot fumes are sulphurous and hydrochloric



Professor Malladra taking the temperature of a deadly gas-jet

Inside the Fiery Crater of Vesuvius

the crater. On reaching the selected point, we descended without a rope the first inclined floor of recent lapillo (1906) and the first step of hot red slag only six feet in height. At our jump the movable sand and pebbles set out on a joyous journey down the 60° slope, and invited us to roll down with them to the bottom. However, we soon succeeded in bringing ourselves to a stop.

A BATTERY OF STEAM-JETS

We are in the realm of the southern battery. A long row of jets of whitest hue emerges from a bank of gray lava which runs horizontally for over fifty yards. The ground is a black, spongy, feather-light lapillo. It looks like charcoal. In this soft, tenacious ground Andrea, my guide, embeds two poles to support the end of a long rope. So I go to test the battery, submerging the thermometer in a crack of the smoking bank. It is 85° centigrade (185° Fahrenheit). The ground, too, is very hot. Each footstep is marked by a small cloud of steam; from each hole hewn by the hatchet a small jet shoots up; the thermometer, put into a depth of ten inches, shows 80° of heat.

The rope is ready; the beat of the sun and the heat of the ground make the air boil, and we find our equipment too much to carry. We leave part of our clothing under the bank of red scoria, and, in the hope of going and returning in a few hours, we also leave our provisions there, which proves to be a great mistake. How poetic it would have been, with the appetite which made itself felt later, to eat lunch at the bottom of the crater! We tie ourselves to the rope and start down the slope. A discharge of stones, great and small, displaced by our feet, runs before us; others come tumbling after us. The road and the wayfarers travel together as if on a rolling pavement. After descending forty yards, we reach the edge of a small abyss. This means a succession of three breaks, covering a total height of about fifty-five yards. There are many projections to afford us support to the feet and elbows, while the hands grip the rope. Beneath the first step of eight yards there is something like a ledge; but the stones continue to roll down, rebounding as though they would never stop. Andrea with his heels hastens any sluggish masses on their path, and clears the edge of the wall of its loose rubbish.

I coil up the remainder of the rope and throw it into space, just as the Gaucho throws the lasso in the endless pampas. The rope unwinds and, extending itself in space like a long snake, comes to rest on the rough face of the rock, and is drawn out by its own weight. I first descend to the ledge beneath, while Andrea interposes his body crosswise of the discharge channel in order to form a sort of dike and stop the stones shifted by the stretch of the rope. When I am down, Andrea throws me the other coils of rope, the bag, and the stakes to put in lower down. Everything must be thrown and caught and then placed in a hole dug out with the hatchet, because the slope is so steep that everything rolls or slides down it.

The same gymnastics are repeated on the second step, twice as high. On the third, which is still higher, different tactics must be adopted. The discharge-ditch forms a sheer falling channel offering no hold, smoothed by the passage of the ever-falling stones. The right side is full of rough knobs, which may offer a little support. Dropping heavily on my knees and elbows, I happily reach the bottom of the wall, on a cornice inclined like a Dutch roof, a few steps wide and formed of beaten, compact lapillo. The usual flat foothold must be dug out to allow of standing, especially as the first rope ends here. At once we turn our hand to the aerial transport of the baggage; one of the poles which we carry slips from my hand, and, flying like an arrow down the slope, thuds to the bottom of the crater—a warning to explorers to be careful how they step!

THE TRAIL TO THE BOTTOM

Our cornice covers a depression of about a dozen yards, after which for several yards there stretches a cone of sandy deposits, the vertex of which forms the beginning of a discharge channel parallel and close to that which we have followed. Beneath this cone-like formation, as usual very much inclined, there descends an immense wall of sunken lava, the height of which is nearly three hundred feet; it is square with the bottom of the crater. Evidently this path is inaccessible; we must now abandon the south-southeast radiant which we have followed, and going around the cornice and on the dejection cone, get to the south radiant. On the

cornice we traverse a discharge channel, from which massive stones drop every moment; after this the sunken lava wall ceases to bear that character, and becomes a wall filled with projections, between which an oblique clearance enables us to descend after the manner of a chimney-sweep at work. Of course this descent was made with a second rope fastened to the first, and fixed for greater safety to the single stake which remained implanted in the lapillo of the cornice. The slit or clearance was followed by a very easily negotiated rock step, which carried us, well satisfied with ourselves, to the sandy cone.

From this point the spectacle offered by the crater is truly solemn and imposing. The reddish lapillo walls on the north and northeast show the capricious forms of their erosion needles in every detail, with the dikes and banks of lava which traverse them in all directions. Up above, all around, a crown of steam-jets forms the diadem of Vesuvius. The blaze of the sun dries and bakes the incoherent material, which careers down on all sides with intense cracklings and scrapings and constant cannon-roars. It is Vesuvius applauding! On the northwest and southwest the landslides shoot down with appalling frequency, leaving behind them



A steaming vent with its treacherous hot walls.—Professor Malladra with one of the delicate instruments in the Royal Vesuvian Observatory

long trails of dust.

On the bottom the detritus conoids are magnificent and terrible. The one which from the crater-edge looks like small gravel, from here appears formed of stones as large as one's head; and when we are down there, what will be their size? How shall we be able to make our way quickly down along these interminable stone-heaps, whence there emerge so many sulphur jets, over which we shall have to pass with the swiftness of the wind?

Forward without fear! "Fortune favors the bold." We traverse an annular length of about three hundred and twenty yards, with slightly oblique slope, without a rope,

in order to reach the large channel which discharges the stones from about four hundred and thirty yards of crater-edge, on the south and southeast. This channel is continually in operation, and the passage of material, large and small, is uninterrupted. The fragments of rock hit the stones with a dull noise, rebound, describe parabolas, and disappear in the bottom. It is a hail that knows no rest. The heat is almost overpowering. To descend along this channel would be folly. Fortunately for us, however, it is made up of several channels of different widths and depths, which irradiate in the form of a fan toward the bottom. Some

Inside the Fiery Crater of Vesuvius



Professor Malladra's route of descent for the first
500 yards into the crater

of them discharge on the boiling wall of the Mercalli jet; the largest descends direct to the memorable landslide of March 12, 1911.

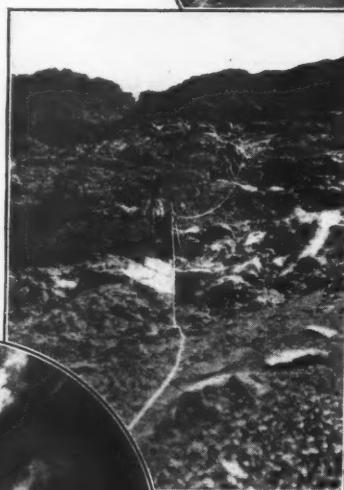
Between the latter and the first named there descends, with a slope of 90° , a buttress of great boulders heaped up in chaos. This represents the deepest residual part of a landslide which took place as a result of the revolution in the bottom last January. The blocks are compressed and kept in position by the earth and gravel between. This will be our path of descent for about eighty yards. We traverse with infinite

precaution the first series of channels; sight, hearing, taste, and smell are strained to their utmost. We are in constant dread of stones impinging on our heads. On reaching the mound of piled blocks, we select one which projects from the chaos like a curbstone. We try to shift it with our hands; it is solidly embedded.

We put round
it the loop



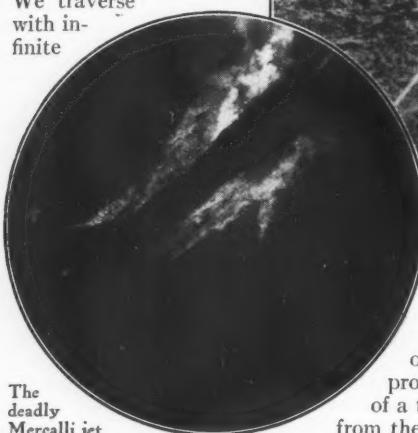
Professor
Malladra
on the bot-
tom of the crater, with
the red flag he planted there



Down into the crater.
A rope was trail-ed
behind to assist in the
return from the bottom

of our one-hundred-yard tarred rope, and begin our descent, Andrea in front and I directly behind. But no sooner have we taken a few steps than a small rock slips beneath my feet, falling directly toward Andrea. He shouts, "It is better for you to stop until I am in a safe place, otherwise you will break my head." I profit by this stoppage to take a few photographs and examine the barometer. We are over

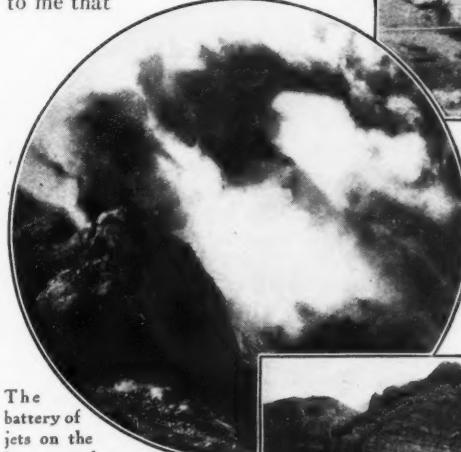
three thousand feet above the sea—that is, six hundred and fifty feet below the highest point of Vesuvius, which stands proudly erect on our left, sending out regularly a volley of projectiles which hiss with the capricious rhythm of a telegraphic key. On the right the acid fumes from the Mercalli outlet emerge, the acridity of which



The
deadly
Mercalli jet

sets us coughing and sneezing. The wind blows them from us, otherwise it would be impossible to remain here as long as we do.

Andrea disappeared at once beneath the curve of the pile, the base of which is an almost vertical sheer cyclopean wall. A few minutes later he shouted up to me that



The battery of jets on the lower southwest wall, taken from 500 yards within the southern wall

we could go no farther. He was on the great landslide, and the rope had given out. Without rope progress, especially on the return, would be very slow; whereas, in order to avoid the killing heat and the deadly gases from the landslide, our passage should be swift. I determined to proceed, with rope or without, and so informed Andrea. He was glad of my decision, and called to me to hurry down. I wanted to hurry; but it was a serious matter. The same agility was required as if I were climbing down an old collapsing wall, my feet shifting a number of blocks, which were waiting for nothing more than a propitious moment for starting their downward career. Finally we were once more



Professor Malladra holds the rope while Andrea follows. The picture shows rock and soil formation



The dotted line shows a part of the S. S. E. wall, and the route followed in the descent to the bottom



Man, the pygmy, in Inferno

together. Only a few yards of rope remained. The great landslide made a fine spectacle. There were blocks of several cubic yards in large quantity on the left against the wall burnt by the Mercalli jet; the detritus was small, but hot, and charged with sulphurous emanations. We hastened down this slope. The hand could not bear contact with the fuming rock. A strong heat radiated from it as from the walls of a furnace.

From many scores of holes and cracks the bluish-white steam issues with

Inside the Fiery Crater of Vesuvius

great force; all the jets combine into a single smoke-column, which rises from eighty to one hundred yards, and is then scattered and dissolved in the air of the crater. The acid gases, associated with the steam, react on each other and on the broken rock, and coat it with a dense stratum of minerals of various colors, among which canary-yellow predominates, followed by red and white. These gases are very acid, pungent, stifling. The steel of our hatchet, up to now clear and bright, quickly grew an opaque black in color; exposed metals (needles, buckles, and shields) became coated with a thick incrustation. At the base of this fuming rock, which reaches a height of about two hundred and forty feet, we got nearer to a dense group of jets. In a deep opening, as big as one's arm, from which an energetic gush of gas and vapor issued, I introduced the maximum thermometer, leaving it there for a few minutes, and holding it at a distance by a copper wire. The first reading gave 290° centigrade; this same jet in September last gave 128° ; there has therefore been an increase of 162° in eight months. It is evident that Vesuvius is not slumbering, but gathering strength for another terrifying exhibition.

From here to the so-called bottom of the crater there were now but a couple of dozen yards. At 10.40 A.M. we reached the point marked by Corrado Cappello as the bottom, and we found his red-cloth flag almost buried in the sand and stones. The barometer here showed nine hundred and ninety yards above the sea, or two hundred and sixty-seven yards below the point of descent, and two hundred and ninety-three yards beneath the highest point of the crater-edge. *But this was not yet the deepest point.*

IN THE DEPTHS OF INFERN

Andrea becomes radiant, and asks me whether I am satisfied. Perfectly happy, I assure him, and I thank him from my heart. A handshake attests our mutual pleasure. Thereupon we begin a pilgrimage full of emotion on the floor of the abyss, which has been so greatly changed in a few months. This floor is not a simple plain slightly inclined to the northeast, as it appears to those looking down from above. It might be compared with an enormous plum-pudding, bulging in the center and falling away along the north to south edges. The greatest depth of the semicircular de-

pression is in the northeast, where it is noted that the edge of the crater likewise has its lowest point. Leaping from one mass to another, I descend to the lowest point of the annular valley, and here the barometer indicates 858 yards above sea-level.

THE WONDERS OF THE CRATER

Along the whole line of subsidence there are spouting jets rising in long white plumes. These jets (the Anello or Corona) are all sulphurous, and the ground around is strewn and carpeted with beautiful floral designs in yellow, which break into pieces on being touched. It was impossible to bring away a specimen. The bottom is traversed in every direction by hundreds of small cracks concealed by sand. On striking the ground with my foot, the sand fell away and the slits were exposed for a length of several yards. What appeared from above to be small isolated stones are giant blocks scattered and piled up on all sides. The ground is scorching hot; everywhere acid jets spring up; the displaced rocks have left a smoky trail, and the thermometer, put into the cracks, shows almost everywhere 85° centigrade. A series of landslides, crashing down on all sides, long and imposing, raising showers of dust, greeted our exploration of the bottom, which lasted a little more than two hours.

The magnificence of the volcanic abyss, which surrounded us with its sheer walls, thundering every instant; the thought that we were standing on the lid of a gigantic bottle which could split or explode any moment and throw us up into the regions of the clouds, produced on my mind a sense of stupor, admiration, and dismay.

The heat of the broiling sun, the scorch of baking earth, were severely felt down there. Although in our shirt-sleeves, we were wet with perspiration. In the middle of the crater the air moved by the wind was still respirable, although pungent with sulphur and chlorine; but on the outskirts of the bottom, near the walls and the jets, it was too charged with acid gases; we could not breathe for any length of time without coughing and gasping.

We planted in the middle of the crater, as a signal of our descent, a flag of flaming red—a suitable color for a volcano, and easily visible from above. The staff to support it, more than four yards in length, had gone down before us by the shortest



Professor Malladra half-way
the crater, his pick em-

and quickest way; in falling, however, it had split into three parts, and we selected the longest, about three yards. This flag, which is the irrefutable proof of the descent effected, can still be seen at the bottom of the crater, and is testified to every day by the numerous strangers who go out to the crater's edge.

Time presses, and Andrea soon urged the necessity of getting away before the sun, sending its rays down perpendicularly along our road, create too dangerous a fall of stones. We therefore began our return journey toward the sky at about 1 P.M., taking the same course upward. The worst stretch was the first, that of the great landslide. During the climbing of this landslide I experienced the torture of thirst after four and a half hours of fatigue, increased beyond measure by the insufferable heat and the sense of suffocation produced by the sulphurous and hydrochloric gases. Our breath came more and more in gasps, owing to the effort of climbing, the deficiency of oxygen, and the presence of poisons in the air.

In half an hour, which seemed an eternity, this torment came to an end. We had reached the end of the small rope, and the climb up the pile of chaotic blocks be-



On the bottom of the crater. Behind Pro-
fessor Malladra is seen the sheer wall
of lava, 500 yards high

down the slope of the wall of
bedded in soft, hot lava

came by comparison a winged one. On reaching the block which supported the rope we rested awhile. The air was fresh and astir, and we inhaled it as a starving man devours bread. After this the passage of the fan-slope, the climb onto the cornice, and the gymnastics on the rope hanging from the wall seemed mere sport.

Toward 3.30 P.M. we were once more, thank Heaven, alive and fairly sound on the edge of the crater, having escaped scathless the jaws of a real Gehenna. Our hands, bruised on the back by stones, or

the skin peeled off our palms owing to the use of the rope, testified vividly to the genuineness of our struggle—a struggle which was furthermore attested by the dilapidated condition of our trousers and boots.

Vesuvius slumbers, but his heart is awake. There is no doubt that sooner or later he will rise from his uneasy somnolence and burst magnificently upon the world once more with banners of fire and plumes of smoke, making the earth shudder and devouring a myriad of humans, demolishing their puny cities and repeating the history of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Vesuvius is a monster not to be restrained by any man's cunning or ingenuity—and therefore imperial, awesome, magnificent!



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"I never before saw such a suit of foot-armor," she said. "Perhaps it belonged to the catcher of some ancient baseball club," he suggested

The Business of Life

A MODERN-DAY STORY OF LOVE, LIFE, AND PASSION

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Turning Point," "The Streets of Ascalon," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: Midnight. A man reading in the library of his country mansion. Enters a former sweetheart of the man, who has married a rival. She announces that she has left her husband and offers herself to Desboro, who, she thinks, must now take her. He refuses to see the logic of the situation, and declares that when her husband presently comes for her, as he believes he will, she must return home with him. However, if the husband believes himself irretrievably injured, he, Desboro, will weather the resulting storm of scandal with her. But Clydesdale takes the woman back without question. So passes an incident that later returns to vex.

Desboro's finances being at low ebb, he plans to sell a collection of inherited armor. Cataloguing is necessary, and he journeys to town to consult an eminent specialist in antiques. He finds that the old man is dead and his daughter, Jacqueline Nevers, a beautiful girl who looks hardly out of her teens, in charge. Finding that she is in every respect competent, Desboro gives her the commission. Leaving, Desboro leaves in the antique-shop a young woman thinking things of men that she has never thought before—strange, new day-dreams. For himself, he conceives a distaste for a hunting-trip which he has planned, and arranges to meet Jacqueline when she comes to Silverwood on the morrow.

AT eleven o'clock the next morning Miss Nevers had not arrived at Silverwood. It was still raining hard, the brown Westchester fields, the leafless trees, hedges, paths, roads, were soaked; pools stood in hollows, with the dead grass awash; ditches brimmed, river and brook ran amber riot, and alder-swamps widened into lakes.

The chances were now that she would not come at all. Desboro had met both morning trains, but she was not visible, and all the passengers had departed, leaving him wandering alone along the dripping platform. For a while he stood moodily on the village bridge beyond, listening to the noisy racket of the swollen brook; and after a little it occurred to him that there was laughter in the noises of the water, like the mirth of the gods mocking him.

"Laugh on, high ones!" he said humorously. "I begin to believe myself the ass that I appear to you."

Presently he wandered back to the station platform, where he idled about, playing with a stray nondescript dog or two and caressing the station-master's cat; then, when he had about decided to get into his car and go home, it suddenly occurred to him that he might telephone to New York for information. And he did so, and learned that Miss Nevers had departed that morning on business, for a destination unknown, and would not return before evening.

Also, the station-master informed him that the morning express now deposited passengers at Silverwood station on request—an innovation of which he had not before heard; and this put him into excellent spirits.

"Aha!" he said to himself, considerably elated. "Perhaps I'm not such an ass as I appear. Let the high gods laugh!"

Presently the near whistle of the Connecticut Express brought him to his feet; and when the express rolled past and stopped, a tall young girl, in waterproofs, descended from the train, recognized Desboro, and smiled. Hat off, hand extended, he came forward to welcome her.

"I'm awfully glad you came," he said. "I was afraid you wouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because I didn't believe you really existed, for one thing. And then the weather—"

"Do you suppose mere *weather* could keep me from the Desboro collection? You have much to learn about me."

"I'll begin lessons at once," he said gaily, "if you don't mind giving them. Do you?"

She smiled non-committally, and looked around her at the departing vehicles.

"We have a limousine waiting for us behind the station," he said. "It's five muddy miles."

"I had been wondering all the way up in the train just how I was to get to Silverwood."

"You didn't suppose I'd leave you to find your way, did you?"

"Business people don't expect limousines," she said, with an unmistakable accent that sounded priggish even to herself—so prim, indeed, that he laughed outright; and she finally laughed too.

"This is very jolly, isn't it?" he remarked, as they sped away through the rain.

She conceded that it was.

"It's going to be a most delightful day," he predicted.

She thought it was likely to be a *busy* day.

"And delightful, too," he insisted politely.

"Why particularly delightful, Mr. Desboro?"

"I thought you were looking forward with keen pleasure to your work in the Desboro collection!"

She caught a latent glimmer of mischief in his eye, and remained silent, not yet quite certain that she liked this constant running fire of words that always seemed to conceal a hint of laughter at her expense.

Had they been longer acquainted, and on a different footing, she knew that whatever he said would have provoked a response in kind from her. But friendship is not usually born from a single business interview; nor is it born perfect, like a fairy ring, overnight. And it was only yesterday, she made herself remember, that she first ever laid eyes on Desboro. Yet it seemed curious that whatever he said seemed to awaken in her its echo; and, though she knew it was an absurd idea, the idea persisted that she already began to understand this young man better than she had ever understood any other specimen of his sex.

He was talking at random, idly but agreeably, about nothing in particular. She, muffled in the fur robe, looked out through the limousine windows into the rain, and saw brown fields set with pools in every furrow, and squares of winter wheat, intensely green.

And now the silver-birch woods, which had given the house its name, began to appear as outlying clumps across the hills; and in a few moments the car swung into a gateway under groves of solemnly dripping Norway spruces, then up a wide avenue, lined with ranks of leafless hardwood trees and thickets of laurel and rhododendron, and finally stopped before a house made of grayish-brown stone, in the rather inoffensive architecture of early 1800.

Mrs. Quant, in best bib and tucker, received them in the hallway, having been instructed by Desboro concerning her attitude toward the expected guest. But when she became aware of the slender youth of the girl, she forgot her sniffs and misgivings, and she waddled, and bobbed, and curtseyed around, overflowing with a desire to fondle, and cherish, and instruct, which only fear of Desboro choked off.

But as soon as Jacqueline had followed her to the room assigned, and had been divested of wet outer-clothing and served with hot tea, Mrs. Quant became loquacious and confidential concerning her own personal ailments and sorrows and the history and misfortunes of the Desboro family.

Jacqueline wished to decline the cup of tea, but Mrs. Quant insisted; and the girl yielded.

"Air you sure you feel well, Miss Nevers?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, of course."

"Don't be *too* sure," said Mrs. Quant ominously. "Sometimes them that feels bestest is sickest. I've seen a sight of sickness in my day, dearie—typod, mostly. You ain't never had typod, now, hev you?"

"Typoid?"

"Yes'm, typod!"

"No, I never did."

"Then you take an old woman's advice, Miss Nevers, and don't you go and git it!"

Jacqueline promised gravely; but Mrs. Quant was now fairly launched on her favorite topic.

"I've ben forty-two years in this place—and Quant—my man—he was head farmer here when he was took. Typod, it was, dearie—and you won't never git it if you'll listen to me—and Quant, a man that never quarreled with his vittles, but he was for going off without 'em that morning. Sez he, 'Hannah, I don't feel good this morning!'—and a piece of pie and a pork-chop layin' there onto his plate. 'My vittles don't set right,' sez he; 'I ain't a mite peckish.' Sez I, 'Quant, you lay right down, and don't you stir a inch! You've gone and got a mild form of typod,' sez I, knowing about sickness as I allus had a gift, my father bein' a natural bone-setter. And those was my very words, dearie, 'a mild form of typod.' And I was right, and he was took. And when folks ain't well, it's mostly that they've got a mild form of typod which some call malairy—"

There was no stopping her; Jacqueline tasted her hot tea and listened sympathetically to that woman of many sorrows. And, sipping her tea, she was obliged to assist at the obsequies of Quant, the nativity of young Desboro, the dissolution of his grandparents and parents, and many, many minor details, such as the freezing of the water-pipes in 1907, the menace of the chestnut blight, mysterious maladies which had affected cattle and chickens on the farm—every variety of death, destruction, dissolution, and despondency that it had been Mrs. Quant's portion to witness.

And how she gloried in detailing her dismal career; and presently pessimistic prophecies for the future became plainer as her undammed eloquence flowed on.

"And Mr. James, *he ain't* well, neither," she said in a hoarse whisper. "He don't know it, and he won't listen to *me*, dearie, but I *know* he's got a mild form of typod—he's that unwell the mornings when he's been out late in the city. Say what you're a mind to, typod is typod! And if you hain't got it you're likely to git it most any minute; but he won't swaller the teas and broths and suffusions I bring him, and he'll be took like everybody else one of these days, dearie—which he wouldn't if he'd listen to me."

"Mrs. Quant!" came Desboro's voice from the landing.

"Y-yes, sir," stammered that guilty and agitated Cassandra.

Jacqueline set aside her teacup and came to the stairs; their glances met in the suppressed amusement of mutual comprehension, and he conducted her to the hallway below, where a big log fire was blazing.

"What was it—death, destruction, and general woe, as usual?" he asked.

"And typod," she whispered. "It appears that *you* have it!"

"Poor old soul! She means all right; but imagine me here with her all day, dodging infusions and broths and red flannel! Warm your hands at the blaze, Miss Nevers, and I'll find the armory keys. It will be a little colder in there."

She spread her slender hands to the flames, conscious of his subtle change of manner toward her, now that she was actually under his roof—and liked him for it—not in the least surprised that she was comprehending still another phase of this young man's most interesting personality. For, without reason-

ing, her slight misgivings concerning him were vanishing; instinct told her she might even permit herself a friendlier manner, and she looked up smilingly when he came back swinging a bunch of keys.

"These belong to the Quant," he explained. "Honest old soul! Every gem and ivory and lump of jade in the collection is at her mercy, for here are the keys to every case. Now, Miss Nevers, what do you require—pencil and pad?"

"I have my note-book, thanks—a new one in your honor."

He said he was flattered and led the way through a wide corridor to the eastern wing, unlocked a pair of massive doors, and swung them wide. And, beside him, she walked into the armory of the famous Desboro collection.

Straight ahead of her, paved with black marble, lay a lane through a double rank of armed and mounted men in complete armor; and she could scarcely suppress a little cry of surprise and admiration.

"This is magnificent!" she exclaimed; and he saw her cheeks brighten, and her breath coming faster.

"It is fine," he said soberly.

"It is, indeed, Mr. Desboro! That is a noble array of armor. I feel like some legendary princess of long ago, passing her chivalry in review as I move between these double ranks. What a *wonderful* collection! All Spanish and Milanese mail, isn't it? Your grandfather specialized?"

"I believe he did. I don't know very much about the collection, technically."

"Don't you care for it?"

"Why, yes—more, perhaps, than I realized—now that you are actually here to take it away."

"But I'm not going to put it into a magic pocket and flee to New York with it!"

She spoke gaily, and his face, which had become a little grave, relaxed into its habitual expression of careless good humor.

They had slowly traversed the long lane, and now, turning, came back through groups of men-at-arms, pikeman, billmen, arquebusiers, crossbowmen, archers, halberdiers, slingers—all the multitudinous arms of a polyglot service, each apparently equipped with his proper weapon and properly accoutered for trouble.

Once or twice she glanced at the trophies aloft on the walls, every group bunched behind its shield and radiating from it under

The Business of Life

the drooping remnants of banners emblazoned with arms, crests, insignia, devices, and quarterings long since forgotten, except by such people as herself.

She moved gracefully, leisurely, pausing now and then before some panoplied manikin, Desboro 'sauntering beside her. Now and then she stopped to inspect an ancient piece of ordnance, wonderfully wrought and chased; now and then halted to lift some slitted visor and peer into the dusky cavern of the helmet, where a painted face stared back at her out of painted eyes.

"Who scours all this mail?" she asked.

"Our old armorer. My grandfather trained him. But he's very old and rheumatic now, and I don't let him exert himself. I think he sleeps all winter, like a wood-chuck, and fishes all summer."

"You ought to have another armorer."

"I can't turn Michael out to starve, can I?"

She swung around swiftly. "I didn't mean *that!*" and saw he was laughing at her.

"I know you didn't," he said. "But I can't afford two armorers. That's the reason I'm disposing of these tin-clothed tenants of mine—to economize and cut expenses."

She moved on, evidently desiring to obtain a general impression of the task before her, now and then examining the glass-encased labels at the feet of the figures, and occasionally shaking her head. Already the errant lock curled across her cheek.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired. "Aren't these gentlemen correctly ticketed?"

"Some are not. That suit of gilded mail is not Spanish; it's German. It is not very difficult to make such a mistake sometimes."

Steam heat had been put in, but the vast hall was chilly except close to the long ranks of oxidized pipes lining the walls. They stood a moment, leaning against them and looking out across the place, all glittering with the mail-clad figures.

"I've easily three weeks' work before me among these mounted figures alone, to say nothing of the men on foot and the trophies and artillery," she said. "Do you know it is going to be rather expensive for you, Mr. Desboro?"

This did not appear to disturb him.

"Because," she went on, "a great many mistakes have been made in labeling, and

some mistakes in assembling the complete suits of mail and in assigning weapons. For example, that mounted man in front of you is wearing tilting-armor and a helmet that doesn't belong to it. That's a childish mistake."

"We'll put the proper lid on *him*," said Desboro. "Show it to me and I'll put it all over him now."

"It's up there aloft with the trophies, I think—the fifth group."

"There's a ladder on wheels for a closer view of the weapons. Shall I trundle it in?"

He went out into the hallway and presently came back pushing a clanking extension ladder with a railed top to it. Then he affixed the crank and began to grind until it rose to the desired height.

"All I ask of you is not to tumble off it," he said. "Do you promise?"

She promised with mock seriousness. "Because I need *all* my brains, you see."

"You've a lot of 'em, haven't you, Miss Nevers?"

"No, not many."

He shrugged. "I wonder, then, what a quantitative analysis of *mine* might produce."

She said, "You are as clever as you take the trouble to be—" and stopped herself short, unwilling to drift into personalities.

"It's the interest that is lacking in me," he said, "or perhaps the incentive."

She made no comment.

"Don't you think so?"

"I don't know."

"And don't care," he added.

She flushed, half turned in protest, but remained silent.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I didn't mean to force your interest in myself. Tell me, is there anything I can do for your comfort before I go? And shall I go and leave you to abstruse and intellectual meditation, or do I disturb you by tagging about at your heels?"

His easy, light tone relieved her. She looked around her at the armed figures.

"You don't disturb me. I was trying to think where to begin. To-morrow I'll bring up some reference-books."

"Perhaps you can find what you want in my grandfather's library. I'll show you where it is when you are ready."

"I wonder if he has Grenville's monograph on Spanish and Milanese mail?"

"I'll see."



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

He drew the sword from its scabbard and presented the hilt. She took it, studied it, then read aloud the device inverse, "There is never peace with me; my desire is always war!"

He went away and remained for ten minutes. She was minutely examining the sword which belonged to a rather battered suit of armor when he returned with the book.

"You see," she said, "you *are* useful. I did well to suggest that you remain here. Now, look, Mr. Desboro. This is German

armor, and here is a Spanish sword of a different century along with it! That's all wrong, you know. Antonius was the sword-maker; here is his name on the hexagonal, gilded iron hilt—*'Antonius Me Fecit.'*"

"You'll put that all right," he said confidently. "Won't you?" "That's why you asked me here, isn't it?"

He may have been on the point of an indiscreet rejoinder, for he closed his lips suddenly and began to examine another sword. It belonged to the only female equestrian figure in the collection—a beautifully shaped suit of woman's armor, astride a painted war-horse, the cuirass of Milan plates.

"The Countess of Oroposa," he said. "It was her peculiar privilege, after the count's death, to ride in full armor and carry a naked sword across her knees when the Spanish court made a solemn entry into cities. Which will be about all from me," he added with a laugh. "Are you ready for luncheon?"

"Quite, thank you. But you said that you didn't know much about this collection. Let me see that sword, please."

He drew it from its scabbard and presented the hilt. She took it, studied it, then read aloud the device inverse:

"Paz conmigo nunca veo y siempre guerra deseo." ("There is never peace with me; my desire is always war!")

Her clear young voice repeating the old sword's motto seemed to ring a little through the silence—as though it were the clean-cut voice of the blade itself.

"What a fine motto," he said guilelessly. "And you interpret it as though it were your own."

"I like the sound of it. There is no compromise in it."

"Why not assume it for your own? 'There is never peace with me; my desire is always war!' Why not adopt it?"

"Do you mean to intimate that such a militant motto suits me?" she asked, amused, and caught the half-laughing, half-malicious glimmer in his eyes, and knew in an instant he had divined her attitude toward himself, and toward her own self, too—war on them both, lest they succumb to the friendship that threatened. Silent, preoccupied, she went back with him through the armory, through the hallway, into a rather commonplace dining-room, where a table had already been laid for two.

Desboro jingled a small silver bell, and presently luncheon was announced. She ate with the healthy, insouciant appetite of the young, and he pretended to. Several cats and dogs of unaristocratic degree came purring and wagging about the table, and he indulged them with a discrimination that

interested her, playing no favorites, but allotting to each its portion.

"What wonderful impartiality!" she ventured. "I couldn't do it; I'd be sure to prefer one of them."

"Why entertain preference for anything or anybody?"

"That's nonsense."

"No; it's sense. Because, if anything happens to one, there are the others to console you. It's pleasanter to like impartially."

She was occupied with her fruit-cup; presently she glanced up at him. "Is that your policy?"

"Isn't it a safe one?"

"Yes. Is it yours?"

"Wisdom suggests it to me—has always urged it. I'm not sure that it always works. For example, I prefer champagne to milk, but I try not to."

They laughed, and she said, "You always contrive to twist sense into nonsense."

"You don't mind, do you?"

"No; but don't you ever take anything seriously?"

"Myself."

"I'm afraid you don't."

"Indeed, I do! See how my financial mishaps sent me flying to you for help!"

She said, "You don't even take seriously what you call your financial mishaps."

"But I take the remedy for them most reverently and most thankfully."

"The remedy?"

"You."

A slight color stained her cheeks; for she did not see just how to avoid the footing they had almost reached—the understanding which, somehow, had been impending from the moment they met. Intuition had warned her against it. And now here it was.

How could she have avoided it, when it was perfectly evident from the first that he found her interesting—that his voice and intonation and bearing were always subtly offering friendship, no matter what he said to her, whether in jest or earnest, in light-hearted idleness or in all the decorum of the perfunctory and commonplace.

To have made more out of it than was in it would have been no sillier than priggishly to discountenance his harmless good humor. To be prim would have been ridiculous. Besides, everything innocent in her found an instinctive pleasure, even in her own mis-

givings concerning this man and the unsettled problem of her personal relations with him—unsolved with her, at least; but he appeared to have settled it for himself.

As they walked back to the armory together, she was trying to think it out; and she concluded that she might dare be toward him as unconcernedly friendly as he would ever think of being toward her. And it gave her a little thrill of pride to feel that she was equipped to carry through her part in a light, gay, ephemeral friendship with this man belonging to a world about which she knew nothing at all.

That ought to be her attitude—friendly, spirited, pretending to a *savoir faire* only surmised by her own good taste—lest he find her stupid and narrow, ignorant and dull. And it occurred to her very forcibly that she would not like that.

So—let him admire her.

His motives, perhaps, were as innocent as hers. Let him say the unexpected and disconcerting things it amused him to say. She knew well enough how to parry them, once her mind was made up not to ignore them entirely; and that would be much better. That, no doubt, was the manner in which women of his own world met the easy badinage of men; and she determined to let him discover that she was interesting if she chose to be.

She had produced her note-book and pencil when they entered the armory. He carried Grenville's celebrated monograph, and she consulted it from time to time, bending her dainty head beside his shoulder, and turning the pages of the volume with a smooth and narrow hand that fascinated him.

They stopped before a horseman, clad from head to spurs in superb mail. On a ground of blackened steel the pieces were embossed with gold grotesqueries; the cuirass was formed by overlapping horizontal plates, the three upper ones composing a gorget of solid gold. Nymphs, satyrs, gods, goddesses and cupids in exquisite design and composition framed the lorica; cuishes and tassetts carried out the lorica pattern; coudes, arm-guards, and genouillères wore dolphin masks, gilded.

"Parade armor," she said under her breath, "not war armor, as it has been labeled. It is armor de luxe, and probably royal, too. Do you see the collar of the Golden Fleece on the gorget? And there

hangs the fleece itself, borne by two Cupids as a canopy for Venus rising from the sea. That is probably Sigman's sixteenth-century work. Is it not royally magnificent!"

"Lord! What a lot of lore you seem to have acquired!" he said.

"But I was trained to this profession by the ablest teacher in America," her voice fell charmingly, "by my father. Do you wonder that I know a little about it?"

They moved on in silence to where a man-at-arms stood leaning both clasped hands over the gilded pommel of a sword.

She said quickly: "That sword belongs to parade armor! How stupid to give it to this pikeman! Don't you see? The blade is diamond sectioned; Horn of Solingen's mark is on the ricasso. And, oh, what a wonderful hilt! It is a miracle!"

The hilt was really a miracle; carved in gold relief, Italian renaissance style; the guard center was decorated with black arabesques on a gold ground; quillons curved down, ending in Cupid's heads of exquisite beauty.

"What a masterpiece!" she breathed. "It can be matched only in the Royal Armory of Madrid."

"Have you been abroad, Miss Nevers?"

"Yes, several times with my father. It was part of my education in business."

He said, "Yours is a French name?"

"Father was French."

"He must have been a most cultivated man."

"Self-cultivated."

"Perhaps," he said, "there once was a *de* written before 'Nevers.'"

She laughed. "No. Father's family were always bourgeois shopkeepers—as I am."

He looked at the dainty girl beside him, with her features and slender limbs and bearing of an aristocrat. "Too bad," he said, pretending disillusion. "I expected you'd tell me how your ancestors died on the scaffold, remarking in laudable chorus, '*Vive le Roi!*'"

She laughed and sparkled deliciously. "Alas, no, monsieur. But, *ma foi!* Some among them may have worked the guillotine for Danton or drummed for Santerre."

"You seem to me to symbolize all the grace and charm that perished on the Place de Grève."

She laughed. "Look again, and see if it is not their Nemesis I more closely resemble."

And as she said it so gaily, an odd idea struck him that she *did* embody something less obvious, something more vital, than the symbol of an aristocratic régime perishing en masse against the blood-red sky of Paris.

He did not know what it was about her that seemed to symbolize all that is forever young and fresh and imperishable. Perhaps it was only the evolution of the real world he saw in her opening into blossom and disclosing such as she to justify the darkness and woe of the long travail.

She had left him standing alone with Grenville's book open in his hands, and was now examining a figure wearing a coat of fine steel mail, with a black corselet protecting back and breast decorated with horizontal bands.

"Do you notice the difference?" she asked. "In German armor the bands are vertical. This is Milanese, and I think the Negrolis made it. See how exquisitely the morion is decorated with these lions' heads in gold for cheek-pieces, and these bands of gold damascene over the skull-piece, that meet to form Minerva's face above the brow! I'm sure it's the Negrolis' work. Wait! Ah, here is the inscription! '*P. Iacobi et Fratr Negroli Facebant MDXXXIX.*' Bring me Grenville's book, please."

She took it, ran over the pages rapidly, found what she wanted, and then stepped forward and laid her white hand on the shoulder of another grim, mailed figure.

"This is foot-armor," she said, "and does not belong with this morion. It's neither Milanese nor yet of Augsburg make; it's Italian, but who made it I don't know. You see, it's a superb combination of parade armor and war mail, with all the gorgeous design of the former and the smoothness and toughness of the latter. Really, Mr. Desboro, this investigation is becoming exciting. I never before saw such a suit of foot-armor."

"Perhaps it belonged to the catcher of some ancient baseball club," he suggested.

She turned, laughing, but exasperated, "I'm not going to let you remain near me," she said. "You annihilate every atom of romance; you are an anachronism here, anyway."

"I know it; but you fit in delightfully with tournaments and pageants and things."

"Go up on that ladder and sit!" She lifted her arm and stood resolutely pointing.

He went. Perched aloft, he lighted a cigarette and surveyed the prospect. "Mark Twain killed all this sort of thing for me," he observed.

She said indignantly, "It's the only thing I never have forgiven him."

"He told the truth."

"I know it—I know it. But, oh, how could he write what he did about King Arthur's court! And what is the use of truth, anyway, unless it leaves us ennobling illusions?"

Ennobling illusions! She did not know it; but except for them she never would have existed, nor others like her that are yet to come in myriads.

Desboro waved his cigarette gracefully and declaimed:

"The knights are dust,
Their good swords bust;
Their souls are up the spout we trust."

"Mr. Desboro!"

"Mademoiselle?"

"That silly parody on a noble verse is not humorous."

"Truth seldom is. The men who wore those suits of mail were everything that nobody now admires—brutal, selfish, ruthless—"

"Mr. Desboro!"

"Mademoiselle?"

"Are there not a number of such gentlemen still existing on earth?"

"New York's full of them," he admitted cheerfully, "but they conceal what they really are on account of the police."

"Is that all that five hundred years has taught men—concealment?"

"Yes, and five thousand," he muttered; but said aloud: "It hasn't anything to do with admiring the iron hats and clothes they wore. If you'll let me come down I'll admire 'em—"

"No."

"I want to carry your book for you."

"No."

"And listen to everything you say about the vertical stripes on their Dutch trousers."

"Very well," she consented, laughing; "you may descend and examine these gold inlaid and checkered trousers. They were probably made for a fashionable dandy by Alonso Garcia, five hundred years ago; and you will observe that they are still beautifully creased."

So they passed on, side by side, while

she sketched out her preliminary work. And sometimes he was idly flippant and irresponsible, and sometimes she thrilled unexpectedly at his quick, warm response to some impulsive appeal that he share her admiration.

Under the careless surface, she divined a sort of perverse intelligence; she was certain that what appealed to her he, also, understood when he chose to; because he understood so much—much that she had not even imagined—much of life, and of the world, and of the men and women in it. But, having lived a life so full, so different from her own, perhaps his interest was less easily aroused; perhaps it might be even a little fatigued by the endless pageant moving with him amid scenes of brightness and happiness which seemed to her as far away from herself and as unreal as scenes in the painted arras hanging on the walls.

They had been speaking of operas in which armor, incorrectly designed and worn, was tolerated by public ignorance; and, thinking of the "horseshoe," where all that is wealthy, and intelligent, and wonderful, and aristocratic in New York is supposed to congregate, she had mentally placed him there among those elegant and distant young men who are to be seen sauntering from one gilded box to another, or, gracefully posed, decorating and further embellishing boxes already replete with jeweled and feminine beauty; or in the curtained depths, mysterious silhouettes motionless against the dull red glow.

And if those gold-encrusted boxes had been celestial balconies, full of blessed damozels leaning over heaven's edge, they would have seemed no farther away, no more inaccessible to her, than they seemed from where she sometimes sat or stood, all alone, to listen to Farrar and Caruso.

The light in the armory was growing a little dim. She bent more closely over her note-book, the printed pages of Grenville, and the shimmering, inlaid, and embossed armor.

"Shall we have tea?" he suggested.

"Tea? Oh, thank you, Mr. Desboro; but when the light fails, I'll have to go."

It was failing fast. She used the delicate tips of her fingers more often in examining engraved, inlaid, and embossed surfaces.

"I never had electricity put into the

armory," he said. "I'm sorry now—for your sake."

"I'm sorry, too. I could have worked until six."

"There!" he said, laughing. "You have admitted it! What are you going to do for nearly two hours if you don't take tea? Your train doesn't leave until six. Did you propose to go to the station and sit there?"

Her confused laughter was very sweet, and she admitted that she had nothing to do after the light failed except to fold her hands and wait for the train.

"Then won't you have tea?"

"I'd—rather not!"

He said: "You could take it alone in your room if you liked—and rest a little. Mrs. Quant will call you."

She looked up at him after a moment, and her cheeks were very pink and her eyes brilliant. "I'd rather take it with you, Mr. Desboro. Why shouldn't I say so?"

No words came to him, and not much breath, so totally unexpected was her reply.

Still looking at him, the faint smile fading into seriousness, she repeated:

"Why shouldn't I say so? Is there any reason? You know better than I what a girl alone may do. And I really would like to have some tea—and have it with you."

He didn't smile; he was too clever—perhaps too decent. "It's quite all right," he said. "We'll have it served in the library where there's a fine fire."

So they slowly crossed the armory and traversed the hallway, where she left him for a moment and ran up-stairs to her room. When she rejoined him in the library, he noticed that the insurgent lock of hair had been deftly tucked in among its lustrous comrades; but the first shake of her head dislodged it again, and there it was, threatening him, as usual, from its soft, warm ambush against her cheek.

"Can't you do anything with it?" he asked sympathetically, as she seated herself and poured the tea.

"Do anything with what?"

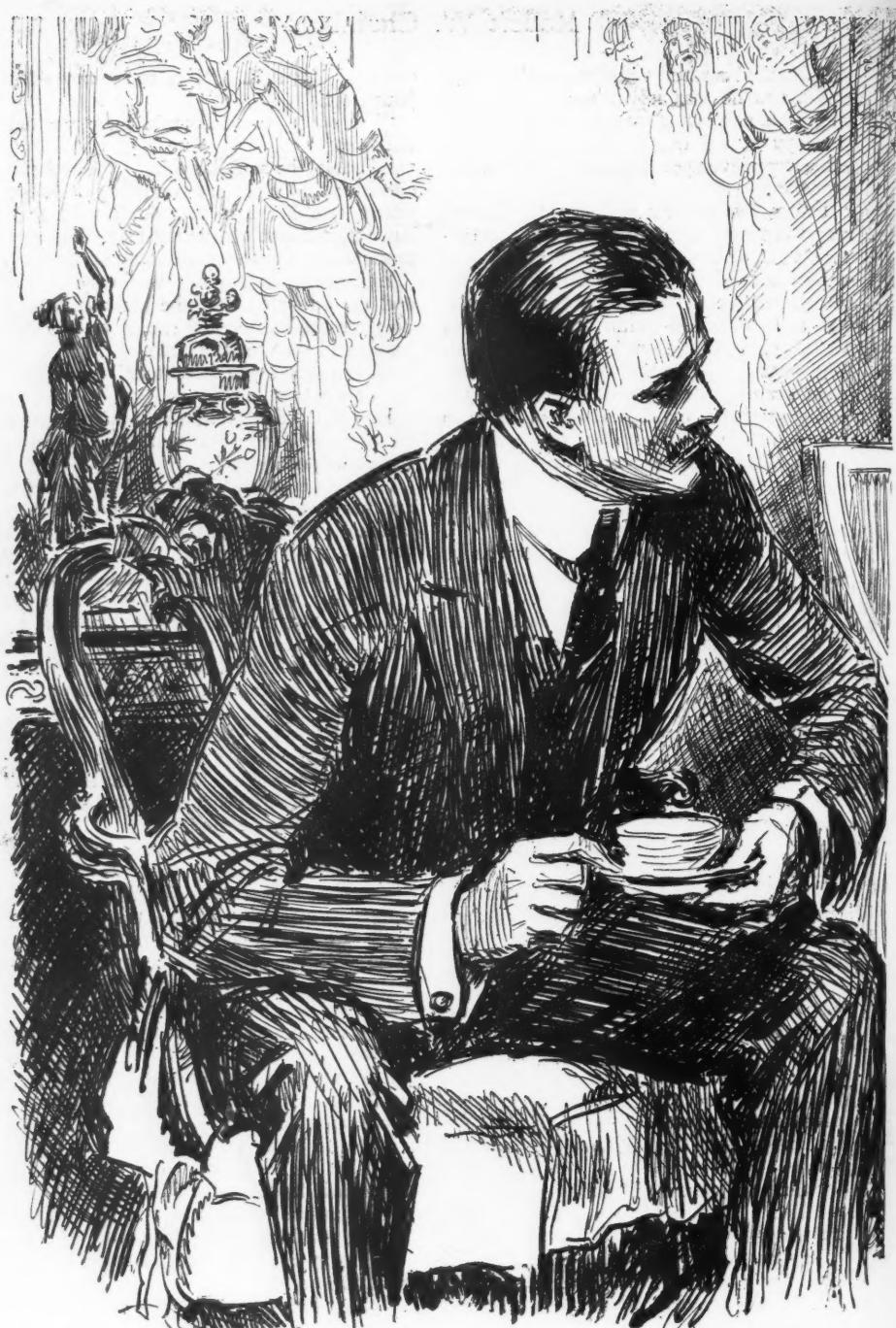
"That lock of hair. It's on the loose again, and it will do murder some day."

She laughed with scarcely a trace of confusion, and handed him his cup.

"That's the first thing I noticed about you," he added.

"That lock of hair? I can't do anything with it. Isn't it horribly messy?"

"It's dangerous."



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Are you ever known as 'Stray Lock' among your intimates?" "I should think not," she said scornfully.
the same bookshelf as 'Golden Locks,' 'The Robber Kitten,' and 'A Princess Far Away,' and all those
and put you on the shelf among the other immortals?" Her frank laughter rang



"It sounds like a children's picture-book story." "You look," he said reflectively, "as though you came from immortal volumes of the 'days that are no more.' Would you mind if I label you 'Stray Lock,' out sweetly. "I very much object to being labeled and shelved—particularly shelved"

"How absurd!"

"Are you ever known as 'Stray Lock' among your intimates?"

"I should think not," she said scornfully. "It sounds like a children's picture-book story."

"But you look like one."

"Mr. Desboro!" she protested. "Haven't you any common sense?"

"You look," he said reflectively, "as though you came from the same bookshelf as 'Golden Locks,' 'The Robber Kitten,' and 'A Princess Far Away,' and all those immortal volumes of the 'days that are no more.' Would you mind if I label you 'Stray Lock,' and put you on the shelf among the other immortals?"

Her frank laughter rang out sweetly. "I very much object to being labeled and shelved—particularly shelved."

"I'll promise to read you every day."

"No, thank you!"

"I'll promise to take you everywhere with me."

"In your pocket? No, thank you. I object to being either shelved or pocketed—to be consulted at pleasure—or when you're bored."

They both had been laughing a good deal, and were slightly excited by their game of harmless *double entendre*. But now, perhaps, it was becoming a trifle too obvious, and Jacqueline checked herself to glance back mentally and see how far she had gone along the path of friendship. She could not determine; for the path has many twists and turnings, and she had sped forward lightly and swiftly, and was still conscious of the exhilaration of the pace in his gay and irresponsible company.

Her smile changed and died out; she leaned back in her leather chair, gazing absently at the fiery reflections crimsoning the andirons on the hearth and hearing afar, on some distant roof, the steady downpour of the winter rain.

Subtly the quiet and warmth of the room invaded her with a sense of content, not due, perhaps, to them alone. And dreamily conscious that this might be so, she lifted her eyes and looked across the table at him.

"I wonder," she said, "if this is all right?"

"What?"

"Our—situation—here."

"Situations are what we make them."

"But," she asked candidly, "could you call this a business situation?"

He laughed unrestrainedly, and finally she ventured to smile, secretly reassured. "Are business and friendship incompatible?" he inquired.

"I don't know. Are they? I have to be careful in the shop, with younger customers and clerks. To treat them with more than pleasant civility would spoil them for business. My father taught me that. He served in the French army."

"Do you think," he said gravely, "that you are spoiling me for business purposes?"

She smiled. "I was thinking—wondering whether you did not more accurately represent the corps of officers and I the line. I am only a temporary employee of yours, Mr. Desboro, and some day you may be angry at what I do and you may say, '*Tonnerre de Dieu!*' to me—which I wouldn't like if we were friends, but which I'd otherwise endure."

"We're friends already; what are you going to do about it?"

She knew it was so now, for better or worse, and she looked at him shyly, a little troubled by what the end of this day had brought her. Silent, absent eyed, she began to wonder what such men as he really thought of a girl of her sort. It would happen that his attitude toward her might become like that of the only men of his kind she had ever encountered—wealthy clients of her father, young and old, and all of them inclined to offer her attention which instinct warned her to ignore.

As for Desboro, even from the beginning she felt that his attitude toward her depended upon herself; and, warranted or not, this sense of security with him now left her leisure to study him. And she concluded that probably he was like the other men of his class whom she had known—a receptive opportunist, inevitably her antagonist at heart, but not to be feared except under deliberate provocation from her. And that excuse he would never have.

Aware of his admiration almost from the very first, perplexed, curious, uncertain, and disturbed by turns, she was finally convinced that the matter lay entirely with her; that she might accept a little, venture a little, in safety; and, perfectly certain of herself, enjoy as much of what his friendship offered as her own clear wits and common sense permitted. For she had found, so

far, no metal in any man unalloyed. Two years' experience alone with men had educated her; and whatever the alloy in Desboro might be that lowered his value, she thought it less objectionable than the similar amalgam out of which were fashioned the harmless youths in whose noisy company she danced, and dined, and bathed and witnessed Broadway "shows"; the Eddys and Joes of the metropolis, replicas in mind and body of clothing advertisements in street-cars.

Her blue eyes, wandering from the ruddy andirons were arrested by the clock. What had happened? Was the clock still going? She listened, and heard it ticking.

"Is that the right time?" she demanded incredulously.

He said, so low she could scarcely hear him: "Yes, Stray Lock. Must I close the story-book and lay it away until another day?"

She rose, brushing the bright strand from her cheek; he stood up, pulled the tassel of an old-time bell-rope, and, when the butler came, ordered the car.

She went away to her room, where Mrs. Quant swathed her in rain-garments and veils, and secretly pressed into her hand a bottle containing "a suffusion" warranted to discourage any insidious advances of typod.

"A spoonful before meals, dearie," she whispered hoarsely; "and don't tell Mr. James—he'd be that disgusted with me for doin' of a Christian duty. I'll have some of my magic drops ready when you come to-morrow, and you can just lock the door and set and rock and en'y them onto a lump of sugar."

A little dismayed, but contriving to look serious, Jacqueline thanked her and fled. Desboro put her into the car and climbed in beside her.

"You needn't, you know," she protested. "There are no highwaymen, are there?"

"None more to be dreaded than myself."

"Then why do you go to the station with me?"

He did not answer. She presently settled into her corner, and he wrapped her in the fur robe. Neither spoke; the lamplight flashed ahead through the falling rain; all else was darkness—the widest world of darkness, it seemed to her fancy, that she ever looked out upon, for it seemed to leave

this man and herself alone in the center of things.

Conscious of him beside her, she was curiously content not to look at him or to disturb the silence encompassing them. The sense of speed, the rush through obscurity seemed part of it—part of a confused and pleasurable irresponsibility.

Later, standing under the dripping eaves of the station platform with him, watching the approaching headlight of the distant locomotive, she said:

"You have made it a very delightful day for me. I wanted to thank you."

He was silent; the distant locomotive whistled, and the vista of wet rails began to glisten red in the swift approach.

"I don't want you to go to town alone on that train," he said abruptly.

"What?" in utter surprise.

"Will you let me go with you, Miss Nevers?"

"Nonsense! I wander about everywhere alone. Please don't spoil it all. Don't even go aboard to find a seat for me."

The long train thundered by, brakes gripping, slowed, stopped. She sprang aboard, turned on the steps and offered her hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Desboro."

"To-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes."

They exchanged no further words; she stood a moment on the platform, as the cars glided slowly past him and on into the rainy night. All the way to New York she remained motionless in the corner of the seat, her cheek resting against her gloved palm, thinking of what had happened—closing her blue eyes, sometimes, to bring it nearer and make more real a day of life already ended.

IV

WHEN the door-bell rang the maid of all work pushed the button and stood waiting at the top of the stairs. There was a pause, a moment's whispering, then light footsteps flying through the corridor, and—

"Where on earth have you been for a week?" asked Cynthia Lessler, coming into Jacqueline's little parlor, where the latter sat knitting a white wool skating-jacket for herself.

Jacqueline laid aside the knitting and greeted her visitor with a warm, quick

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embrace. "Oh, I've been everywhere," she said. "Out in Westchester, mostly. To-day being Sunday, I'm at home."

"What were you doing in the country, sweetness?"

"Business."

"What kind?"

"Oh, cataloguing a collection. Take the armchair and sit near the stove, dear. And here are the chocolates. Put your feet on the fender as I do. It was frightfully cold in Westchester yesterday—everything frozen solid—and we—I skated all over the flooded fields and swamps. It was simply glorious, Cynthia."

"I thought you were out there on business," remarked Cynthia dryly.

"I was. I merely took an hour at noon for luncheon."

"Did you?"

"Certainly. Even a bricklayer has an hour at noon to himself."

"Whose collection are you cataloguing?"

"It belongs to a Mr. Desboro," said Jacqueline carelessly.

"Where is it?"

"In his house—a big old house about five miles from the station."

"How do you get there?"

"They send a car for me."

"Who?"

"They—Mr. Desboro."

"They? Is he plural?"

"Don't be foolish," said Jacqueline. "It is his car and his collection, and I'm having a perfectly good time with both."

"And with him, too? Yes?"

"If you knew him you wouldn't talk that way."

"I know who he is."

"Do you?" said Jacqueline calmly.

"Yes, I do. He's the 'Jim' Desboro whose name you see in the fashionable columns. I know something about that young man," she added emphatically.

Jacqueline looked up at her with dawning displeasure. Cynthia, undisturbed, bit into a chocolate and waved one pretty hand.

"Read the *Tattler*, as I do, and you'll see what sort of a man your young man is."

"I don't care to read such a—"

"I do. It tells you funny things about society. Every week or two there's something about him. You can't exactly understand it—they put it in a funny way—but you can guess. Besides, he's always going

around town with Reggie Ledyard, and Stuyve Van Alstyne, and—Jack Cairns."

"Don't speak that way—as though you usually lunched with them. I hate it."

"How do you know I don't lunch with some of them? Besides, everybody calls them Reggie, and Stuyve, and Jack."

"Everybody except their mothers, probably. I don't want to hear about them, anyway."

"Why not, darling?"

"Because you and I don't know them and never will."

Cynthia said maliciously, "You may meet them through your friend, Jimmy Desboro."

"That is the limit!" exclaimed Jacqueline, flushing; and her pretty companion leaned back in her armchair and laughed until Jacqueline's unwilling smile began to glimmer in her wrath-darkened eyes. "Don't torment me, Cynthia," she said. "You know quite well that it's a business matter with me entirely."

"Was it a business matter with that Munger man? You had to get me to go with you into that den of his whenever you went at all."

Jacqueline shrugged and resumed her knitting. "What a horrid thing he was," she murmured.

Cynthia assented philosophically. "But most men bother a girl sooner or later," she concluded. "You don't read about it in novels, but it's true. Go down-town and take dictation for a living. It's an education in how to look out for yourself."

"It's a rotten state of things," said Jacqueline under her breath.

"Yes. It's funny, too. So many men are that way. What do they care? Do you suppose we'd be that way, too, if we were men?"

"No. There are nice men, too."

"Yes—dead ones."

"Nonsense!"

"With very few exceptions, Jacqueline, there are horrid, *horrid* ones, and *nice*, horrid ones, and dead ones and *dead* ones—but only a few nice, *nice* ones. I've known some. You think your Mr. Desboro is one, don't you?"

"I haven't thought about him."

"Honestly, Jacqueline?"

"I tell you I haven't! He's nice to me. That's all I know."

"Is he *too* nice?"

"No. Besides he's under his own roof. And it depends on a girl, anyway."

"It's a puzzle, isn't it?"

"Not always. If we behave ourselves we're dead ones; if we don't we'd better be. Isn't it a rotten deal, Jacqueline! Just one fresh man after another dropped into the discards because he gets too gay. And being employed by the kind who'd never marry us spoils us for the others. You could marry one of your clients, I suppose, but I never could in a million years."

"You and I will never marry such men," said Jacqueline coolly. "Perhaps we wouldn't if they asked us."

"You might. You're educated and bright and—you look the part, with all the things you know—and your trips to Europe—and the kind of beauty yours is. Why not? If I were you," she added, "I'd kill a man who thought me good enough to hold hands with, but not good enough to marry."

"I don't hold hands," observed Jacqueline scornfully.

"I do. I've done it when it was all right; and I've done it when I had no business to; and the chances are I'll do it again without getting hurt. And then I'll finally marry the sort of man you call Ed," she added disgustedly.

Jacqueline laughed, and looked intently at her. "You're so pretty, Cynthia—and so silly sometimes."

Cynthia stretched her young figure full length in the chair, yawning and crooking both arms back under her curly brown head. Her eyes, too, were brown, and had in them always a half-veiled provocation that few men could encounter undisturbed.

"A week ago," she said, "you told me over the telephone that you would be at the dance. I never laid eyes on you."

"I came home too tired. It was my first day at Silverwood. I overdid it, I suppose."

"Silverwood?"

"Where I go to business in Westchester," she explained patiently.

"Oh, Mr. Desboro's place!" with laughing malice.

"Yes, Mr. Desboro's place."

The hint of latent impatience in Jacqueline's voice was not lost on Cynthia; and she resumed her tormenting inquisition.

"How long is it going to take you to catalogue Mr. Desboro's collection?"

"I have several weeks' work, I think—I don't know exactly."

"All winter, perhaps?"

"Possibly."

"Is he always there, darling?"

Jacqueline was visibly annoyed. "He has happened to be, so far. I believe he is going South very soon—if that interests you."

"Phone me when he goes," retorted Cynthia unbelievingly.

"What makes you say such things!" exclaimed Jacqueline. "I tell you he isn't that kind of a man."

"Read the *Tattler*, dearest!"

"I won't."

"Don't you ever read it?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Curiosity."

"I haven't any."

Cynthia laughed incredulously. "People who have no curiosity are either idiots or they have already found out. Now, you are not an idiot."

Jacqueline smiled. "And I haven't found out, either."

"Then you're just as full of curiosity as the rest of us."

"Not of unworthy curiosity."

"I never knew a good person who wasn't. I'm good, am I not, Jacqueline?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, I'm full of all kinds of curiosity—worthy and unworthy. I want to know about everything!"

"Everything good?"

"Good and bad. God lets both exist. I want to know about them."

"Why be curious about what is bad? It doesn't concern us."

"If you know what concerns you only, you'll never know anything. Now, when I read a newspaper I read about fashionable weddings, millionaires, shows, murders—I read everything—not because I'm going to be fashionably married or become a millionaire or a murderer, but because all these things exist and happen, and I want to know all about them because I'm not an idiot, and I haven't already found out. And so that's why I buy the *Tattler* whenever I have five cents to spend on it!"

"It's a pity you're not more curious about things worth while," commented Jacqueline serenely.

Cynthia reddened. "Dear, I haven't the education or brain to be interested in the things that occupy you."



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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"I didn't mean that," protested Jacqueline, embarrassed. "I only—"

"I know, dear. You are too sweet to say it; but it's true. The bunch you play with knows it. We all realize that you are way ahead of us—that you're different."

"Please don't say that—or think it."

"But it's true. You really belong with the others"—she made a gay little gesture—"over there in the Fifth Avenue district, where art gets gay with fashion, where lady highbrows wear tiaras, where the Jims and Jacks and Reggies float about and hand each other a new one between quarts, where you belong, darling—where you'll finally land!"

Jacqueline was laughing. "But I don't wish to land *there!* I never wanted to."

"All girls do! We all dream about it!"

"Here is one girl who really doesn't. Of course I'd like to have a few friends of that kind. I'd rather like to visit houses where nobody has to think of money, and where young people are jolly, and educated, and dress well, and talk about interesting things."

"Dear, we all would like it. That's what I'm saying. Only there's a chance for you because you know something, but none for us. We understand that perfectly well—and we dream on all the same. We'd miss a lot if we didn't dream."

Jacqueline said mockingly: "I'll invite you to my Fifth Avenue residence the minute I marry a Reggie. And that's no dream, either."

"I'll come if you'll stand for me. I'm not afraid of any Reggie in the bench show!"

They laughed; Cynthia stretched out a lazy hand for another chocolate; Jacqueline knitted, the smile still hovering on her scarlet lips.

Bending over her work, she said, "You won't misunderstand when I tell you how much I enjoy being at Silverwood, and how nice Mr. Desboro has been?"

"Has been."

"Is, and surely will continue to be," insisted Jacqueline tranquilly. "Shall I tell you about Silverwood?"

Cynthia nodded.

"Well, then, Mr. Desboro has such a funny old housekeeper there, who gives me 'magic drops' on lumps of sugar. The drops are aromatic and harmless, so I take them to please her. And he has an old, old butler, who is too feeble to be very useful; and an old, old armorer, who comes once a week and potters about with a bit of chamois;

and a parlor maid who is sixty and wears glasses; and a laundress still older. And a whole troop of dogs and cats come to luncheon with us. Sometimes the butler goes to sleep in the pantry, and Mr. Desboro and I sit and talk. And if he doesn't wake up, Mr. Desboro hunts about for somebody to wait on us. Of course there are other servants there, and farmers and gardeners, too. Mr. Desboro has a great deal of land. And so," she chattered on quite happily and irrelevantly, "we go skating for half an hour after lunch before I resume my cataloguing. He skates very well; we are learning to waltz on skates."

"Who does the teaching?"

"He does. I don't skate very well; and if it wasn't for him I'd have *such* tumbles! And once we went sleighing—that is, he drove me to the station—in rather a roundabout way. And the country was *so* beautiful! And the stars—oh, millions and millions, Cynthia! It was as cold as the north pole, but I loved it—and I had on his other fur coat and gloves. He is very nice to me. I want you to understand the sort of man he is."

"Perhaps he is the original hundredth man," remarked Cynthia skeptically.

"Most men are hundredth men when the nine and ninety girls behave themselves. It's the hundredth girl who makes the nine and ninety men horrid."

"That's what you believe, is it?"

"I do."

"Dream on, dear." She went to a glass, pinned on her pretty hat, slipped into the smart fur coat that Jacqueline held for her, and began to draw on her gloves.

"Can't you stay for dinner?" asked Jacqueline.

"Thank you, sweetness, but I'm dining at the Beaux Arts."

"With any people I know?"

"You don't know that particular 'people,'" said Cynthia, smiling, "but you know a friend of his."

"Who?"

"Mr. Desboro."

"Really!" she said, coloring.

Cynthia frowned at her. "Don't become sentimental over that young man!"

"No, of course not."

"Because I don't think he's very much good."

"He *is*—but I won't," explained Jacqueline laughing. "I know quite well how to take care of myself."

"Do you?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"I—don't—know."

"Cynthia! Of course you know!"

"Do I? Well, perhaps I do. Perhaps all girls know how to take care of themselves. But sometimes—especially when their home life is the limit—" She hesitated, slowly twisting a hairpin through the buttonhole of one glove. Then she buttoned it decisively. "When things got so bad at home two years ago, and I went with that show—you didn't see it, you were in mourning—but it ran on Broadway all winter. And I met one or two Reggies at suppers, and another man—the same sort—only his name happened to be Jack—and I want to tell you it was hard work not to like him."

Jacqueline stood, slim and straight, and silent, listening unsmilingly.

Cynthia went on leisurely: "He was a friend of Mr. Desboro—the same kind of man, I suppose. That's why I read the *Tatler*—to see what they say about him."

"Wh-what do they say?"

"Oh, things—funny sorts of things, about his being attentive to this girl, and being frequently with that girl. I don't know what they mean exactly—they always make it sound queer—as though all the men and women in society are fast. And this man, too, perhaps he is."

"But what do you care, dear?"

"Nothing. It was hard work not to like him. You don't understand how it was; you've always lived at home. But home was hell for me; and I was getting fifteen per; and it grew horribly cold that winter. I had no fire. Besides—it was so hard not to like him. I used to come to see you. Do you remember how I used to come here and cry?"

"I—I thought it was because you had been so unhappy at home."

"Partly. The rest was—the other thing."

"You did like him, then!"

"Not—too much."

"I understand that. But it's over now, isn't it?"

Cynthia stood idly turning her muff between her white-gloved hands. "Oh, yes," she said, after a moment, "it's over. But I'm thinking how nearly over it was with me, once or twice that winter. I thought I knew how to take care of myself. But a girl never knows, Jacqueline. Cold, hunger, debt, shabby clothes are bad enough; loneliness is worse. Yet, these are not

enough, by themselves. But if we like a man, with all that to worry over—then it's pretty hard on us."

"How could you care for a bad man?"

"Bad? Did I say he was? I meant he was like other men. A girl becomes accustomed to men."

"And likes them notwithstanding?"

"Some of them. It depends. If you like a man you seem to like him anyhow. You may get angry, too, and still like him. There's so much of the child in them. I've learned that. They're bad; but when you like one of them, he seems to belong to you, somehow—badness and all. I must be going, dear."

Still, neither moved; Cynthia idly twirled her muff; Jacqueline, her slender hands clasped behind her, stood gazing silently at the floor.

Cynthia said: "That's the trouble with us all. I'm afraid you like Desboro. I tell you that he isn't much good; but if you already like him, you'll go on liking him, no matter what I say or what he does. For it's that way with us, Jacqueline. And where in the world would men find a living soul to excuse them if it were not for us? That seems to be about all we're for—to forgive men what they are—and what they do."

"I don't forgive them," said Jacqueline fiercely; "or women, either."

"Oh, nobody forgives women! But you will find excuses for some man some day—if you like him. I guess even the best of them require it. But the general run of them have got to have excuses made for them, or no woman would stand for her own honeymoon, and marriages would last about a week. Good-by, dear."

They kissed.

At the head of the stairs outside, Jacqueline kissed her again. "How is the play going?" she inquired.

"Oh, it's going."

"Is there any chance for you to get a better part?"

"No chance I care to take. Max Schindler is like all the rest of them."

Jacqueline's features betrayed her wonder and disgust, but she said nothing; and presently Cynthia turned and started downstairs.

"Good night, dear," she called back, with a gay little flourish of her muff. "They're all alike—only we always forgive the one we care for!"



John A. Logan in 1858, when he was first elected to Congress on the Douglas ticket. This was the beginning of public service that lasted, in war and peace, until his death in 1886.

Recollections of

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Fifty-four years ago the American people, and the citizens of Illinois in particular, witnessed perhaps the most notable political campaign in our history. Abraham Lincoln disputed Stephen A. Douglas's reelection to the Senate, and picking out the issue upon which the nation was to split, he almost drove the "Little Giant" to the wall. John A. Logan, himself a candidate for Congress, neglected his own canvass to work for his great chief, for Douglas was looked upon by the Democrats as the one man who could save the Union. Three years later, Lincoln having been chosen for the greatest work any President ever had to do, these great leaders forgot party differences and united behind him. The hopes and fears, the passions

MY husband was thirty-two years of age when he received the Democratic nomination for Congress from the Ninth District of Illinois in 1858. It was said that no other man in the district knew as many men by their first names as "Jack" Logan did. My husband had a wonderful memory for names. Spare, with raven-black hair and brilliant black eyes, which were not dull even when he was ill or very tired, and possessed of a restless energy, he was bound to impress himself upon any gathering of men. His friends declared that he was never in repose unless he was asleep. Indeed, he exemplified the very strenuous spirit of the time in which he lived and the region where he lived.

In an overwhelmingly Democratic district his election was certain.

Moreover, personal friendship brought him many votes from outside the Democratic ranks.

The size of his majority, eighteen thousand, was unprecedented. But most of his time in the summer and fall of 1858 was spent, not in his own interest, but

a Soldier's Wife

By
Mrs. John A.
Logan...

and prejudices, of that troubled time are little understood to-day. The rush of the half-century has carried us beyond the possibility of interpreting them for ourselves. But here is a woman, notable in her own right, who knew them, who fell under the spell of Lincoln, who witnessed, knowing what they meant, the gathering of the clouds that broke in war. This is the second instalment of her story of the part she bore in her distinguished husband's career, which was of national importance for more than a quarter of a century—years when a man had to be "big" to be a leader. These "Recollections" are a most important addition to the history of the period.

in furthering that of Douglas against Lincoln. The eyes of the nation were on this battle for a majority of the Illinois legislature which was to choose Mr. Douglas' successor to the United States Senate. Mr. Lincoln had opened his own campaign by his speech of challenge to Mr. Douglas, which the senator was to answer when he should return from Washington.

Mr. Logan was one of the Democratic leaders of the state invited to meet Mr. Douglas upon his arrival at Chicago on July 9th, with a view to laying out a plan of campaign. As we had lost our little son there was no reason why I should not accompany him. Heretofore my experience had been limited to association with the people of southern Illinois, among whom I felt perfectly at home, but I was afraid that the girl-wife might seem provincial among the great people with whom I should be thrown in Chicago. Mr. Douglas I already knew. But I felt some trepidation over meeting so grand a lady as Mrs. Douglas. It was quite possible that she would not consider so unsophisticated a young person as myself worthy of her attention. She had been Miss Adele Cutts, the niece of Dolly Madison, and was reputed to be as charming as her illustrious kinswoman. She, too, was much younger than her husband, being his second wife. Within a few minutes after we had met, thanks to her graciousness and simplicity, all my timidity had vanished, and she made me feel that we were fast friends.

No candidate for senator ever had a greater triumph than Mr. Douglas had upon his return to Chicago. His fame was then what that of Clay had been at its height.



The wife of a soldier who won fame, the mother of a soldier who met death in battle—
Mrs. John A. Logan, in 1898

Mr. Lincoln had become known to the country at large only through the distinction of being Mr. Douglas's opponent. On the way into Chicago his train had to stop frequently in order that he might address the crowds that gathered at the stations. Chicago was decorated and illuminated to receive him. When he spoke from the balcony of the Tremont Hotel, Mr. Lincoln was among the multitude that listened to him. In the fervor of that moment the Rail-Splitter seemed to us to have little chance of success. Mr. Douglas not only had his great prestige, but he was the most brilliant campaign speaker of the time.

My husband accompanied Mr. Douglas on his campaigning tour, and I was with my husband a great deal. So much has been written about the Lincoln-Douglas

Recollections of a Soldier's Wife

debates that it seems that nothing new can be added. Nevertheless every observer likes to give his own impressions. There was no voter in all the state but had a chance to hear both men if he chose, so thorough was the canvass. Mr. Logan and I were always on the go from one wild political demonstration to another. To judge by the hurrahing, Mr. Douglas ought to have had everything his own way. But Mr. Lincoln was persistent in his attacks, and as the campaign advanced we were aware that he was pressing us hard. Mr. Douglas could win more cheers and more frenzy from the audience; but Mr. Lincoln could win more smiles and laughter and more thought. He softened his hearers with anecdotes that appealed to their human side and then sent home an idea that they could never forget.

LINCOLN AS I SAW HIM

I always like to think of Mr. Lincoln as he was in the days when I saw him with the eyes of an opponent. His awkwardness has not been exaggerated, but it gave no effect of self-consciousness. There was something about his ungainliness and about his homely face, even in a state of tall and ungainly men, which would have made anyone who simply passed him in the street or saw him sitting on a platform remember him. "There ain't no one else and there never was anyone jest like Abe Lincoln," as an old farmer said. His very awkwardness was an asset in public life, in that it attracted attention to him; and it seemed to enhance the appeal of his personality when he spoke. Anyone who was introduced to Lincoln without ever having heard of him before, though the talk was commonplace, would be inclined to want to know more about him.

Douglas won your personal support by the magnetism of his personality. Lincoln did not seem to have any magnetism, though of course he actually had the rarest and most precious kind. He seemed able to brush away all irrelevant matters of discussion, and to be earnestly and simply logical. In fact, he had the faculty of carrying conviction. At a time when the practice of oratory as an art was the rule he was utterly without affectation. The ungainly form, the bony face, the strong sensitive mouth, the quite sad and kindly eyes, were taking you out of yourself into unselfish counsel.

Give Mr. Lincoln five minutes and Mr. Douglas five minutes before an audience who knew neither, and Mr. Douglas would make the greater impression. But give them each an hour and the contrary would be true. This does not mean that Douglas was not sincere. No man could be more patriotic or sincere than Stephen A. Douglas was. He was as earnest in his belief in the rightness of his position as Lincoln was in the rightness of his; and when he found that he had been in error no man of pride ever acted more courageously in admitting it.

When Lincoln debated with Douglas at Jonesboro in southern Illinois there was hardly a man in the audience who was not a Douglas partisan. For Douglas there were roaring cheers, and for Lincoln silence. But the audience had to laugh at some of Lincoln's stories, they were so drollly told and so pat. He set many of his listeners to thinking; and when they had done thinking they were his adherents. Loyal as my husband was in his conviction that Mr. Douglas's policy was the only one which could hold the Union together, he had gained in that campaign an impression of Abraham Lincoln that made him smile when people in the East were depressed at seeing an inexperienced "backwoods politician" at the head of the nation with civil war impending. Though Mr. Douglas gained the senatorship, Mr. Lincoln's was the real victory, for his campaign won him the Republican nomination from Mr. Seward in 1860 and gave us the great man for the great crisis.

MY HUSBAND GOES TO CONGRESS

After Mr. Logan's election to the Thirty-sixth Congress, which was to see the closing of the Buchanan administration, he began to arrange his affairs to go to Washington on March 4, 1859. We spent the Christmas holidays with my father and mother. My father was as delighted as we were at the prospect of a broader sphere of activity for my husband. But to none of us did it mean so much in satisfaction as to Mother Logan, whom we visited at her home in Murphysboro. From that time until his death my husband was serving his country either at the front or in Congress.

A little daughter having come to us, it did not seem wise for the baby and myself to make the long journey to Washington in

the middle of the winter, so Mr. Logan went on alone. I spent the summer in making ready to close our house during our absence and in the more pleasurable and exacting task of

milliners. Consequently I designed costumes and hats which I thought would be passable until I could take advantage of the new styles which I should find in the capital.

The political life of the capital in those days—under a Democratic administration, and with the offices pretty nearly all filled by the workers of the party in power—was dominated by the Southerners. All the Southern leaders were slave-holders. Most of them had retinues of black servants.



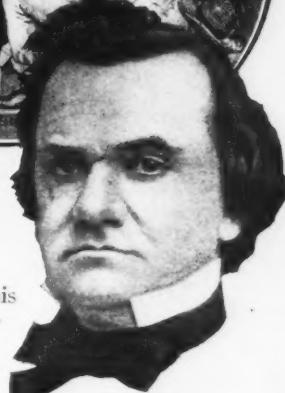
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MERRIMAN COLLECTION

Lincoln replying to Douglas in one of the debates of the campaign of 1858.

Although defeated by Douglas his stand on the slavery question made him the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency two years later.—Portraits of Lincoln and Douglas

preparing a suitable wardrobe in which a country girl was to make her début as the wife of a congressman in Washington. We were too far from St. Louis and Chicago for me to avail myself of city dressmakers and

A number of this type were staying at Brown's Hotel—where we lived that



Recollections of a Soldier's Wife

winter—including Wigfall, of Texas; Keitt, of South Carolina; Mason and Harris, of Virginia; Judah P. Benjamin and John Slidell, of Louisiana; Barksdale, of Mississippi, who was killed at Gettysburg; and others who afterward won distinction in the Confederacy, besides John J. Crittenden and Mrs. Crittenden, of Kentucky.

Cotton was king; the South was invincible. For the first time I heard the disruption of the Union openly talked of. Southern women appeared at table in secession cockades. They were even more extreme in their views than their husbands whose arguments they applauded. Discussions were heated and boisterous, with many boasts about what the South would and would not do. Often I was in terror lest they should culminate in violence. When I talked of these things to my husband he was sometimes very pessimistic about the future; yet he hoped that his leader, Mr. Douglas, would be able to find a solution of the crisis.

LOST AROUND THE CORNER FROM HOME

All the while I was listening and learning. If you are unsophisticated it is well to realize it. When I went down Pennsylvania Avenue to John T. Mitchell's dry-goods store to make such additions to my simple wardrobe as my limited purse would permit, I started back to the hotel feeling that I had accomplished wonders on my shopping tour.

After walking quite a distance I could observe no familiar landmarks. Then I went to the corner of Seventh and C streets to the carriage-stand that was there in ante-bellum days and asked a cabman to take me to Brown's Hotel. He calmly and methodically opened the door for me and then drove me around the corner to the ladies' entrance of Brown's. For this he charged me a dollar, which I paid all too quickly in order to escape from the embarrassment of the knowing twinkle in his eyes. It was a long time before I told the experience to Mr. Logan, who made it one of his favorite stories at my expense.

I had time to familiarize myself with the streets and the buildings and somewhat with Washington customs before I began the round of calls obligatory on the wife of a new member and before the President's New Year's reception, which nobody in official life ever missed. There I had my

first introduction to Mr. Buchanan and his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, the mistress of the White House. Miss Lane had a very distinct grace and charm of manner, and Mr. Buchanan, who was a handsome man, had an easy dignity and urbanity which made his character as well suited for such an occasion as it was unsuited for dealing with a national crisis.

As I saw the diplomatic corps and the officers of the army and navy in their uniforms and the women in their elaborate and costly gowns file by the President my ideas of democratic simplicity suffered a shock. It did not seem to me that anything at an imperial court could surpass the brilliant effect, but I was to learn the contrary when I visited Europe.

Soon I had another new social experience when Mrs. Douglas invited me to assist her in receiving at a reception. The Douglasses lived on I Street in the house subsequently occupied by the late Justice Bradley. It was one of the most pretentious in the city at that time, with a splendid picture-gallery and library and spacious drawing-rooms. Next door was the home of Vice-President Breckenridge.

All day the callers came and went, until nearly everybody in Washington official life had appeared. Mrs. Douglas received her guests with beautiful grace and cordiality and passed them on to her assistants in a way that promptly put them at their ease. Elaborate refreshments were served in the dining-room, while Senator Douglas entertained in the library the public men, who lingered as long as politeness would permit.

SECESSION TALK EVERYWHERE

Discussion of the absorbing topics of the hour were not dropped even in the drawing-room. Men of to-day may forget the tariff or the trusts readily at a reception; but the men of that day could never let the crisis which hung over the nation out of their minds. Arguments between disputants who met in a drawing-room were commenced where they were left off in a committee-room. Hostesses were always in apprehension of an unpleasant outbreak of political passion.

It was long before Mr. Logan and I slept that night. We talked of all the people we had met, while we well knew the savage currents that were running underneath



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MUSEUM COLLECTION

The White House as it looked in 1861.—James Buchanan, under whom the secession spirit flourished. He said that a state had no right to secede, but that the nation had no power to prevent it.—Miss Harriet Lane, mistress of the White House during Buchanan's administration



the brilliant surface of the reception.

Senator Douglas, who was so suave in receiving his guests, so facile with the injection of a diplomatic phrase to save an awkward situation, was at heart sore perplexed. He had his problems at home as well as in Washington. Mr. Lincoln had actually carried the state by popular vote; and though Mr. Douglas had a majority of the Legislature his margin was so narrow that there was anxiety in the party lest it should be overturned. His followers thought that the loss of Mr. Douglas from the Senate would mean an irreparable disaster. He seemed to us the one man possessed of the states-



manship to hold his party and the Union together. It was already evident that Mr. Lincoln had made a national reputation in the joint debates. The questions which he had put to Douglas on the subject of slavery in the territories had set many men to questioning if the policy of Mr. Douglas

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was a safe one for the best interests of the country north of Mason and Dixon's line; if it was not true that a country could no longer exist "half slave and half free"; if the slave-holders were not determined either to extend slavery or to dissolve the Union. When the Legislature convened at Springfield many interested persons from all parts of the state gathered with the hope of influencing its action. Every Democratic member was watched vigilantly lest he falter and endanger party supremacy. But Mr. Douglas was safely elected; and this was very good news to us Northern Democrats.

If anything Washington was gayer than usual; the excitement of politics seemed to provoke excitement in other forms. My first state dinner at the White House was so momentous an occasion to me that the picture of the table is fresh in my mind. At each end of the VanBuren mirror which formerly adorned the table on state occasions was a tall gilt basket filled with plaster-of-Paris fruits painted in abnormally brilliant colors. This would seem pretty tawdry to us to-day, when we should want the real fruit; but it was wonderful, if artificial, then. I recall, too, the historic china with the red band and the coat-of-arms of the United States in the center. The gold-plated spoons, solid-silver service, and cut glass, though familiar to me now through frequent dinners at the White House, never appeared to me so gorgeous as on this occasion.

A STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The invitation gave me the greatest delight at the same time that it worried me to distraction with many questions. What should I wear? What should I do when I arrived? How should I ever command enough ideas to carry me through a long state dinner and not be a bore to my escort? Who would be my escort? Would he have agreeable manners and try to make it easy for the young wife of a Western congressman or would he be pedantic and patronizing? If he betrayed in the slightest degree that he was bored or merely endured me because there was no escape I should suffer intensely. I was proud of my handsome husband, who I knew would be at home in any company, but for myself I had many misgivings and visions of hours of agony.

What was my delight to find that my escort was to be our leader, Senator Stephen

A. Douglas, whom I had known since I was a little girl. I felt perfectly at home at once, though I was sitting down to table with forty distinguished guests. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. John C. Breckinridge, Senator and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Senator and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia; Senator and Mrs. Gwin, of California; Judah P. Benjamin, Senator and Mrs. John J. Crittenden. But there at the table of the President of the United States, I heard sentiments that sounded to me treasonable; and yet I little thought that one of the number would shortly become the President of a Confederacy of states in armed rebellion against the flag.

THE PRESIDENT IN KNEE BREECHES

The most sumptuous entertainments given in Washington at that time were those of Senator and Mrs. Gwin, of California. People were still talking of their masked ball of the previous winter, when senators, members of the diplomatic corps, and officers of the army and navy appeared as royalty, dramatic characters, famous warriors, and other historic personages. President Buchanan was in the court dress which he wore at St. James's when he was minister to England. Though we talk of Jeffersonian democracy as passing, I think that any President in the present era who appeared at a function of any kind in knee breeches would have to undergo a good deal of cartooning.

Besides those I have already mentioned, Lord Napier, Anson Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Alabama; Mrs. Greenough, wife of the sculptor; Horatio King, Daniel E. Sickles, Mr. and Mrs. Bouligney, of Louisiana, the only Southern member of Congress who finished his term; the Livingstons, Cochrane, of New York; Banks, of Alabama; General Magruder, Mr. Clingman, Mr. and Mrs. Vance, Mr. Harris, of Virginia; Chief Justice Taney, William Kellogg, of Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Dr. Garnett, Congressman and Mrs. McClelland, Miss Dunlap, sister of Mrs. McClelland, who married General McClelland after her sister's death in the early sixties; Mr. and Mrs. Foulke, of Illinois, Senator Edward Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff in 1862; Colonel and Mrs. Robert E. Lee, were familiar faces at social entertainments.

When we returned to southern Illinois in the summer of 1860, it was for the mem-

orable campaign which elected Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. Only one issue was before the people, and that was the question of slavery and its extension to the territories. The pro-slavery party would listen to nothing but an espousal of their cause absolutely; and the anti-slavery party would listen to nothing but the prohibition of slavery in the territories. The two wings of the Democratic party were just as much at variance as were the Republican and Democratic parties, and when the convention met the rupture came with full force.

We found southern



PORTRAITS FROM MEEKEY COLLECTION

Stephen A. Douglas, Mrs. Douglas, (who was a niece of Dolly Madison), and their Washington home during the last years of the senator's life

Illinois, with its large proportion of Southern settlers, in favor of saving the Union by concessions, while northern and central Illinois, settled from the North and East, held the views of the Republicans. My husband was reelected to Congress on the Douglas ticket.



When we returned to Washington it was with the prospect of seeing our party go out of power and a new party come in. Regular party workers viewed this from the point of view of patronage. They descended on Washington under the old banner of "To the Victors Belong the Spoils." Democrats who had been long in office had the prospect of being turned out into the cold world unless they could make

The inaugural procession
passing the gate of

the Capitol grounds,
March 4, 1861

FROM AN OLD WOODCUT



PORTRAITS FROM MERRITT COLLECTION

Senator John J. Crittenden

their peace with the new masters. There were surprising accessions to the Republican ranks among government clerks. I recollect some one asking an old gentleman who had been in a government position for twenty years what was going to happen to him now.

"Why," he said, "I've been a good administration man for twenty years. I still am. Abraham Lincoln is going to make a great President."

To my husband Republican success meant that the factional feeling of the people whom he represented was being more and more embittered. Mr. Douglas, always hopeful, still thought that something might be done to avert the "Irrepressible Conflict." He was trying the impossible, but his effort was no less noble and all the more pathetic on that account.



Brown's Hotel, where the Logans lived in 1861. From the balcony Mrs. Logan viewed the inaugural procession



Mrs. John J. Crittenden, wife of the famous Kentucky senator who continued Clay's work of trying to keep peace through compromise

All through the winter, while he offered his reputation and career in sacrifice to his object, he pleaded with the leaders of all factions for compromise before it was too late. His anxiety no doubt hastened his death. I remember how

eagerly he joined the venerable John J. Crittenden in his compromise proposition, and how, night after night, the young men of his party, including Mr. Logan, whom he singularly trusted, met with him in counsel. I remember his likening himself to a shuttle, going from side to side between the warp of party threads, trying to weave a harmonious fabric but often entangled in the meshes of the political web.

THE LOYALTY OF DOUGLAS

His position was the more trying because of his personal affiliations with the South. His first wife had been a Southern woman, and his sons were then with their kindred in North Carolina. Once, after learning that for some time there had been secret meetings in the committee-room of the Senate Committee on Military affairs (of which Jefferson Davis was chairman), with a view to planning both secession and resistance to the peaceful inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Douglas appeared in our rooms in a state of utter discouragement.

"It's no use!" he exclaimed hopelessly after talking to Mr. Logan for a while. "If you gave these men a blank sheet of paper and asked them to write down terms of compromise under which they would agree to remain in the Union, they would not write them."

Then, after a pause, he added determinedly, "I, for one, cannot be a party to the destruction of the government, no matter if the Democratic party wants to be."

He said he would do all in his power to give Mr. Lincoln a hearty welcome to Washington and insure his inauguration; that Mr. Lincoln was elected by the people, and should be inaugurated at all hazards. As a senator from Illinois he was most active on the committee on arrangements for the inaugural ceremonies, accompanying the Illinois delegation to pay their respects to his old opponent as soon as Mr. Lincoln arrived. He shared the deep solicitude felt by the friends of the President-elect lest some madman or unreasoning Southern partisan do him violence before his inauguration. In that crisis Mr. Douglas showed what a truly great man he was. All his own ambitions were defeated. His political power was waning; his health was miserable. Yet he had not thought of these things when it would have been only human for him to be bitter at the turn of fortune which

had brought Mr. Lincoln to the office which he himself had sought; his one object was to help Lincoln save the Union.

Matters had reached such a climax that even the keenest and most selfish politicians of the North and the gayest people in society were stirred out of the routine of their natures. Men of affairs went about with grave countenances. I remember perfectly the arrival of Mr. Lincoln in Washington, and of the relief it was to know that nothing had befallen him on his journey from Springfield and with what intense anxiety many observed every move of the most violent secessionists all Inauguration Day.

With bated breath, I stood on the balcony of Brown's Hotel (later called the Metropolitan) and watched the procession on its way down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. I can remember exactly how Mr. Lincoln looked as he sat beside Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, so calm and apparently so unaware of the imminent danger that his friends apprehended. I was deeply impressed by the change in spirit and manner of the multitudes when they saw him returning. Their faces no longer anxious, they followed Mr. Lincoln's carriage, shouting, "Long live the President!"

LINCOLN FAILS TO WIN THE SOUTH

When darkness was gathering over the city, all kinds of rumors were afloat, and timid people were worried lest some violent deed be committed under cover of darkness. But carriages sped as usual on their way to the inauguration ball, though many of the opposition and local residents had declined to go, either because of political sentiments or because they believed up to the last that there would be resistance to the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln.

Nominations for the cabinet were sent in and were, of course, considered firebrands to the South, whose representatives one by one departed from the city and began their work all over the South for the establishment of the Confederacy. Each day some prominent member of the House or Senate failed to answer the roll-call.

Mr. Lincoln's assurances that he knew "no North, no South, no East, no West," made no impression and were considered as unreliable by the leaders of the secession movement. His most loyal adherents were untried men. He was ignorant of their abilities and doubted their discretion. The

Recollections of a Soldier's Wife

executive departments were completely demoralized. The treasury and the arsenals were empty. The general of the army was old and decrepit. The army was at its lowest ebb in numbers, and scattered all over the vast extent of the country, with the most meager and inefficient communications or means of transportation. The Indians were numerous and savage. Our frail naval fleet, insignificant in the number of ships and the efficiency of the officers and men, was for the most part in foreign seas. The Supreme Court was supposed to be in sympathy with secession. Upon the President-elect rested the responsibility for so directing affairs as to save the Union from dismemberment; and yet he was dependent upon the legislative branch of the government for authority.

THE CRISIS WE MET AT HOME

After the inauguration, Mr. Logan and I returned to our home in southern Illinois to face a crisis of our own. Arriving at Marion, we were not prepared for the state of public mind that greeted us. Constituents hitherto full of enthusiasm and cordial greeting met us with restraint, expressing eagerness to know what was going to be done; finding fault with this, that, and the other action that had or had not been taken; insisting especially that the South had not received enough guarantees that its institutions would in no wise be interfered with, and refusing to believe that everything had been offered and spurned. Many of them had kindred in the South, and still they could not leave their homes in the North and sacrifice everything to go to their relatives. They looked to their representative in Congress to tell them what to do, and they knew instinctively that his advice would be hard to follow.

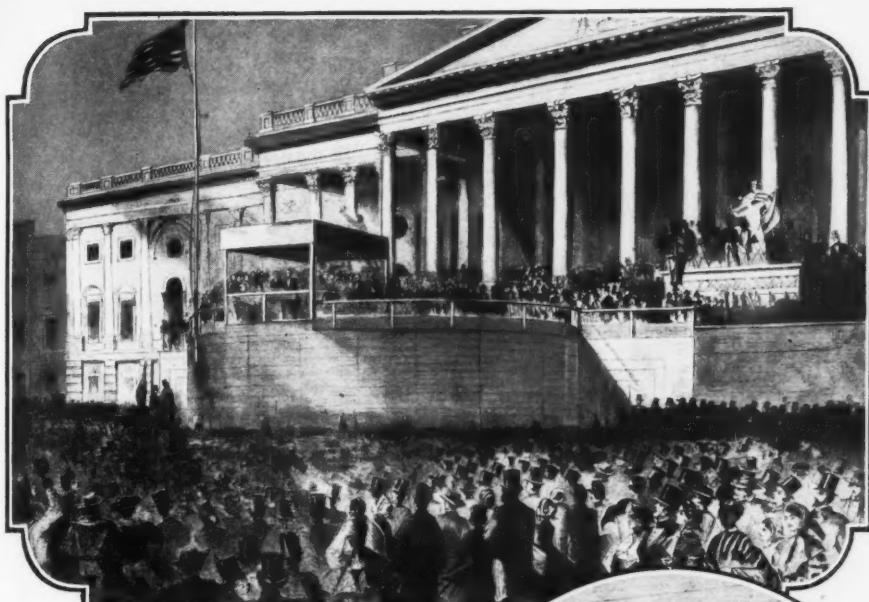
If the news of the firing on Sumter stunned the whole North, consider what it meant to southern Illinois, where so many people had kindred in the South. It inflamed the passion and prejudice of every man who held strong views. The Knights of the Golden Circle and other secret secessionist organizations sprang into being with the purpose of making southern Illinois secessionist. They intimidated loyal Union men. Many youths were making their way across the Ohio River into Kentucky to enlist in the Confederate regiments which were forming. Others were enlisting in the Union

regiments which northern and central Illinois were forming in answer to the President's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the rebellion. Older and more conservative heads, however, still thought that it would never come to real war. They could not conceive of kindred fighting kindred. Some way would yet be found out of the crisis before much blood was shed. Indeed, civil war was too terrible for sober-thinking minds to contemplate. Meanwhile, such was the activity of the Knights of the Golden Circle, the railroad bridges in southern Illinois had to be guarded when any Union troops passed over them.

The authorities at the capital of the state and in the office of the United States marshal were watching the movements of every man suspected of being a secessionist partisan. Their main hope of restraining the secession sympathizers from overt action was through my husband's influence. Appreciating the grave responsibility resting upon him, he had occasion for much vigilance and solicitude, lest he should fail to save the people from getting into trouble through rash acts, before their own good judgment and sense should bring them to see whither they were drifting. Many were the hours he paced the floor, revolving in his mind means to this end. He dared not tell them he would enter the army himself in case of war. They would have spurned him and accused him of treachery to his party and to them, and of selling himself to the administration. The time had not arrived for them, with their former political teachings and affiliations, to realize the consequences of a section of Illinois taking up arms against the federal government. So, without intimating what he would do, my husband, talking to them as though they were children, and arguing along the line of patriotism and duty to one's country, warned them of the horrors of civil war and the consequences of aiding and abetting revolution; then he bade them wait a while longer on the turn of events.

THE MOST CRITICAL PERIOD OF MY LIFE

As Mr. Lincoln had called a special session of Congress, it was my husband's duty to return to Washington early in July. No battle had yet been fought. Before he went he reassured his constituents of his faithful devotion to their interests with all the intelligence at his command, and tried to sow



FROM AN OLD WOODCUT

Lincoln delivering his first inaugural address. He was both firm and tender; he counseled and warned. Here was the man the hour had need of, come from the back country to assume dictatorial powers, to call nearly three million men to do battle for the Union. And his last word was for peace.

in their minds the seeds which would bear good fruit when the time came for him to announce himself. He must be wise and discreet if he were to keep these over-wrought people under his influence and save southern Illinois to the Union, which was his one guiding thought.

During his absence I was to remain at home, keeping him informed of the course of events and thought in his district and trying to direct his followers according to his wishes. This was the most critical period of my life. If ever my husband needed a wife who

FROM
MERRIMAN
COLLECTION



FROM AN OLD PRINT

Chief-Justice Taney administering the oath of office to Abraham Lincoln. Behind Taney stands Douglas, and the story goes that the magnanimous "Little Giant" is holding Lincoln's hat.—Lincoln early in 1861

was a true helpmeet, it was now. At seventy-four I look back and marvel how a woman of twenty-three was able to pass through the experience that was mine and play the part that I did. But the call of the hour brought out the strength of both men and women in the sixties.

The next instalment of "***Recollections of a Soldier's Wife***" will appear in the February issue.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Barbara bit her lips and lifted her hands with a weary gesture to resume work. But the bust of Blizzard was a live thing, and seeing anew the strength and hellish beauty of it, suddenly and as if with the eyes of a stranger, her heart leaped into her throat, her whole body relaxed once more, and she said in a small surprised voice, "Why, it's finished!"

("The Penalty")

The Penalty

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LOVE AND A MAN'S WINNING FIGHT

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "*The Claws of the Tiger*," "*Living Up to Mottoes*," "*Radium*," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Barbara Ferris, sculptress, twenty-two years old, daughter of a famous physician, had had many love affairs, but could not trust herself to marry. The most assiduous wooer was a lifelong friend, Wilmot Allen, who, when the story opens, has been thrown upon his own not very promising resources. These finally failing, he accepts a considerable loan from a legless man whose livelihood is apparently gained by the hand-organ species of begging. This man now makes subtle inquiries about Barbara which Allen resents but cannot, on account of his obligation, evade. Wilmot goes to Barbara's studio, where she finds her discouraged over a bust of Satan upon which she has been working. Still, what she chooses to call her career is stronger than his appeal for her to give it all up and marry him. She tells him to go away and amount to something, and he warns her that somehow he will make her love him, make her marry him. But upon him is the obligation to a street-beggar who can lend various thousands in ready cash, who does not scruple at murder, who has a henchman manned with pretty girls, and who, for some reason, is interested in Barbara Ferris, daughter of the Avenue.

Walking to her studio on a May morning, Barbara comes upon the beggar. One glimpse of his face and she knows he has discovered her model for Satan. The artist in her overcoming her repugnance for the legless man, she asks him to pose for her, and he consents. At the studio she inquires of her studio-boy, Bubbles, about the beggar and learns that he is a wicked man, mysterious, a power on the East Side, and is held in general fear. Nevertheless she welcomes him to the studio. Bubbles is all solicitude and manages to have a young secret-service agent present in the guise of a workman while Blizzard is posing. The beggar gone, the young man warns Barbara against him, but she makes light of his fears and says it is her own affair anyway. At home she finds young Allen, who also warns her against Blizzard. Again she refuses to be alarmed, even when Wilmot insists that she carry an automatic pistol which he gives her. The struggle to save Barbara from a danger she will not acknowledge is now threefold: the secret service places a spy, Rose, in Blizzard's shop; West, in Barbara's studio, continues to guard her there—but she scorns his guardianship; Wilmot Allen goes to her father and pleads with him to interfere. This Dr. Ferris agrees to do, but when he arrives at the studio he is met by Blizzard, and at once it is the doctor, not the beggar, who is on his guard. Blizzard hints that he loves Barbara, and dares Dr. Ferris to tell her the truth about him. The doctor accepts the challenge, and that night he tells Barbara how he, through a mistake in judgment, had cut off a child's legs—how the child had sworn vengeance, had soon turned to crime, had become figally the Blizzard she knows. The recital has a wrong effect—Barbara sympathizes with the beggar.

Blizzard now plans a desperate move—to get possession of Barbara. A note to her that he is leaving the city brings her post-haste to his den to beg him to remain until the bust is finished. Now, Blizzard plans, she shall disappear; but he weakens, tells her he will not leave, and sends her out of the quarter with one of his trusted lieutenants. His talk during the following days is of regeneration for himself, and Barbara believes him. Believing that the way to her heart is open to him, Blizzard plans a concert in his den when he will play for her and break down her last scruple. Then he sends Allen away and at his concert succeeds almost as well as he had hoped.

BARBARA knew very well that she was doing wrong. Summer had descended, blazing, upon the city. Without exception her friends had gone to the country. Her father had gone to Colorado upon an errand of which for the present he chose to make a mystery. She made a habit of lunching at the Colony Club, and occasionally saw some friend or other who had run into town for a face massage, a hair wave, a gown, or a hat. But the afternoons and evenings hung very heavily upon her hands. So that she got to living in and for her mornings at the studio. With the appearance of Blizzard, clean, thoughtful, and forceful, her feelings of loneliness and depression vanished. If her vitality was at low ebb, his was not. The heat appeared to brace him, and he had the faculty of communicating something of his own energy, so that it was not until she had finished working and dismissed him that she was sensible of fatigue and discouragement.

The man was on his best behavior. He

could not but realize that he had established an influence over her; that she was beginning to take him at his own estimate of himself, and to believe in his pretended aspirations. And while he credited her with no affection for himself, he had the presumption to imagine that his maimed condition and his low station in life no longer made the slightest difference to her, and that finally her friendliness would turn into a warmer feeling. But if not, he had but to wait until the maturity of his plans should throw the city into chaos, when she would be at his mercy.

The hand which he had dealt himself was so full of high cards that the occasional losing of a trick did not disturb him in the slightest. He had through her father's hideous mistake a hold on Barbara's conscience. As a personage whose power over certain sections of the city was stronger than the law, he had a hold upon her imagination. As the inspirer of her best work, he had a hold upon her gratitude. He had, or thought he had, a chance to win her affec-

The Penalty

tion in open and equal competition. And, highest card of all—ace of triumphs—he had persuaded her that her influence upon him was such that with all the strength of remorse he was shaping his life toward high ideals.

In his heart she was usually, but not always, the first consideration. Sometimes the passion of ambition overlapped the passion of love. And sometimes he felt that he would forego the fruition of all his plans if only by some miracle his legs could be restored to him.

But on the whole, he had reached a high-water mark of self-satisfaction. He had found it easy to carry corruption into high places. A list of those who were in his power—willing or unwilling—would have horrified the whole nation. From O'Hagan in the West came reports that all went well with the organization, and that Wilmot Allen was displaying genius in teaching inexperienced Polacks to shoot.

On his walks through the city the legless man carried a high head, and looked about him with the eye of a landlord. His imagination was so strong that he had already the feelings of a genuine conqueror, and not of a man confronted by the awful possibilities of failure. And by some subtlety of mental communication Barbara was coming more and more into this same opinion of him. And in realizing this, and in allowing their relations to continue, she knew that she was doing wrong.

She compared her model with all the men she had known, always to conclude that there was in him a sort of greatness utterly wanting in the others. If he had revealed his plans to her, she would have believed him not only capable of carrying them out, but sure to do so—if he wished. He might be Satan fallen, but he was still a god. In the early days of their association she had felt herself the important person of the two, and her bust of him the most important thing in the world. He and she would surely die, but the bust had a chance to live. But now she had the feeling that the work was of less importance than the man; and that she herself was an insignificant spoiled person of no importance whatever. When Blizzard entered the studio she had the feeling that a great and busy man was, out of pure good nature, wasting his time upon an unknown artist. But she knew very well that such was not the case. She knew that he came to the studio because she at-

tracted him, and for no other reason. And at times she felt keenly curious to know just how much she attracted him, and the morbid wish, for which she hated herself, to lead him into some sort of a declaration.

XXVIII

HOWEVER unnecessary the hot waves of the New York summer may appear to some people, they were never wasted on Bubbles. He had a passion for the water, and to his love of swimming was added a passion for the underworld gossip with which the piers of the East River reek in bathing weather. For just as mice are more intimate with the details of houses than landlords are, so the small boys of a city have the best opportunities for being acquainted with its workings, and with the intimate lives of its inhabitants. The street-boy's mind matures while his body is still that of a child. Births and deaths are familiar spectacles to him. He knows and holds of high import hundreds of things which men have forgotten. He can see in the dark. He can hide in a handful of shadow. And when he isn't overhearing on his own hook, he is listening to what somebody else has overheard. Second-story men fear him, lovers loathe him, and nature, who has been thwarted in her intention that he should run in sweet meadows, sleep in fresh air, bathe in clean water, sighs over him.

It was so hot that the policeman whose duty and privilege it was to see that no small boy cooled himself from Pier 31A, disappeared tactfully into the family entrance of a water-front saloon. The city had many laws which to this particular officer appeared unreasonable and which he enforced only when he couldn't help himself. In men there is the need of gambling and some other things. As for small boys, they must play baseball and they must swim.

Bubbles went overboard at about three o'clock. There were twenty or thirty boys of all sizes already in the water, and the addition of one to the struggling group of wet heads was not to be noticed. Nor was the disappearance of that head noticed, nor the fact that it appeared to remain under water for nearly three-quarters of an hour, nor that when it finally did emerge it looked on the whole as if it had seen a ghost.

Bubbles, it seems, was less interested in the waters around Pier 31A than in the

waters beneath it. And for this reason: on the previous night, while stripping for a swim, he had heard a muffled sound of voices coming from directly under the pier, followed by a long subdued roaring as of a load of earth being emptied into the water. Now, under Harry West's tuition Bubbles had formed the habit of investigating whatever he did not understand. And he wished very much to find out why people should talk under piers at night, how they could get under Pier 31A except by swimming, and if they were throwing earth overboard *why* they were doing so, and where they got the earth.

His head filled with vague and highly colored notions of a smugglers' cave, his narrow lungs filled with air, Bubbles dove, swam between two slimy, barnacled piles, and came up presently in a dark, dank, stale, gurgling region, wonderfully cool after the blazing sunlight which he had just left.

Toward the shore the light that filtered between the supporting piles of Pier 31A became less and less, until completely shut off by walls of solid masonry. Into this darkness Bubbles swam with great caution, accustoming his eyes to the obscurity and holding himself ready to dive in retreat at the first alarm.

The shore end of Pier 31A had originally been a clean wall of solid masonry. The removal of half a dozen great blocks of stone had made a jagged opening in the midst of this, and into this opening, pulling himself a little out of the water, Bubbles strained and strained his eyes and saw nothing but the beginning of a passageway and then pitch darkness.

His heart beat very hard and fast like the heart of a caught bird. Here, leading into the city from the shore of the East River, was a mysterious passageway. Who had made it and why? There were two ways of finding out.

One was to wait patiently until some one entered the passage or emerged from it. The other way, and the better, was to forget how very much the idea of so doing frightened you, climb into the opening, and follow the passage to its other end. Bubbles compromised. He waited patiently for half an hour. Nothing happened. Then he pulled himself into the opening and crawled through the darkness for perhaps the length of a city block.

"What," he then said to himself, "is the use of me going any further? I can't see in the dark. I've got no matches, and if anything happens to me, there'll be nobody to tell Harry about this place. Better make a get-away now, find Harry, and bring him here to-night. Then if we find anybody there'll be something doing."



Pulling himself a little out of the water, Bubbles strained and strained his eyes and saw nothing but the beginning of a passageway and then pitch darkness

The Penalty

He had turned and was crawling rather rapidly toward the entrance of the passage.

XXIX

BUBBLES's problem was to locate Harry West. And he wrestled with it, if trying to cover the whole of a scorching hot city on a pair of insufficient legs and a very limited amount of car-fare may be called wrestling. His search took him into many odd places where you could not have expected to cross the trail of an honest man. He even made inquiries of a master plumber, of a Fourth Avenue vender of antiques, of a hairy woman with one eye who ran a news-stand, of a bartender, of saloon-keepers and bootblacks. He drifted through a department-store, and whispered to a pretty girl who sold "art pictures." She shook her head. He spoke a word to the negro sentinel of a house in the West Forties, and was admitted to quiet, padded rooms, containing everything which is necessary to separate hopeful persons from their money. In one room a number of bookmakers were whiling away the hot afternoon with poker for small stakes. In another room, played upon by an electric fan, sat Mr. Lichtenstein, the proprietor. He was bent over a table on which he had assembled fifteen or twenty of the component parts of a very large picture-puzzle. He was small, plump, and earnest. He may have been a Jew, but he had bright red hair and a pug nose. His eyes, bright, quick, small, brown, and kind, were very busy hunting among the brightly colored pieces of the puzzle.

"Dafternoon, Mr. Lichtenstein," said Bubbles.

"Dafternoon, Bubbles," said Mr. Lichtenstein, without looking up.

"How d'je know it was me?"

"I saw you in the looking-glass. What's the news?"

"It's for Harry."

"And Harry is—where?"

"Don't you know where Harry is?"

"I do. But you can't get to him." Mr. Lichtenstein lowered his voice. "He's gone West, Bub, on the trail of O'Hagan. The plant the old one is growing hasn't put its head above ground yet, and the roots are in the West. Out in Utah they're teaching all kinds of Polacks to shoot rifles. Why? O'Hagan is traveling from one mine to another as a common laborer. Why? While

here in little New York, the old one is sitting for his portrait and getting a perfectly innocent young girl talked about. No use to watch the old one till later."

"But," said Bubbles, "suppose some one was to find a secret passage leading from the East River to—to—"

"To where?"

"He doesn't know where. He wanted to get Harry to go with him to find out."

"Where does the passage begin, Bubbles?"

"Under Pier 31A."

"Come over here, Bub," said Mr. Lichtenstein and led the way to a mahogany table covered with green baize. Upon this he spread a folding-map of New York city that he took from his inside pocket. With the rapidity of thought his stubby forefinger found Pier 31A and passed from it to the crook in Marrow Lane. And he said:

"Hum! The bee-line of it leads straight to Blizzard's place. There are two things to find out, Bub. Is the passage straight? And how long is it? A light in the entrance to sight by will answer question No. 1, and a ball of twine to be unwound at leisure will answer No. 2."

"You'd ought to have a compass," Bubbles suggested, "to know just how she runs."

"True," said Mr. Lichtenstein. "Happy thought. And you could borrow one mounted in tiger's eye from a friend."

He laughed, took the little compass in question from his watch-chain, and gave it to Bubbles. Then, his voice losing its bantering tone and taking on a kind of faltering sincerity, he asked,

"Do you want to play this hand, Bubbles, or do you want me to delegate some one else?"

"It's my graft," said Bubbles; "I'd like to see it through."

Mr. Lichtenstein looked upon the boy with a certain pride and tenderness. "I'd like to go with you," he said, "but I can't run *any* risks. There's the strings of too many things in my head. In every battle there has to be a general who sits on a hill out of danger and orders other people to do brave things. Remember that you've worked for us ever since Harry came in and said, laughing, 'Governor, I've made friends with a bright baby that knows how to keep his mouth shut.' You've only to step up to Blizzard and say, 'Abe Lichtenstein is the head,' to bring the gun-men down on me. But you'd die first."

The boy's breast swelled with pride and martial ardor. "Betcher life," he said, and then, "If I get the news will I bring it here?"

Mr. Lichtenstein considered for a minute. Then shook his head. "I'll be in Blicker's drug-store between 'leven and midnight," he said.

"If I don't show up it'll be because I can't."

Mr. Lichtenstein smiled encouragingly. "Don't look on the dark side of the future," he said, "but don't take any chances, and don't show a light till you have to."

XXX

THE night was hot, but the rising tide had brought in cold water from the ocean, and what with his excitement and trepidation it was a very shivery small boy that began to investigate the passage under Pier 31A. Mindful of Mr. Lichtenstein's advice not to show a light till he had to, Bubbles felt his way forward very slowly in the inky darkness, unrolling, as he went, a huge ball of twine. It would be time to take the bearings of the place by compass when he had ascertained its general extent and whether it was free from human occupants. On this score he felt comparatively safe, since it seemed likely that the passage had been constructed with a view to emergency rather than daily use.

Having advanced a distance of about three short city blocks, it seemed to Bubbles as if the passage had opened suddenly into a room. If so, he had to thank instinct for the knowledge, since he could see but an inch in the blackness. He had the feeling that waters were no longer passing near him, and, groping cautiously this way and that, he found it to be fact and not fancy. During these gropings he lost his sense of direction, and, after considering the matter at some length, he concluded that the time had come to flash his torch. But first he listened for a long time. At last, satisfied that he was alone, his thumb began to press against the switch of his torch. A shaft of light burst into the darkness, and he saw two wildly bearded men, who sat with their backs against a wall of living rock and looked straight at him.

It was as if he had been suddenly frozen solid, so dreadful was his surprise and horror, but the men with the wild heads showed no

emotion. They had a pale, tired, hopeless look; and though one was dark and one blond, this expression, common to both, gave them an appearance of being twin brothers. They had gentle soft eyes in which was no sign of surprise or agitation. It seemed as if they were perfectly accustomed to having light suddenly flashed into them. One of the men leaned forward and began to run his hand this way and that over the hard dirt floor.

"Lost something?" said the other suddenly.

"Dropped my plug," said the first in a dull weary voice, and he continued to feel for and repeatedly just miss a half-cake of chewing-tobacco. Bubbles could see it distinctly, and another thing was clear to him: the men were both blind.

With this knowledge certain frayed and tattered fragments of courage returned to him, and, what was of much greater importance, his presence of mind.

The excavation in which he stood was nearly forty feet square. His torch showed him the passage by which he had entered, and opposite this a flight of steps leading sharply upward. Here and there, leaning against the walls, were picks and shovels and other tools used in excavating. Near the center of the passage was a tall pile of dirt and loose stones, together with two small wheelbarrows of sheet-iron.

Just as Bubbles had ascertained these facts and got himself into a much calmer state of mind, he had a fresh thrill of horror. The two blind men sighed, and as if moved by a common impulse got up, and the little boy saw that, like Blizzard, the beggar, they had no legs. With perfect accuracy of direction they turned to the great pile of dirt, and taking up two shovels which leaned against it began to fill the two little wheelbarrows.

They labored slowly as if time was of no moment, as if the work in hand was a form of punishment instead of something that it was intended to complete.

Bubbles had begun to wonder what they were going to do with the dirt, when one of them, having filled his barrow, trundled off with it into the passageway leading to the river. And to Bubbles, feverishly listening, there came after what seemed a very long interval a sound as of earth being dumped into water.

The second excavator, having filled his



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Don't you know where Harry is?" asked Bubbles. "I do. But you can't get to him." Mr. Lichtenstein lowered his voice. "He's gone West, Bub, on the trail of O'Hagan. The plant the old one is growing hasn't put its head above ground yet, and the roots are in the West."

barrow, waited the return of his companion, since the passage was too narrow to admit of the two barrows meeting and passing each other.

And that simple fact was very alarming to Bubbles, since virtually it made a prisoner of him. One man with his barrow full or empty was always in the passage.

Nor was there any possibility of escape by the flight of stairs which he had noticed, for a hurried examination revealed a door of sheet-iron which did not give to his most determined efforts. There was nothing for it but to wait until the blind men should rest from their labors.

He got used to them gradually; lost his fear of them. Once in a while they spoke to each other, always with a kind of lugubrious gentleness in their voices. He began to feel sorry for them. He wished to be of service to them in some way or other. Their wild beards and shaggy, matted hair no longer terrified him. They were two lambs made up to represent wolves, but the merest child must have seen through the disguise.

Upon the ball of twine which Bubbles still held in his hand there was a sudden tug. It fell to the ground with a thump and rolled toward the blind laborees who had just filled his barrow. He was much startled and turned his blind eyes this way and that; then called to his mate, at that moment coming from the passageway.

"I heard something drop," he said; "somebody dropped something. I thought I heard steps on the stairs, and now I know I did."

But the other had found the twine lying the length of the passage. "Some one's come in from the river," he said, "and dropped all this string."

He began to gather it in, hand over hand, paused suddenly, and then, with a kind of bravado of terrified politeness, and with a bob of his wild, dark head exclaimed,

"Good evening, Mr. Blizzard!"

Then the pair cowered as if they expected to be struck, and after a long while the blond one said,

"It ain't him."

Then the dark one:

"Don't be scared of us. We couldn't hurt a fly if we wanted to. Who is it?"

Now it seemed to Bubbles all of a sudden (though the mention of Blizzard's name had once more given him the horrors) that any risk run in revealing his presence to the

blind men was more than compensated by the consequent possibility of "finding out things" from them. So he said:

"It's only me—just a boy. I found this hole swimmin' and come in to see what it was for."

"It's only a boy," said the blond man.

"He wouldn't hurt us," said the dark one.

"Maybe you'll tell me what all this cellar work is for?" said Bubbles.

The dark man scratched his matted head. "We don't know," he said; "we was just put in here to dig. At first there was ten of us; but we was kep' on to give the finishin' touches."

"What became of the others?"

"Oh, Mr. Blizzard, he's got other work for them."

"Is this place under his house?"

"No, sir, it ain't. But the cellar at the head of them steps is."

"Maybe he's hollered this out to hide things in?"

The blind men turned toward each other and nodded their heads.

"That's just presactly what we think," said the blond one."

"What do you do when you aren't working?"

"Oh, we sleeps and eats in Blizzard's cellar."

"How long you been on the job?"

"We don't know. We lost track."

"See much of Blizzard?"

"Oh, he's in and out, just to keep things going."

"Is the passage to the river just to get rid of the dirt?"

The dark man laughed sheepishly. "We don't think so," he said—"we gets lots of time to think. And it ain't always dirt that goes into the river. Twicet it's been men, and once it were a woman. There was lead pipe wrapped round the bodies to make 'em sink. And oncet Blizzard he tumbled a girl down the stairs to us. But she weren't dead, and me and Bill took the lead off her before we throwed her in."

His comrade interrupted. "She said she could swim. She said if we'd take the lead off and untie her and give her a chanst, we could have a kiss apiece. But we let her go for nothin'."

"Did she get away?" Bubbles was tremendously interested.

"No, sir. It was dark night, and she couldn't find a way out from under the

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wharf. She just swam round and round, slower and slower, like a mouse in a wash-tub. Then she calls out she'll come back and we can hide her till daylight. But she don't make it. We has to stand there and listen to her drown."

"When she's dead she gets out into the open river, and when Blizzard hears she's been found without any lead on her he raises hell."

"When he gets through with us we was most skinned alive."

"He wouldn't dig that hole to the river," said Bubbles, "just to get rid of people. What do you think it's for?"

"You ain't goin' to tell Blizzard you been here, nor get us in trouble?"

"I'll get you out of this some day, but you can't get in no trouble through me."

"Then," said the blond man, "this is what we thinks out and concludes: Blizzard he's calculatin' to receive stolen goods wholesale. But he stores 'em in here until this cellar is full, and then he takes 'em down to the river and puts 'em aboard a ship bound fur furrin' ports, and we thinks and concludes that he'll make his get-away about the same time."

"Well," said Bubbles, "I'm obliged. I won't forget your kindness. But it's time I was off."

"Come close first," said the blond man. Bubbles was instantly alarmed. "Why?"

"Only so's we can feel your face, so's to know what you look like."

He stood impatient and embarrassed while they pawed his face with hard, grimy hands.

At last they let him go, he whose barrow was full accompanying him to the end of the passageway, and speeding him on his way with this comfortable remark,

"If you was to dive deep and feel around, you might find those as is leaded to the bottom."

It took every ounce of nerve that Bubbles had at command to let his legs and body slip down into the cold and tragic current. It seemed certain that dead hands were reaching for him. But he screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and called to his acquaintance in the passage-mouth a whispered but nonchalant, "S'long!"

XXXI

WHEN Bubbles entered Blicker's drug-store, the city clocks were striking a quarter

to twelve, but the place was still brightly lighted, and at the soda-counter a young man was treating his flame to a glass of chocolate vanilla ice-cream.

Bubbles marched to the prescription counter, and began to unwrap a bloody handkerchief from his left hand. Then he began to clear his throat. This brought Mr. Blicker from a region of mortar pestles, empty pill-boxes, and glass retorts.

"What you want?" he asked aggressively.

"I want me thumb bandaged."

"You cut him—eh?"

Bubbles lowered his voice. "On a bar-nacle."

"Come in back here," said Mr. Blicker roughly. "I fix him." But once out of sight in the depths of the store, his manner changed, and he patted Bubbles enthusiastically on the back. "You have found out some things?"

"Sure—lots."

The chemist, without commenting, began to treat the cut thumb, washing, disinfecting, and bandaging. Then, very loud, for the benefit perhaps of the lovers at the soda-counter, "So," he said, "I let you out the back door."

And he actually opened a door, slammed it shut, and turned a key in the lock. But it was a closet door. Then with a finger on his lips he pointed to a narrow staircase and, his own feet making a great tramping, led the way up it. Upon the top steps they found Mr. Lichtenstein, nervously puffing clouds of tobacco smoke.

"Bout given you up," he said. "Good boy!"

"Better talk by the parlor," said Blicker; "here is too exposed."

When the door of the stuffy little parlor had closed behind them, the proprietor began to smile and beam. But Mr. Lichtenstein looked grave and troubled. It was not for pleasure that he sometimes found occasion to put dangerous work in the hands of children.

"Hurt your thumb bad?" he asked.

Bubbles shook his head and plunged into his story. Now and then the German laughed, but the red-haired, pug-nosed Jew appeared to sink deeper and deeper into his own thoughts, only showing by an occasional question that he was following the boy's narrative. Bubbles wished to dwell at length and with comment upon the use of the passage for disposing of dead bodies,



Howard Chandler Christy, 1914

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Bubbles began to unwrap a bloody handkerchief from his left hand. "What you want?" Mr. Blicker asked aggressively. "I want me thumb bandaged." "You cut him—eh?" Bubbles lowered his voice. "On a barnacle"

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but to Mr. Lichtenstein this appeared to be merely a natural by-product of its construction.

"It wasn't dug for that," he said. "How big is the main excavation?"

"'Bout as big as a small East Side dance-hall."

Mr. Lichtenstein turned to the German. "Hold a lot of loot—what?"

"I bet me," said the German, and washed his hands with air.

"Lot o' what?" asked Bubbles.

"Loot—gold, silver, jewels, bullion."

"Your ideas," said the German, "is all idiot. No mans is such a darn fool as to think he can get away by such a business—no mans, that is, but is crazy."

"Blizzard is crazy," said Mr. Lichtenstein simply. "It wasn't until we hit on that hypothesis that we made any progress. Bubbles, did you ever hear of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew?"

"Sure," said Bubbles, "they shot him full of arrows."

"That was Saint Sebastian," corrected the Jew. "Now listen, this is history. On the night of August 24, 1572, two thousand men, distinguished from other men by white cockades in their hats, on the order of a crazy man, at the tolling of a bell, drew their swords, murdered everybody in a great city who opposed their leaders, and made themselves absolute masters of the place. What two thousand men did in Paris during the middle ages, ten thousand men acting in concert could do in New York to-day. If a man rose up with the power to command such a following, with the ability to keep his plans absolutely secret, with the genius to make plans in which there were no flaws, he could loot Maiden Lane, the Sub-Treasury, Tiffany's, the Metropolitan Museum—and get away with it."

Mr. Lichtenstein's small eyes glittered. He was visibly excited. But so was Mr. Blicker.

"He will loot the Metropolitan Museum," said this one, "but what will he do with the metropolitan police?"

"Well," said Mr. Lichtenstein, "I am only supposing. But suppose some fine night a building somewhere central was blown up with dynamite. Suppose the sound was so big that it could be heard in every part of greater New York. Suppose at the sound every policeman in greater New York was shot dead in his tracks—"

Bubbles's hair began to bristle. "Say," he cried in his excitement, "the straw hats—the soft straw hats that Blizzard makes and don't sell—they're the white cockades!"

Mr. Blicker guffawed. Mr. Lichtenstein rose and paced the room.

"And that proves," he exclaimed, "that nothing is to happen when you and I are wearing straw hats—but in winter. Bubbles, you're a bright boy!"

"You are both so bright," said Mr. Blicker, "you keep me all the time laughing."

"Well," said Mr. Lichtenstein, "that may be, but suppose you tell me why Blizzard makes straw hats and don't sell 'em. Tell me why he's dug such a great hole under his house with a passage leading to the river, and ships. Tell me why O'Hagan is drilling men in the West. Tell me why Blizzard has gone out of the white-slave business. It fetched him in a pretty penny."

"I think I can answer the last question," said Bubbles.

"Do then."

"I think," said the small boy, "that he's got some good in him somewhere, and I know he's dead gone on my Miss Ferris. I think he's ashamed o' some o' the things he's done."

Mr. Lichtenstein considered this at some length. Then he said: "Well, that's possible. But it's an absolutely new idea to me. Blizzard ashamed? Hum!"

XXXII

"TRUE that policemen take money in exchange for protection? True that they practise blackmail and extortion? Of course it's true. Whenever a big temptation appears loose in a city half the people who get a look at it trip and fall. Oh, I'd like to reform this city, Miss Barbara—and this country. I'd like to be dictator for six months."

"Who wouldn't?" said Barbara. "But what would you do? Where would you begin?"

"I should be drastic at first," said the legless man, "and kind later. I'd begin," he went on, his eyes smiling, "with a general massacre of incompetents—old men with too little money, young men with too much—old maids, aliens, incurables, the races that are too clever to work, the races that are too stupid, habitual drunkards, spreaders

of disease, the women who abolished the canteen, the women who wear aigrettes. After that I should destroy all possibilities of graft."

"How?" asked Barbara.

"Why," said he, "the simplest way in the world—legalize the business that now pays for protection. There would be no more of them than there are now, and they could be regulated and kept to confined limits of cities. Don't blame the police for graft: blame all, who believe that human nature can be abolished by law. But," and this time his whole face smiled, "I shall never be dictator. The thing to do is to start a new country, and make no mistakes."

And he proceeded, sometimes seriously but for the most part whimsically, to outline his model republic, while Barbara worked and listened, sometimes with amusement, sometimes with a sense of being uplifted and thrilled by the man's plausible originality. Since she had but the vaguest recollection of history, and none whatever of economics, it was easy for the man to play the constructive statesman. Nor were his schemes always foolish and illogical, since the book of human nature had been always in his library, and of all its volumes had been most often read.

"Ah!" said the legless man at last, "if I were younger, and whole!"

Whenever he referred to his maimed condition Barbara, to whom it was no longer physically shocking, was uncomfortable and distressed, changing the subject as swiftly as might be. But now, stopping her work short off, her hands hanging at her sides, she began to speak of the matter.

"I suppose," she said, "it's almost life and death to you—sometimes, that you'd give almost anything, take any chance to be—the way you were meant to be. My father believes that some day people can have anything that they've lost restored—a hand or an arm. He's made experiments along those lines ever since he made his mistake with you, and it all works out beautifully with monkeys and dogs and guinea-pigs and rabbits. Just now he is in Colorado to try it on a man. There's a man out there in jail for life, who has a brother that lost his right hand in some machinery. The well brother has offered to let father cut off his hand, and graft it on the maimed brother's wrist. I've just had a letter—it's been done. He thinks it's all right, but he

can't be sure yet. Please don't say anything about it because—well, because people are still queer about these things. In the old days people burned the best doctors, and now they want to lynch vivisectors and almost anybody who's really trying to make health more or less contagious."

"Do you believe I could be made whole?" exclaimed Blizzard, his eyes glittering as with a sudden hope. "My God! Even if they weren't much use to me, I'd give my soul to look like a real man—my soul! Do you know what I'd rather do than anything in this whole world—just once? I'd rather draw myself to my full height—just once—than be Napoleon Bonaparte. If all the treasure in this city were mine to give, I'd give it to walk the length of a city block on my own feet, looking down at the people instead of always up—always up—until the leverage of your eyes twists the back of your brain in everlasting torment."

"When my father comes back," said Barbara quietly, "talk to him. And if only it can be done—why, you'll forgive us, won't you, for all the suffering you've had and everything?"

"Yes, yes," he said quickly. "But it isn't true—it isn't possible. It won't work. It's against experience."

"It is possible," said Barbara gently. "That's all I know. And even if—even if it can't be done yet awhile, I thought it would comfort you to think that some day—almost surely—"

"You are always thinking of my comfort," he cried. "In this pit that we call life, you are an angel serene, blessed and blessing. Oh," he cried, "what would you say if I stood before you on my own feet, and told you—told you—" He broke off short and hung his head.

Barbara bit her lips and lifted her hands with a weary gesture to resume work. But the bust of Blizzard was a live thing, and seeing anew the strength and hellish beauty of it, suddenly and as if with the eyes of a stranger, her heart seemed to leap into her throat, her whole body relaxed once more, and she said in a small, surprised voice,

"Why, it's finished."

XXXIII

UPON Blizzard, who had been looking forward to many mornings during which he should unobtrusively advance his cause, this



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

The speed for which the fury of the legless man called was more than the stumps of his legs could furnish inches of her dress, when daring and nerve at last thrilled through Barbara, and returned her muscles into overreached himself and fell heavily. Here seemed an inestimable advantage for Barbara, and yet



He was like a man, thigh-deep in water, who attempts to run at top speed. Yet his hands were within the keeping of her mind. She pushed herself backward and to one side. In that instant the legless man the great body, shaken with curses and already rising to its stumps, was between her and the door

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quiet statement fell with disturbing force. It meant that his opportunities for intimate talks had come to a sudden and most unprepared-for end. He knew that Barbara was tired out with the steady grind of creation, and that she had been going through an equally steady grind of discouragement and uncertainty. He believed that she would make no delay in carrying her triumph and her trouble out of the heat-ridden city, to cool places, to her own people. He believed, not that she would forget him, but that, free from his influence, she would see with equal vision how wide the gulf between them really was.

He had made a slip in his calculation. He had been spreading his arts thinly, you may say, to cover what he supposed was to have been a much longer period of time. And he should have come sooner and with all his strength to the point. There had been moments of supreme discouragement, when, if there was to be a miracle in his life, he should have spoken. There were to be no more of those golden moments. She would close the studio, go away, and return by way of exercise and fresh air to a sane and normal state of mind—a state of mind in which such a physical and moral cripple as himself could have no place except among the curiosities.

She stood looking steadily at the head which had come to life under her hands. Her eyelids drooped heavily. She looked almost as if she was falling asleep.

Blizzard watched her as a cat watches a mouse, not knowing what was best for him to dare. Now he was for pleading his cause with all the passion that inspired it; now for boldly claiming her as the expiation for her father's fault; and now he was for passing over all preliminaries and felling her with a blow of his fist.

And then she suddenly turned to him, and smiled like a very happy and very tired child. "You've been very good to me," she said, "and so patient! I don't know quite how to thank you. I owe you such a lot."

"Do you?" he said, his hard eyes softening and seeking hers.

She nodded slowly. "Such a lot. And there's no way of paying, or making things up to you, is there?"

"Only one," he said.

There was quite a long silence; his eyes,

flames in them, held hers, which were troubled and childlike, and imbued the two words that he had spoken with an unmistakable intelligence.

"Don't let me go utterly," he said, "and slip back into the pit. You have finished the bust. If you wished you could finish the man: put him back among the good angels. . . . If your father died owing money, you couldn't rest until you had paid his debts. . . . I could be anything you wished. And I could give you anything that you wanted in this world. There is nothing I couldn't put over—with you at my side, wishing the good deed done, the great deed—or—"

He began to tremble with the passion that was in his voice, slipped from his chair, and began to move slowly toward her with outstretched arms, upon his stumps of legs.

It was no mirth or any sense of the ridiculous that moved Barbara, but fear, disgust, and horror. She backed away from him, laughing hysterically. But he, whose self-consciousness in her sight bordered upon mania, mistook the cause of her laughter, so that a kind of hell-born fury shook him, and he rushed at her, his mouth giving out horrible and inarticulate sounds. And in those lightning moments she could move neither hand nor foot; nor could she cry for help. And yet she realized, as in some nightmare, that if once those horrible hairy hands closed upon her she was lost utterly. And in that same clear flash of reason she realized that for whatever might befall she had herself alone to blame. She had touched pitch, and played with fire—and all that men might some day call her great.

The speed for which the fury of the legless man called was more than the stumps of his legs could furnish. He was like a man, thigh-deep in water, who attempts to run at top speed. Yet his hands were within inches of her dress, when daring and nerve at last thrilled through Barbara, and returned her muscles into the keeping of her mind. She pushed herself backward and to one side. In that instant the legless man overreached himself and fell heavily. Here seemed an inestimable advantage for Barbara, and yet the great body, shaken with curses and already rising to its stumps, was between her and the door.

The next instalment of "*The Penalty*" will appear in the February issue.

Glynn— Lt.-Governor

By John Temple Graves

MARTIN H. GLYNN, elected lieutenant-governor of New York in the Democratic landslide of November 5th, is a former representative in Congress, a former

vice-president of the United States Commission at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, former comptroller of New York State, an attorney and counselor-at-law, and editor and proprietor of the *Times-Union*, of Albany, New York.

Mr. Glynn is a type of the young business man in politics who carries into the service of the state the principles and ideals of private vocations, and who places the interests of the people paramount to every other consideration in the discharge of the public trust. His life and public career demonstrate what a man can accomplish through the force of his personality, ability, and earnestness.

Martin H. Glynn was born at Kinderhook, Columbia County, New York, on September 17, 1871.

Martin H. Glynn, running mate of William Sulzer in the New York State campaign

"His life and public career demonstrate what a man can accomplish through the force of his personality, ability, and earnestness."



He received his preliminary education in the public schools, and completed his studies at Fordham University, the honor man of the class of 1894. For the past sixteen years he has taken an active interest in politics. Elected to Congress, in 1898, from the Twentieth Congressional District, he was the youngest member of the National Assembly. His record in Congress was officially commended by the National Association of Letter-Carriers; by the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, by the Patrons of Husbandry, of New York State, and by several international labor organizations. He was nominated for comptroller by the Democratic party and the Independence League, in September, 1906, and on November 6th, following, was elected.

The record which Mr. Glynn made as state comptroller is fresh in the public mind. His administration of that office was the greatest in the history of the state,

Glynn—Lt.-Governor

and many men, irrespective of party, have declared that he was one of the best officials that ever served the people of New York. The reforms he instituted have resulted in the saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the taxpayers. He entirely divorced politics from the administration of state finances at the outset of his administration. He enforced every statute to the letter, irrespective of persons, interests, or consequences. He searched for, found, and eliminated causes of waste and extravagance. He went after the tax-dodger, and made him pay his share of the cost of maintaining the government. He located corporations which for years had escaped taxation and made them pay what they owed to the state. He recovered thousands of dollars theretofore lost. He recommended reforms, and secured the enactment of legislation to carry them into effect. He increased the revenues of the state notably and left the treasury, when he retired, in the best condition that it ever had been.

Martin Glynn's crusade against the grafters was one of the bravest and most effective reforms that has ever occurred in the public service. He found upon the statute-books, when he took office, a law which gave the state comptroller the power to investigate the manner in which county, city, and village officers were discharging their duties. The statute was a dead letter. Former comptrollers had not enforced it. Mr. Glynn made it one of the most effective laws upon the statute-books of the state. The court records of the state attest to what he accomplished through the enforcement of this law. The municipal accounts of a score of counties were thoroughly investigated under his supervision. In some counties it was found that officials had administered their trusts improperly, carelessly, and negligently, and that thousands of dollars had been lost to the taxpayers. These examinations show that laws had been ignored and violated; that in some instances public moneys had been used for private purposes; that fees in a very large sum had been retained by officials without warrant of law; that bills had been paid with public funds without proper audit, and that county administrations had been marred by the most disgraceful practices.

In one county, as a result of Mr. Glynn's investigation, one county official was in-

dicted and convicted on the charge of grand larceny. He committed suicide as he was about to be tried on another charge. A charge of malfeasance in office was preferred to the governor against the county treasurer, but the latter resigned before he was brought to trial. The superintendent of the poor was confronted with the findings of the examiners sent into the county by Mr. Glynn, and he resigned his office. In other counties grave abuses were discovered, and the taxpayers were informed of the mismanagement of their local finances. The investigations had a most beneficial effect upon the county, city, and village service throughout the entire state. There has been a general betterment in the tone of administration, and a revolution has been worked in the manner in which local officials are performing their duties and handling public funds.

In the financial panic of 1907 Comptroller Glynn demonstrated the great executive ability of which he is possessed. At that time the state had on deposit about \$22,000,000 in the banks and trust companies of the state, over \$10,000,000 of which were in institutions of New York city. Going to New York city at the first indication of disturbed conditions, Mr. Glynn took charge of the situation personally. While the millions of the state might have been withdrawn, they were permitted to remain on deposit and did much to relieve the stress of the situation. He guarded these millions so carefully and used them so skillfully that not a penny was lost to the people of the state, and yet many an institution was relieved of the strain to which it was subjected. No man in the country, with the possible exception of the treasurer of the United States, did more to combat that panic than Mr. Glynn. And while the United States treasurer could help only national banks, Comptroller Glynn aided all the financial institutions, particularly state banks and trust companies, which were excluded from receiving national aid. The system of requiring all depositories of state funds to give bonds of the state or surety company bonds as security, which Mr. Glynn introduced when he became comptroller, proved its worth in this panic. Mr. Glynn had eliminated the practice of accepting personal bonds as security for state funds. He realized that the fortune of the individual is ever subject to the uncertain-

ties of death and misfortune. When the crash of the panic came over \$800,000 of state moneys were tied up in the banks that closed their doors, yet every penny of that big sum, with interest to day of payment, was paid into the state treasury within sixty days after the suspension of the depositories.

At the close of the second fiscal year of Mr. Glynn's term the state treasury had the largest cash balance in its history. There were \$31,785,076.23 in the treasury and the surplus was \$12,875,-784.06. During the second year of his administration the surplus was \$4,765,877.90 in excess of the estimates and was made up principally from increased receipts in taxes on corporations, estates of decedents, transfers



Mrs. Martin
H. Glynn, wife
of the newly
elected lieutenant-
governor of New York

of shares of stock, liquor taxes, and the transfer of twenty-year court and trust funds into the state treasury.

As a result of this superb practical record of practical statesmanship, joined to a character of sterling integrity and to eloquent oratory and personal magnetism, this gallant and brilliant young Irishman was easily chosen as lieutenant-governor, to preside over the next Senate of New York at Albany.

"Martin Glynn's crusade against the grafters was one of the bravest and most effective reforms that has ever occurred in the public service"

"Wolfville"

There is always a fascination about the doings of "men with the bark on"—men absolutely on the level, good fighters accustomed to settle their "scraps" out of hand and according to primitive notions of law and justice. That is one reason for Jack London's big following. And for Alfred Henry Lewis's. In these "Wolfville" tales Mr. Lewis goes back to the little-town life in the early days of the frontier. He writes of real people—real "bark-on" men and women—and does not forget that through all the strenuousness of those days runs a fine streak of fun and humor. In this story the old rivals, "Wolfville" and "Red Dog," have a Fourth of July celebration, but get frightfully twisted on their history



"It seems," explains Tutt, "that, to be agree'ble, I proposes wedlock to a middle-aged schoolmarm."

The Wolfville-Red Dog Fourth of July

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Author of "Wolfville Days," "Wolfville Nights," "Wolfville Folks," etc.

Illustrated by J. N. Marchand

BY nacher I'm a patriot, cradle born and cradle bred; my Americanism, second to none except that of wolves an' rattlesnakes an' Injuns an' sim'lar cattle, that a-way, comes in the front door an' down the middle aisle; an' yet, son, I'm free to reemark that thar's one day in the year when I shore reegrets our independence, an' wishes that had been no Yorktown an' never no Bunker Hill."

The Old Cattleman raised his glass, with an air weary to the border of dejection; after which he took a pathetic puff at his pipe. I knew what had gone wrong. This was the fifth of July. We had just survived a Fourth of unusual explosiveness, and the row and racket thereof had worn threadbare the old gentleman's nerves.

"Yes, sir," he continued, shoving a possum-colored lock back from his brow, "as I suffers through one of them cel'brations, same as yesterday's, endoorin' the slang-whangin' of the orators an' bracin' myse'f ag'inst the slam-bangin' of the guns—to say nothin' of the firecrackers an' kindred Chinese contraptions—I a'preciates the feelin's of that Horace Walpole person that Colonel Sterett quotes in his *Daily Coyote* as sayin', 'I could love my country, if it ain't for my countrymen.'

"Which, comin' down to the turn, I reckon it merely means, when all is in, that I'm gettin' too plumb old for comfort. It's five years now since I dare look in the glass, for fear I'd be tempted to count the annoonal wrinkles on my horns. Whatever's that you say? Cows? Shore; beginnin'

mebby when she's three, a cow adds a yearly ring to her horn, same as rattlesnakes affixes another button to their tails. Thar's no mistake about it, more'n about a steer not havin' no front teeth in his upper jaw.

"It's mighty queer about folks. For thousands of years their only way of expressin' any feelin's of commoonal joy, that a-way, is to cut loose in limitless an' on-meanin' uproar; while their only notion of a public fest'val is for one half of the outfit to prance down the middle of the street, while the other half banks itse'f ag'inst the edictic curb, an' looks at 'em.

"People in the herd ain't got no intelligence. We speaks of the 'lower anamiles' as though we has it on 'em too dead to skin in the matter of intelligence. But for myself, I'm a long shot from bein' none so shore. The biggest fool of a mule-eared deer savvys enough to go feedin' up the wind, makin', so to speak, a skirmish-line of its nose to feel out possible ambushes. Any old bull elk possesses s'fficient wisdom to walk in a half-mile circle as a final act before reetirin' for the night, so that, with him asleep in the center, even if the wind does shift, he still gets ample notice of whatever man or wolf may take to followin' his trail. That's what them 'lower anamiles' does. An' now I asks, what man, goin' about his numskull dest'ries, lookin' as plumb wise as a too-whoo owl at noon, ever shows gumption equal to keepin' the constant wind in his face like a mule-eared deer, or has sense s'fficient to go walkin' round himse'f as he rolls into his blanket, same as that proudent elk? After all, I takes it that these yere Fo'th of Jooly upheavals is only one among the thousand fashions wharin' hoomanity eternally onbuckles in expressin' its imbecil'ty.

"Which I certainly do get a heap disgusted at times with the wild beast, man. With all his bluffs about bein' so mighty sagacious, I can sit yere an' see that, speakin' mental, he ain't better than an even break with Mexican sheep. Even what he calls science turns finally out with him to be merely the accepted ignorance of to-day. Which he puts in every to-morrow provin' what a onbounded jackass rabbit he's been the day before. It's otherwise with them 'lower anamiles'; what they knows they knows."

Plainly, something had to be done to fortify my old friend. I fell back, quite as

a matter of course, upon that first aid to the injured, another drink, and motioned the waiter to that effect. It did my old friend good, the first fruits of that easier if not better condition being certain fresh accusations against himself.

"The trooth is, I'm a whole lot onused to them Fo'th of Jooly outbursts," said he. "For which reason, I ondoubted suffers from 'em more keenly than the av'rage gent. You see, we never has none of 'em in Wolfville; leastwise we never does but once. On that festive occasion, we shore stubs our toe some plentiful, stubs it to that degree, in fact, that we never feels moved to buck the game ag'in. Once is enough for Wolfville. Which it's the single failure that stains the fame of the camp. At that, the flatout reelly belongs to Red Dog, or at any rate to Pete Bland, for which misguided dipsomaniac the Red Dogs acknowledges respons'bility as belongin' to their outfit.

"This yere Bland's dead now, an' deep under the doomsday sods. Also, he died drinkin', like he'd lived.

"What's the malady?" Enright asks Peets, when the latter comes trackin' back, after seein' the finish of Bland.

"No malady at all, Sam," reeturns Peets, plumb cheerful an' frisky, same as them case-hardened drug-sharps always is when some sport passes in his checks—no malady whatsoever. His jag simply stops on centers, as a railroad gent'd say, an' I'm unable to start it ag'in."

"Was Peets any good as a med'cine man? Son, I'm shocked! Peets is packin' round in his professional war-bags the diplomies of twenty colleges, an' is onchallenged besides as the best eddicated sharp on the sunset side of the Mississippi. You bet, he at least understands the difference between bread-pills an' buckshot, which is a heap sight further than some of these yere drug-folks ever studies.

"Colonel Sterett, who's plenty careful about what he says, once reefers to Peets in the *Daily Coyote* as a 'intellectchoo giant,' an' thar ain't no record of any scoffer comin' squanderin' along to contradict. Mebby you'll say that's doo to the f'rocious atti-toode of the *Coyote* itse'f, touchin' contradictions, an' p'int to how that imprint keeps standin' at the head of its editorial columns as a motto, the cynicism, 'Contradict the *Coyote*, and avoid growin' old!'

"No, thar'd be nothin' in it if you did.

"Wolfville"

That motto's only one of Colonel Sterett's bluffs, one of his witticisms, that a-way. You don't reckon that, in a sparsely settled country, whar the pop'lation is few an' far between, the colonel's goin' to go bumpin' off a subscriber, over mebby a mere abstract difference of opinion? The colonel ain't hardly that locoed."

"But about the Wolfville-Red Dog Fourth of July celebration?" I said.

"Which I'm in no temper to tell a story —me, settin' yere with every nerve as tight as a fiddle catgut jest before it snaps. To reelate yarns your mood ought to be the mood of the racontoor—a mood as rich an' rank an' upstandin' as a field of wheat, ready to billow an' bend before every wind of fancy. The way yesterday leaves me, whatever tale I undertakes to reecount would about come out of my mouth as stiff an' short an' brittle as chopped hay. Also, as tasteless. Better let it go till some other an' more mellow evenin'."

No; I was ready to accept the chances, and said as much. A chopped-hay style, for a change, might be found acceptable. Supplementing the declaration with renewed Old Jordan, I was so far victorious that my aged man of cattle finally yielded.

"Well, then," he began reluctantly, "I'm onable to partic'larly say which gent does make the orig'nal s'ggession, but my belief is it's Peets. I'm shore, however, that the Cornwallis idee comes from Bland; an', since it's not only at that Cornwallis angle we-all falls publicly down, but the same is primar'ly doo to the besotted obstinacy of Bland himse'f, Wolfville, while ever proudly willin' to b'ar whatever blame's sawed off on to its shoulders proper, is always convinced that Red Dog itse'f is to be held accountable for the failure of that Fo'th. For that matter, Red Dog says so itse'f. However, Bland has gone an' paid what the sky-scouts speaks of as the 'debt to nacher,' an' so I'm willin' for one, at this day, to confess that when he's sober he ain't so bad. Not that them fits of sobriety is either so frequent or so protracted they takes on any color of monotony.

Bland, whose baptismal name is Pete, is in his way a leadin' infloence in Red Dog. He's owner of the 7-bar-D brand—y'ear-mark, a swallow-fork in each y'ear—which counts seventeen hundred calves of a spring round-up, an' is, moreover, proprietor of the Abe Lincoln Hotel, the same bein'

Red Dog's principal beanery. Bland don't have to keep this yere caravansary none, but his doin' so arranges so he sees his friends, an' gets their *dinero*, at one an' the same time, which, as combinin' business an' pleasure in equal degrees, appeals to him a heap.

"It's the gen'ral voice that the best thing about Bland is his wife. She's shore loyal to Bland, you bet. Once, when they're livin' in Prescott, an' a committee of three from one of them Purification of the Home societies comes trapesin' in, to tell her about Bland bein' ondooly interested in a exyooberant young soobrette who's singin' at the theayter, an' spendin' his money on her mighty permiscus, Missis Bland listens plenty ca'm until they're plumb through. Then she retorts,

"Well, ladies, I'd a heap sooner have a husband who can take keer of two women, than a husband who can't take keer of one."

"After which she comes down on that Purification bunch like a fallin' star, an' brooms 'em out of the house. Accordin' to eye-witnesses, who speaks without prejedyce, she certainly does dust their bunnets strenuous.

"When Bland hears, he pats Missis Bland on the shoulder an' exclaims: 'Thar's my troo-bloo old Betsy Jane! She knows I wouldn't trade a look from them faded old gray eyes of her's for all the soobrettes whoever pulls a frock on over their heads!'

"Followin' which, Bland sends to San Francisco, an' changes in the price of five hundred steers for an outfit of diamonds, an' preesents 'em to Missis Bland.

"Thar," he says, danglin' them gewgaws in the sun, 'you don't notice no actresses flittin' about the scene arrayed like that, do you? If so, p'int out them over-bedecked females, an' I'll see all they've got an' go five thousand better, if it calls for every 7-bar-D head of cattle on the range.'

"Pete," says Missis Bland, clampin' on to the joelry with one hand, an' slidin' the other about his neck, 'you shore are the kindest an' most gen'rous soul who ever makes a moccasin track in Arizona.'

"Shore, this yere Bland ain't so plumb bad. An' after a fashion he's able to give excuses. Once, while talkin' to Peets, he lays his rather light an' frisky habits to him bein' a preacher's son.

"Which you never, Doc," he says, 'meets up with the son an' heir of a pulpитеer,

that a-way, whc ain't bitin' an' pullin' on the moral bit, an' tryin' for a runaway.'

"At any rate, Pete," the Doc replies, some cautious an' conservative, "I will say that, if you're lookin' for some party who'll every day be steady an' law-abidin', not to say seedate, you'll be a heap more likely to find him among the progeny of some gent who's been lynched."

"Recurrin' to that onfortchoonate Fo'th of Jooly play we cuts loose in, it's the evenin' when we invites Red Dog in a body, to he'p consoome the left-over stock of lickers belongin' to the former Votes For Women S'loon, an' nacherally than's some drinkin'. As is not infrequent whar thar's drinkin', thar's views expressed an' prop'sitions made. It's then, for the earliest time, we takes up the business of havin' that cel'bration.

"Peets makes a speech, I recalls, an' after dilatin' 'round to the effect that the Fo'th of Jooly ain't two weeks ahead, allows that it'd be a heap in patriotic line for us to do somethin'. 'Conj'ntly,' says Peets, 'Red Dog an' Wolfville, movin' together with one proud purpose of patriotism, ought to put over quite a show. As commoonities, we're no longer in the swaddlin' clothes of infancy, an' it's time we goes on record as a whole public, in manner an' form calc'lated to make a somnolent East set up an' bat its eyes.'

"Peets continyoos in a sim'lar vein, an' speaks of th' settlement of the Southwest,

wharin we b'ars our part, as a 'exodus without a prophet, a croosade without a cross,' which sent'ment he allows he takes from some lit'rary sport, but no less troo for that. He closes by sayin' that if we-all feels like he does, we'll j'ine in layin' out a program, that a-way, which'll spread the glorious fact from coast to coast that Wolfville an' Red Dog is shorely on the map.

"It's a credit to both outfits to see how yoonanimously the s'ggession is accepted. Which I never does behold a public go all one way, so plumb quick an' with so little struggle, since B'ar Creek Stanton is



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lynched, which act of jestice is that pop'lar it even obtains the endorsement of B'ar Creek himse'f.

"Peets is no sooner done talkin' than Dave Tutt stacks in. 'Thar's our six-shooters,' says he, 'for the foosilade; an', as for moosic, sech as 'Columbia the Gem,' an' 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' we can deepend on them Dutchmen who's the orchestra at the Bird Cage Op'ry House.'

"The talk rambles on, one word borryin' another, until we outlines quite a game. Thar's the procession between Wolfville an' Red Dog, an' back ag'in. Thar's Faro Nell, leadin' the same on a *pinto* pony as the Goddess of Liberty.

"An' that reminds me," submits Cherokee Hall, when we gets as far as Faro Nell, "how about Missis Rucker? It's goin' to hurt her feelin's a whole lot to be left out. As the preesidin' genius of the O. K. Restaurau, too, she's in shape to give us a racket we'll deesipse, in event she gets her back up."

"How about lettin' her in on the play," says Boggs, "as typ'fyin' Jesticie, that a-way?"

"Thar's a idee, Dan," says Texas Thompson, "which plugs the center, a reccommendation which does you proud! Down in that Laredo co't-house, whar my wife wins out her divorce that time, thar's a figger of Jesticie painted on the wall. Shore, it don't mean nothin', but all the same it's thar, dressed in white, that a-way, with eyes bandaged, an' packin' a sword in one hand an' holdin' aloft some balances in t'other. Also, come to think of it, that picture shore looks a heap like Missis Rucker in the face—bein' plumb haughty an' commandin'."

"Missis Rucker not bein' yere none," says Enright softly, at the same time peerin' about some cautious, "I submits that, while no more esteemable lady ever tosses a flapjack or fries salt hoss in a pan, her figger is mebby jest a trifle too abundant. As Jesticie she'll nacherally be arrayed, as Texas says, in white, same as Faro Nell as the Goddess. But thar's this to be thought of: white augments the size of folks, an' it'll make the lady in question look bigger 'n a load of hay."

"An' yet," remarks the Red Dog chief, "would that of its'e', I asks, be reckoned a setback? The lady will person'fy Jesticie; an', as sech, I submits she can't look too big."

"In compliment to the Red Dog chief, Enright, with a p'lite flourish, lets on that he yields the p'int with pleasure, an' Missis Rucker shall be Jesticie, assoomin' she consents. It's agreed likewise to borry a coach from the stage company, for Missis Rucker to ride on top.

"Her bein' preeclooded," explains Peets, "from ridin' a hoss, as ondignified if not onsafe. We can rig her up a throne with one of the big cha'rs from the Red Light, an' wrop the same in the American flag so's to make it look offishul."

"Tucson Jennie, with little Enright Peets, as the 'Hope of the Republic,' is to be inside the coach.

"Havin' got thus far, Pete Bland submits that a tellin' number would be a sham battle, Red Dog ag'inst Wolfville. Thar's, however, opp'sition developed to this. Enright an' the Red Dog chief, as leaders of pop'lar feelin', is afraid that some sport'll forget that it ain't on the level, an' take to overactin' his part. As the Red Dog chief expresses it,

"Some gent might be so far carried away by enthoosiasm as to go to shootin' low, an' some other gent get tharby creased."

"My notion exact," concedes Enright. "Of course, the gent who thus shoots low would ondenably do so inadvertent; but what good would that do the party who's winged, an' who mightn't live long enough to receive apol'gies?"

"That's whatever!" says Jack Moore. "A sham battle's plumb apt to prove a snare. The more since everybody's so onused to 'em 'round yere. Which a gent, by keepin' his mind firm fixed on his number might manage to miss once or twice; but it's red chips to white that, soon or late, he'd become preeoccupied, that a-way, in which event he'd be shore to bust some of the opp'sition before ever he could think to ketch himse'f."

"Bland, seein' how opinion's all one way ag'inst a sham battle, withdraws the motion, an' in so doin' is plenty graceful for a gent who's onable to stand. 'Enough said,' he remarks, at the same time wavin' a acquiescent paw; 'ante an' pass the buck!'

"The Lightnin' Bug, speakin' from the Red Dog side, insists that in the reg'lar course of things, thar's bound to be oratory. In that connection, he mentions an eloquent sharp over in Phoenix. 'Which I'm shore,'



DRAWN BY J. N. MARCHAND

"We makes four trips, back an' forth, between Wolfville an' Red Dog, crackin' off our Colt's .45's at reg'lar intervals, Faro Nell, on her calico pony as the Goddess of Liberty, bustin' away with the rest"

"Wolfville"

says the Bug, 'he'd be plenty willin' to assist. An' you hear me, he's got a tongue of fire! Some of you-all sports must have crossed up with him—Jedge Beebe of Phoenix?'

"'Jedge Beebe?' interjects Old Monte, who's given a hostler his proxy to take out the stage, an' thar bein' onlimited licker is nacherally present; 'me an' the jedge stands drinkin' together for hours, the last time he's in Tucson. But you're plumb wrong, Bug, about the jedge bein' a talker.'

"'Wrong?' the Bug repeats, mighty indignant.

"'Of course,' says Old Monte, rememberin' how easy heated the Bug is, an' how he looks on six-shooters as argyooments. 'I don't mean he can't talk none; what I'm sayin' is, he ain't what the Doc yere calls no Demosthenes.'

"'Did you ever hear the jedge talk?' demands the Bug, too astonished to arch his back.

"'Which I shore does,' insists Old Monte; 'I listens to him for two hours, that time in Tucson. It's when they opens the new dance-hall.'

"'Whatever is his subject?' asks the Bug, layin' for Old Monte to ketch him; 'what's the jedge talkin' about?'

"'I don't know,' says Old Monte, wropped in his usual mantle of whiskey-soaked innocence; 'he didn't say.'

"The Bug's eyes come together in a angry focus, like he thinks he's bein' trifled with. Tharupon Enright cuts in.

"'Bug,' he says, all smooth an' suave, 'you mustn't mind Monte. He's so misconstructed that, followin' the twenty-fifth drink, he goes about mistakin' his ignorance for information. No one doubts but you're a heap sight better jedge than him of eloquence, an' everything else except nose-paint. S'pose, tharfore, you considers yourself a committee of one to act for the conj'nt camps, an' invite this yere joorist to be present a whole lot as orator of the day.'

"The Bug's brow cl'ars up at this, an' he asshores Enright that he'll perform as sech with pleasure. 'An', gents,' he adds, 'if you says he ain't got Patrick Henry beat to a standstill, may I never hold as good as aces-up ag'in.'

"The Red Dog chief announces that all hands must attend a free-for-all banquet which, inflooenced by the tenth drink, he

then an' thar decides to give at Bland's Abe Lincoln House. 'Said banquet,' he explains, 'bein' in the nacher of a lunch to be held at high noon. An' if the dinin'-room of the Abe Lincoln ain't spacious enough—an I'll say right yere, it ain't—we'll teetotaciously set them tables in the street. That's my style! I wants everybody, bar Mexicans, to be present. When I gives a blow-out, I go fo'th into the highways an' byways, an' asks the halt an' the lame an' the blind, like the Good Book says. Also, no gent need go prowlin' 'round for no weddin' garments wharin to come. Which he's welcome to show up in goat-skin laiggin's, or appear wropped in the drippin' an' offensive pelt of a wet dog.'

"The Red Dog chief goes on to say, likewise, that no gent is to regyard them cracks about the halt an' the lame an' the blind, as in any sort aimed at Wolfville. He allows he ain't that invidious, an' that in what he says he's merely strivin' to be both euphonious an' explicit, that a-way, at one an' the same time.

"To which Enright reesponds mighty p'lite that no offense is took, an' asshores the Red Dog chief that Wolfville will attend the banquet all spraddled out.

"More licker, followed by gen'ral congratulations.

"Bland ag'in comes surgin' to the fore. This time he thinks that, as a main feachure, it would be a highly effective play to reenact the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington.

"As endorsin' the notion, Tutt goes weavin' across to shake his hand. 'Some folks allows, Pete,' says Tutt, 'that you're as whiskey-muddled an old fool as Monte. But not me, Pete—not your old pard, Dave Tutt! An' you hear me, that idee of yours, about Cornwallis givin' up his sword to Washington, dem'nstrates it.'

"But is this yere surrender feasible?" asks Texas. 'Which it shore seems some cumbrous to me.'

"It's as easy as turnin' jack," reesponds Tutt, takin' the play away from Bland. 'I've seen it done.'

"As when an' whar?" puts in Cherokee.

"Thar's a time," says Tutt—"it's 'way back, when I sets into a little poker game in Vegas, table stakes she is, an' cleans up for ten thousand dollars. For about a week I goes 'round thinkin' that ten thousand dollars is a million, an' after that I simply

knows it is. These yere onnacheral riches onhinges me to a extent whar I deecides I'll visit Chicago an' Noo York, as calk'lated to broaden my eddication.'

"Noo York! Chicago!" interrupts Texas. "I once upon a time deescends upon them hamlets, an' I notices this yere strikin' difference: in Chicago they wouldn't let me spend a peso, while in Noo York they wouldn't let anybody else spend one."

"It's otherwise with me," goes on Tutt, "because for a wind-up I don't see neither. I'm young then, an', affected by yooth an' riches, I takes to licker, with the result that I goes pervadin' up an' down the train, insistin' on becomin' person'ly acquainted with every passenger."

"An' you gets put off," says Boggs.

"Not exactly, neither. Only the conductor, assisted by a bevy of brakemen, lays the thing before me in sech a convincin' shape that I gets off of my own accord. It seems that, to be agree'ble, I proposes wedlock to a middle-aged schoolmarm, who allows for her side that she sees no objection except I'm a perfect stranger. She says it ain't been customary with her none, to go weddin' strangers that a-way, but if I'll go get myse'f reg'larly introdooced, an' then give her a day or so to become used to my looks, she'll go me. It's then the conductor draws me aside, an' says: 'I've a son about your age, my ebolient young sport, which is why I takes your part. My theory is that if you sticks aboard this train until we reaches Rock Island, you'll never leave that village a single man.'

"This sobers me," Tutt continyoos, "an' I hides out in the baggage-kyar until we reaches some place called Sedalia, whar I quietly makes my escape. I'm that relieved I gives the cabman twenty dollars to let me drive, an' after bundlin' him into his own hack, I starts in to wake things up. Which I shore wakes 'em! I comes up the main street like the breath of destiny, an' you ought to see them Missourians climb trees an' gen'rally break for cover! I certainly does leave things on both sides of that thoroughfare! It costs me fifty dollars, an' the jedge gives me his word that, only it's the Fo'th of Jooly, he'd hand me two weeks in the calaboose. I clinks down the fifty pesos some grateful; after which I goes bulgin' forth to witness the cer'monies. She's a jo-darter, that Sedalia cel'bration is! As Pete yere recommends, they pulls off the

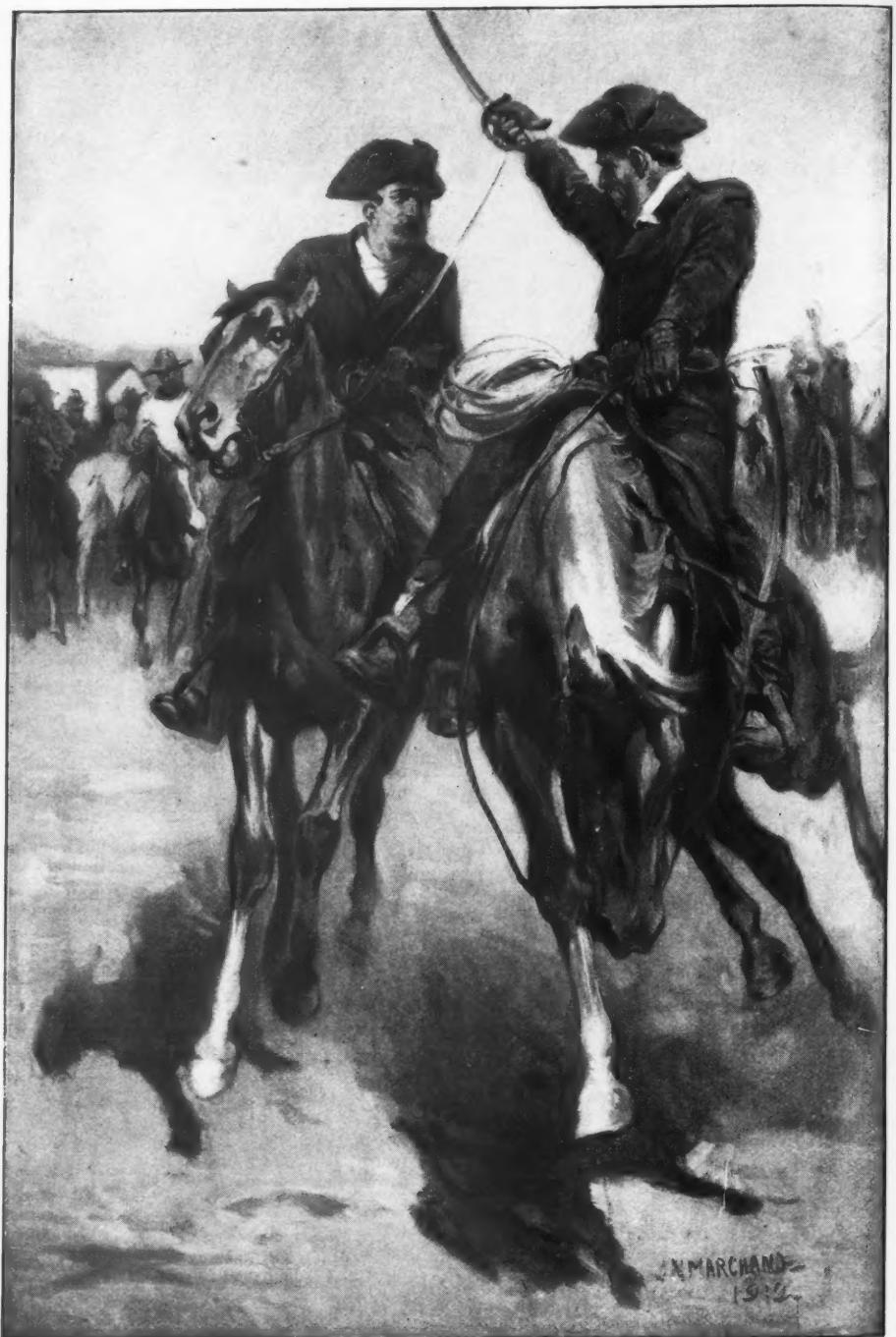
surrender of Cornwallis, the racket comin' off on the fair-grounds. All you needs is mebby a couple of hundred folks on hosses, an' the rest's as easy as rollin' off a log.'

"This yere picture of Cornwallis surrendrin' to Washington takes convincin' root in our imaginations. We throws dice, an' settles it that Red Dog'll be the English, with Bland as Cornwallis; while Wolfville acts as the Americans, Boggs to perform as Washington—Boggs bein' six feet an' some inches, besides as wide as a door.

"In case you sees no objections, I'll gallop through the balance of this yere painful episode with doo despatch. The day comes 'round, bright an' cl'ar, an' the Copper Queen mine people gen'rously starts the ball a-rollin' by explodin', one after the other, fourteen cans of giant powder. Then the procession forms, Faro Nell in front as the Goddess. Thar's full two hundred of us, Wolfville an' Red Dog, on ponies, with Missis Rucker on top of the coach as Jestice, Tucson Jennie, with little Enright Peets—lookin' like a young he-angel—inside, an' Old Monte pullin' the reins over the six hosses.

"We makes four trips, back an' forth, between Wolfville an' Red Dog, crackin' off our Colt's .45's at reg'lar intervals, Faro Nell, on her calico pony as the Goddess, bustin' away with the rest. Little Enright Peets wants in on the pistol-shootin', an' howls like a cub coyote—as children will—until Boggs, who foresees that something of the kind is bound to happen an' comes provided, gives him a little pistol, a box of blank cartridges, an' exhorts him to get in on the play. Which little Enright Peets gets in all right; an', except he sets fire to the coach a few times, an' makes Missis Rucker oneasy up on top, she fearin' that mebby some of them blanks has bullets in 'em by accident, has a perfectly splendid time.

"The procession over, we eats up the Red Dog chief's banquet, wharat every brand of airtights is introdooced. We listens to Jedge Beebe, who soars an' sails an' sails an' soars rhetorical for mebby it's a hour, an' is that eloquent an' elevated he never hits nothin' but the high places. The Red Dog chief makes a speech, an' proposes 'Wolfville'; to which Peets—by Enright's reequest—reesponds, an' offers 'Red Dog.' Thar's no negligence about the drinks, for Black Jack has capered fraternally over, to



DRAWN BY J. N. MARCHAND

"Washington Boggs waves his sword plenty vehement, which makes his pony cavort an' buck-jump, an' roars, 'Cornwallis, do you or do you not surrender?' 'Surrender nothin'!' Cornwallis Bland sneers back"

help out his barkeep brother of the Tub of Blood.

"When no one can longer drink or eat or talk, we reepa'rs to a level place between the two camps, to go through the big, main event of Cornwallis' surrender. The rival forces is arrayed opp'site, Cornwallis Bland in a red coat an' Washington Boggs in a coat of blue an' buff, accordin' to the teachin's of hist'ry. Also, both has sabers donated from the fort.

"When all's ready, Washington Boggs an' Cornwallis Bland rides out in front, until they're in speakin' distance. Cornwallis Bland's been over-drinkin' some, an' is w'arin' a mighty defiant look. After a spell, nothin' bein' spoke on either side, Washington Boggs sings out,

"Is this yere Gen'ral Cornwallis?"

"Who you talkin' to?" demands Cornwallis Bland, a heap contemptuous.

Peets has done writ out words for both to say, but neither uses 'em. Observin' how contumelious Cornwallis Bland conducts himse'f, Washington Boggs waves his sword plenty vehement, which makes his pony cavort an' buck-jump, an' roars,

"Cornwallis, do you or do you not surrender?"

"Surrender nothin'!" Cornwallis Bland sneers back. "Thar's never the galoot clanks a spur in Cochise County who can make me surrender. Also, don't you-all go wavin' that fool weapon at me none; I don't valyoo it more'n if it's a puddin'-stick. Which I've got one myse'f—yere he'd have lopped off one of his pony's y'ears, only it's so dull—'an' I deems that ornery of it, I wouldn't give it to a yellow pup to play with."

"For the last time, Cornwallis," shouts Washington Boggs, face aflame with rage, "I commands you to surrender."

"Don't let him bluff you, Pete," yells a young cowpuncher who belongs on the Red Dog-English side. "Which we can wipe up the plains with that Wolfville bunch, for money, marbles, or chalk!"

"You keep quiet!" says the Red Dog chief, as he bats the youthful trouble-makin' cowpuncher over the head with his gun.

The Red Dog chief softly motions to the Lightnin' Bug an' a fellow Red Dog, to pack what's left of the interferin' cowboy to the r'ar. That attended to, he turns to remonstrate with Cornwallis Bland for his obstinacy, but is two seconds too late. Washington Boggs, who's stood all he can,

with a growl like a insulted grizzly, drives his spurs into his pony. Thar's a bound an' a rush, an' he hits Cornwallis Bland an' his charger full tilt.

"The pony of Cornwallis Bland gets bowled over like nine-pins, an' Cornwallis would have gone with him, only Washington Boggs fastens his big hand on the red-coat collar, an' hefts that great commander out of his saddle, same as if he's a sack of bran.

"Now, you deboshed old drunkard, will you surrender?" demands Washington Boggs, shakin' Cornwallis Bland, like a dog does a rat, until that British leader drops all of his hardware, inclosoive of his pistol. "Now will you surrender? Or must I break your back across your own pony, as preelim'inary to showin' you the error of your ways?"

"Thar's a moment when it looks a heap like that's goin' to be a hostile comminglin' of all hands. It's then, with the rush of a storm, her ha'r streamin' behind her same as if she's a comet, Missis Bland comes chargin' up to Washington Boggs.

"Yere, you great villyun!" she screams; "give me my husband this instant, or I'll t'ar your eyes out!"

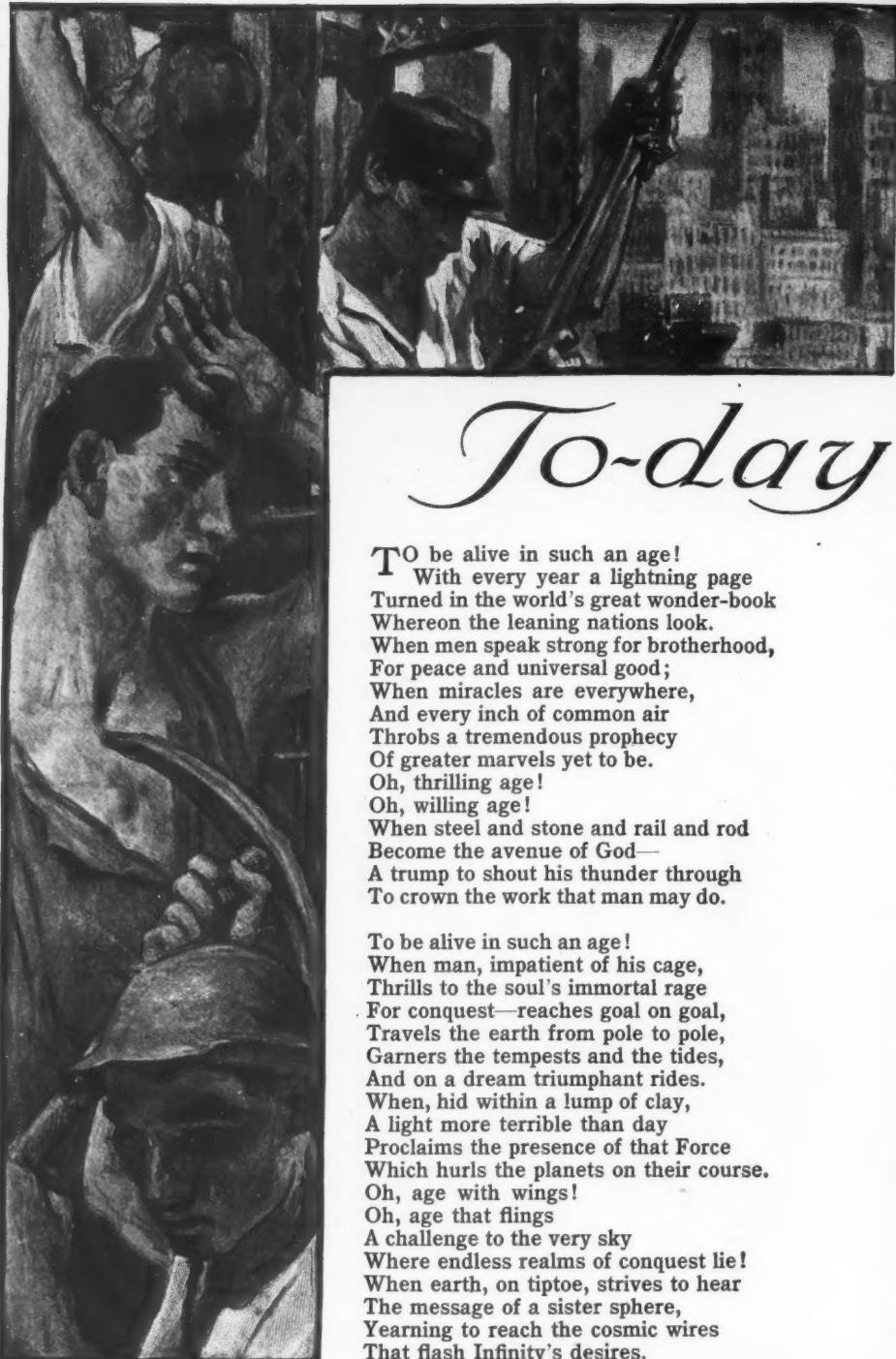
"It's him who's to blame, ma'am," says Enright, comin' to Washington Boggs's rescue, at the same time p'intin' a accoosative finger at Cornwallis Bland. "Defyin' hist'ry, your husband refooses utterly to surrender."

"Which you give him to me," says Missis Bland; "you bet he'll surrender to me all right."

"As the Red Dog chief stands apol'gizin' to Enright, who's tellin' him not to mind, the last we sees of Cornwallis Bland he's bein' half shoved an' half drug, not to mention wholly yanked, toward the Abe Lincoln House, by Missis Bland.

"What saith the poet?" says Peets, as he gazes after 'em admirin'ly. "His wife is either whip or brake to every man."

"That's the end; except that this yere onward finale gets wide-flung notice in print, an' instead of bein' a boost, as we-all fondly hopes, the cel'bration makes both Wolfville an' Red Dog the jeer of the two territories. Also, while it don't sour the friendly relations of the camps none, thar's never been a moment since but what the mere mention of Fo'th of Jooly's enough to leave a bitter taste in every se'f-respectin' Wolfville-Red Dog mouth."



To-day

TO be alive in such an age!
With every year a lightning page
Turned in the world's great wonder-book
Whereon the leaning nations look.
When men speak strong for brotherhood,
For peace and universal good;
When miracles are everywhere,
And every inch of common air
Throbs a tremendous prophecy
Of greater marvels yet to be.
Oh, thrilling age!
Oh, willing age!
When steel and stone and rail and rod
Become the avenue of God—
A trump to shout his thunder through
To crown the work that man may do.

To be alive in such an age!
When man, impatient of his cage,
Thrills to the soul's immortal rage
For conquest—reaches goal on goal,
Travels the earth from pole to pole,
Garners the tempests and the tides,
And on a dream triumphant rides.
When, hid within a lump of clay,
A light more terrible than day
Proclaims the presence of that Force
Which hurls the planets on their course.
Oh, age with wings!
Oh, age that flings
A challenge to the very sky
Where endless realms of conquest lie!
When earth, on tiptoe, strives to hear
The message of a sister sphere,
Yearning to reach the cosmic wires
That flash Infinity's desires.



By Angela Morgan

Drawing by Charles A. Winter

To be alive in such an age!
That thunders forth its discontent
With futile creed and sacrament,
Yet craves to utter God's intent,
Seeing beneath the world's unrest
Creation's huge, untiring quest,
And through Tradition's broken crust
The flame of Truth's triumphant thrust;
Below the seething thought of man
The push of a stupendous plan.

Oh, age of strife!
Oh, age of life!
When Progress rides her chariot high
And on the borders of the sky
The signals of the century
Proclaim the things that are to be—
The rise of woman to her place,
The coming of a nobler race.

To be alive in such an age!
To live to it!
To give to it!
Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees.
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame.
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
And link thy hope with humankind;
Breathe the world-thought, do the world-deed,
Think hugely of thy brother's need.
And what thy woe, and what thy weal?
Look to the work the times reveal!
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart—
Crave but to have in it a part.
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage. . . .
To be alive in such an age!



Do You Believe in Maude Adams?

By Henry Tyrrell

DO you believe in Maude Adams? The question is a mate to that so eagerly propounded by Peter Pan, "Do you believe in fairies?" Only it is exactly the reverse. For, whereas Peter is pleading for your faith in the reality of something unreal, the query here is, Do you believe that the

lovely stage sprite who is sometimes Lady Babbie, sometimes Chanticler, sometimes the troubadour Jester, and what not, ever materializes as a real human person whose name in broad daylight is Maude Adams?

Without assuming to settle the matter offhand, let us look up some of the evidences in this fascinating case.

There is a real Maude Adams. Two of the pictures on this page prove it. The other shows her in "Twelfth Night"



[C] CHARLES FRIMAN

In the first place, there is the negative corroboration that whenever we read

in the newspapers that the real-life Maude Adams is resting from overwork, or has gone abroad for meditation in the deserts of Palestine, or for a sojourn in a French convent, the current Maude Adams play, whatever it may be, simultaneously disappears from the stage, to reappear only when the return of the actress in person is announced. There is no understudy

for this singularly winsome star.

Some claim to have known her as a summer neighbor at Onteora in the Catskills, or as the gracious chatelaine of Sandy Garth, up Long Island.

Others are sure they have seen her, or some one as much like her as any person on this side of the footlights can be, mingling with the fashionably



(C) CHARLES FROHMAN

clad throng at the Horse Show.

It is a common thing for considerable groups of people, sometimes quite a crowd, to wait around the stage door of the theater where Miss Adams is playing, to see her come out. Oftentimes they are disappointed—not at her appearance or non-appearance, but simply because they don't recognize her when they see her.

On one of these occasions, as Miss Adams was passing unobserved through the lingering throng, an English actor of her company who had chanced to leave the theater at the same time she did, said to her:

"How extraordinary! Now, what can all these people be waiting for?"

"To see you, probably," Lady Babbie replied demurely. He shook his head—he knew better than that—but he kept muttering to himself, "I wonder."

Why all this aloofness and mystery, in America's most popular actress?

Maude Adams as Peter Pan and Rosalind; in "The Jesters" and "Chanticler." In "Chanticler" only did she fail of the highest success



The boy in "Never Never Land" who never grew up

The is sim- when know rather It is that valiant spirit in a frail and delicate body gives about nine-tenths of itself as a willing sacrifice to the great public, on evenings and matinées; and the remaining tenth is de-

voted not so much to her own pleasure as to restoring the wear and tear of past performances and replenishing the stock of enthusiasm and ideals for those to come. She practically says to her friends:

"If you love me, leave me alone. I have neither the fancy nor the physical strength for society, and all the 'temperament' I have goes into my acting. What should anybody care about the shadows and half-tones of my life?"

It was near the beginning of her career that she ex-



"Peter Pan," and "What Every Woman Knows."

It is a queer fact that Barrie has never seen Maude Adams in any of his plays, and has never seen her act at all since that night, more than



(C) CHARLES FROHMAN

claimed, with perhaps only half-serious impulsiveness, "Duse never gives interviews—I guess I won't." She guessed right, and has religiously stuck to that rule ever since.

Courage and cheerfulness are the secret of her dauntless bearing and the strange, haunting music of her voice.

The chief turning-point in the eventful theatrical history of Maude Adams occurred about fifteen years ago, on the occasion of J. M. Barrie's first visit to America.

On the eve of his departure for home, Barrie chanced to see "Rosemary," and was so impressed by the leading lady in that production that the next day, instead of sailing for England as he had intended, he sought out Manager Frohman and said, "If I can have Miss Adams for Lady Babbie, I'll make you a winning play out of 'The Little Minister.'" Mr. Frohman told him to go ahead—and that was the start of the memorable series which includes "Quality Street,"

Maud Adams as Joan of Arc when the play was given in the Harvard Stadium, and as Rosalind in the open-air performance of "As You Like It," at Berkeley, California



a dozen years ago, when he first beheld her in "Rosemary."

Fancy what he has in store—for he is expected in New York before the Christmas holidays.

The rest of us have something large to look forward to also, for preparations are well under way for the next Barrie-Maude Adams play,

"The Legion of Leonora." We expect it to increase our faith in Maude Adams.

The Unguessed Riddle

By Ralph H. Craig



"YOU have to 'step lively' in this profession, after once getting under way," mused

Miss Elsie Ferguson, as with a radiant smile she held up the prompt-book of "Primrose," in which she was making the acquaintance of her newly assigned rôle. "I must have made a big hit in rehearsing 'Eva,' for here, before it was produced, I am promoted to the leading part in a *Comédie Française* piece by Caillavet and De Flers, the authors of John Drew's 'Inconstant George' and Miss Bill Burke's 'Love Watches,' among other things. I ought to feel proud, but I'm just glad."

There is no music with this new comedy; but in all other respects it is as truly Fergusonian as if it had been written expressly to exploit the variegated talents of the temperamental Elsie. It is a story of France

of to-day, yet its atmosphere is feudal and ecclesiastical, of the old régime as contrasted with the new. Primrose, the heroine, is in love with a serious but romantic captain of industry, who has made a fortune in American mines, and then—as he thinks—lost it. For this reason he chivalrously decides not to involve the girl in a poverty-stricken love match, so he assumes indifference and goes away. When we state that there is a good old worldly Cardinal de Merance in Primrose's family, it is a foregone conclusion that the young lady's determination to take holy vows will be thwarted on the threshold.

The real Elsie Ferguson, and as Dolly Madison in "The First Lady in the Land"

The Unguessed Riddle





To-day
they
speak of
her as
the new
Bern-
hardt

HE has midnight hair on which blue high lights shimmer, and her face is the face of Psyche with a mingling expression of mischief, passion, and melancholy. To-day they speak of her as the new Bernhardt, which is foolish praise, for the immortal Sarah at sixty-seven is herself the only new Bernhardt. But this younger woman, who began her professional career as a dancer beloved of the boulevardier, with a penchant for terpsichorean graces, has grown into an actress of power and charm. Her salary at the Paris theaters is equal to that of the Minister of War. She has the gift of

A Dancing Bernhardt

By Scott Liddell

chic, which, added to a real histrionic understanding, makes all things possible in the French capital. Her name is Regina Badet, and she is wonderful. We don't know her yet on this side of the Atlantic. So far she has gotten only as far as London, where, as the bright, particular luminary of "The Secret of Myrto," she danced her way into the hearts of critics and Johnnies alike.

Mlle. Badet's premier as a twinkler was at the Grand Theater in Bordeaux, transformed audience in-claque by smile and her ankle.

first night's eulogistic the quills press- ions

not shirk expected tripped to drama. She has successful âtre des her "Sappho" talk in the national city in "Sappho" was "Sappho"—a

ink flowed from of the profound men whose opin- are valued. From then till now Regina Badet has been a synonym for success. But she had a mind above ballet skirts, and she did work and study. The happened, and she lightly from dancing and to operatic leads. just completed a season at the Thé-Capucines, where "Sappho" was town most conversa- the world. Her Daudet's own variable, self-effa-

A Dancing Bernhardt

cing, vain, and femininely alluring creature. She is all French; she is all woman. She was all "Sappho" while she lived through each vivid act of the emotional play. At the Théâtre An-

with a fitting gesture and a soul-revealing expression of the face.

"It is not beauty that makes a woman most attractive," declares Mlle.

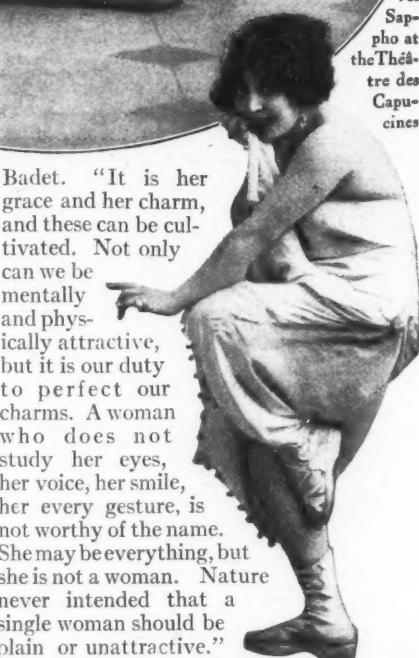


toine Mlle. Badet achieved a thundering success as Conchita in "The Woman and the Harlequin." There is no plot in "The Woman and the Harlequin"—it is a mere study of a woman's refined cruelty and a man's patient suffering. Conchita Perez is a poor little dancing girl who inflames the passion of the rich Señor Mateo Diaz. She also loves him, but is so proud of her independence that the very idea that money or other considerations should play any part in her surrender is enough to revolt every fiber of her. As Conchita, Regina Badet proved her voice and imitative powers to be as subtly eloquent as her limbs.

This woman, who knows woman's nature, believes in the dramatic quality of everyday existence. "Every woman can live artistically," says she, "if she will only realize the latent histrionic talent which the sex possesses." She has a theory that every spoken word should be accompanied

Badet. "It is her grace and her charm, and these can be cultivated. Not only can we be mentally and physically attractive, but it is our duty to perfect our charms. A woman who does not study her eyes, her voice, her smile, her every gesture, is not worthy of the name. She may be everything, but she is not a woman. Nature never intended that a single woman should be plain or unattractive."

As Sappho at the Théâtre des Capucines



The Pawned Cup

Ever since the days of "Scrooge" and "Tiny Tim" the best stories of Christmas have made the smile and tear follow close together. To do it successfully is one of the rarest gifts of story-writing—one reason why good Christmas stories nowadays are so hard to get. Bruno Lessing is one of the few writers to-day who know the art, and his Ghetto characters furnish material straight to his hand—material from a curious medley-life of tragic-comedy—of strong lights and shadows, laughter and tears. In this story he takes a Scrooge-like character and shows how the Christmas spirit is bound to come through the wonderful magic of "the little child that leads them"

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

THE season of "peace on earth, good will toward men," has come once more. Is it amiss to offer a text from the Ghetto for a sermon? The stars are shining—the stars that shone upon Bethlehem. Have you patience to hear a homily?

Those who roam the world in search of happiness wander far afield. They will find it—if they find it—in their hearts. In their heart it was implanted when time began.

What avail the vaunted triumphs of the mind? What is the worth of the progress of which we are so proud? We seek happiness, even as they sought it who worked on the banks of the Euphrates when Hammurabi was king. Are we more able to find it than they? They had no obstacles to happiness save greed and malice, prejudice and envy, pride and hatred. Have we, in these thousands of years, overcome those obstacles?

Those who seek happiness will find it in their heart. Jew or Gentile, theist or atheist, saint or sinner, to each is given the torch of the light of truth before whose rays all those obstacles vanish as the morning mist vanishes before the rising sun. For there is good in all of us: aye, in the worst of us there is good. God's pity upon him who stubbornly holds his ears the while his heart cries aloud!

From Abrahams's pawn-shop you could easily hear the bells of the Lutheran church that stood—and still stands—just beyond the upper confines of the Ghetto. These bells rang with the same monotonous clangor day after day and week after week as if the

sexton who tolled them were absolutely devoid of spirit and performed this function mechanically, like an automaton. But at Christmas time he seemed to awaken and inject a certain amount of vigor into his task. For then the bells would raise their pitch and ring out in joyful, appealing tones, vibrant with life and eagerness, as if they were struggling to proclaim some glad tidings. When the Christmas holidays were past, however, they fell back into their old monotonous chime, day after day and week after week, as if they had nothing to say, but rang from sheer habit. From Abrahams's pawn-shop you could hear them.

Typifying to Abrahams, as they did, the religious faith in whose name his race had been persecuted through unhappy centuries, it is small wonder that he never heard those bells ring without feeling a wave of resentment surge through his heart. Yet, bigot though he was, he never gave them a thought at other times, nor did he allow his mind to dwell much on his prejudices save when some untoward incident chanced to arouse them. He was too busy with his Talmudic studies most of the time to give thought to anything else, save the routine of his business. It was only when the bells rang that this bitter feeling manifested its presence.

In his business Abrahams had his son Marcus to help him. Marcus, at this time, was twenty-two years old—a typical Ghetto product, thin, sallow faced, impatient of the austerity of his father's religion, and

The Pawned Cup

devoid of any strong beliefs of his own. Abrahams was a man of few words and undemonstrative in his emotions, but the current of his affection for his son ran deep and strong. He was an indulgent father, allowing the young man the fullest liberty and rarely inquiring into what he did with his leisure time and with the money that he earned so easily. Abrahams's own life had not been a happy one, and now, in its twilight, he had but this one son to console him for all that had passed and upon whom he could build all his hopes for the future. Only one thing did he demand of Marcus, and that was a strict observance of the rites and ceremonials of his religion, for all of Abrahams's hopes for the future were bound up in the Judaic faith, which he believed would some day come into its own. Marcus attended the synagogue regularly, fasted on *Yom Kippur*, and observed every feast. But there his devotions ended. While his father sat poring over the pages of Mishna and Gemara, or discussing mooted points of the Torah with the elders of the Beth Hamidrash, Marcus was enjoying himself in dance-halls or on the street in the customary fashion of the younger generation of the Ghetto.

The Christmas season had come. Abra-

hams, sitting alone in his pawn-shop, heard the rising tumult of the bells, and, with a vicious snap, shut the volume of the Talmud that he had been reading. Was it not enough that his people should have been dispersed over the face of the earth without their tormentors so jubilantly proclaiming their victory? He began to pace the store with impatient stride, muttering imprecations upon the false Messiah.

The door opened, and a little boy timidly entered the store. He could not have been more than ten years old, and looked so frail and wan that an observant person would instantly have wondered why he was not abed. His big, coal-black eyes seemed to glow like burning embers in his pale face. In health he must have been a rarely beautiful child, but his features were pinched and his cheeks already sunken. Abrahams, however, observed none of these things. His mind was elsewhere, and his eyes saw nothing but a silver cup that the boy held in his emaciated hand and slowly laid upon the counter. Mechanically Abrahams took it up.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"A dollar," said the boy. "I got to buy a book."

Abrahams wrote out a ticket, handed the boy a dollar, and with the cup in his hand began to pace the floor again. The Christmas bells were ringing. The lad went out



Abrahams's mind was elsewhere, and his eyes saw nothing but a silver cup that the boy held in his emaciated hand



Abrahams rose from his chair, slowly, like a man stiff with ... and pointed to the door. "Go!" he whispered

as quietly as he had come. Then the bells stopped ringing, and Abrahams, scrutinizing the cup carefully for the first time, could not repress a smile. It was a silver-plated cup, hardly worth more than fifty cents.

"That's what comes of not paying attention to business," he soliloquized, smiling at his own absent-mindedness. The boy had given the name of Samuel Postnoff.

During the year that followed Marcus spent more time than ever away from the shop and devoted himself more than ever to a life of pleasure. His father, immersed in his books and his religious studies, did not notice it. Whenever Marcus asked for a larger sum of money than usual, his father would give it to him smilingly.

"Are you having a good time?" he would ask. And Marcus, amiable and communicative, would tell his father in great detail how he was enjoying life. The contrast with his own youth was strong and sharp, and Abrahams thanked Jehovah that he was able to give his son better than he had received himself. Now came a time, however, when Marcus said very little and seemed unusually grave. His requests for money became more and more frequent and the sums that he asked for larger and larger. And then, one day—it was in December—with a pale face, he approached his father.

"I've got to tell you some time," he said, "and I might as well do it now. I'm mar-

ried for three months." There was a quiver about his lips, but his eyes met his father's bravely.

Abrahams laid down his book and folded his hands upon his lap. "Who is she?" he asked.

Then it was that Marcus turned red, hesitated, and with an effort that required all the courage he possessed blurted out:

"You won't like it. She's a *Goy!*"

Abrahams turned white as death. For a long time he sat motionless, hardly seeming to breathe. He seemed to shrink and grow smaller and much older even as he sat there.

"Father!" exclaimed Marcus, advancing toward him with outstretched arms. A shudder passed through Abrahams. He rose from his chair, slowly, like a man stiff with age, and pointed to the door.

"Go!" he whispered.

Marcus's arms fell to his side. "Father!" he repeated.

Abrahams walked unsteadily to the door and opened it. "Out of my house!" he cried hoarsely.

Marcus put on his overcoat and started toward the door. Then he stopped as if he were about to speak, but there was that in his father's face that forbade all speech, and Marcus, with sudden determination, tightly pressed his lips together and with head erect and mien of pride strode forth from the place.

The Pawned Cup

For many days Abrahams went through the routine of his daily work like a man in a dream. An icy hand seemed clutching at his heart, and he could not understand why it was there. His son had committed the unpardonable sin, and he had disowned him. Was not that the penalty that Jehovah demanded? Why, then, should all his existence suddenly have become so clouded? Life seemed, all at once, to be robbed of its purpose. Had he, perhaps, not felt the proper resentment against his son? He tried, in every way, to reason the matter out to his satisfaction, but his reasoning led him nowhere. A dull depression fell upon him. Try as he would he could not understand it. There was nothing to do but fall back upon the Talmud with its wisdom and its stern exhortations, and this Abrahams did, all day and far into the night.

The Christmas bells rang out again, and for a brief moment he was lifted from the state of apathy into which he had fallen. A wave of fury almost overwhelmed him, and he cried aloud the curses that rose to his lips against the creed that had robbed him of his son. But this, too, quickly passed away, and he took up his Talmud again.

A little boy, wizened and sickly, entered the shop and handed Abrahams a pawn-ticket and thirty pennies. "I ain't got a whole dollar," said the boy, "but I come for to pay interest so maybe next year I can get the cup."

Mechanically Abrahams made out a new ticket and handed it to the lad. The incident made no further impression upon him than that he remembered, dimly, having seen the boy before.

The days went by, and the months, more rapidly than ever, and each afternoon Abrahams heard the bells of the Lutheran church. They had fallen into the routine of his humdrum life, and he knew, even without looking at the clock, just when to expect them. He did not go to the Beth Hamidrash as often as formerly, for he had no one to leave in the store and—what was perhaps a more deterrent cause—his friends there gave him news of his son. His son? Was he not dead and forgotten? Abrahams had even recited the *Kaddish*, the service for the dead, for him. Why should he hear tales of one Marcus Abrahams who chanced to be in ill health and faring badly?

Woe unto him who attempts to tear from his heart the roots that nature planted

there, for his burden is heavy to bear. And from Genesis to Deuteronomy, from Zeraim to Tohorot, neither Torah nor Talmud holds out consolation.

And slowly the realization came to Abrahams that his heart was calling out for his son, but so great was his pride and so strong a hold had his prejudice against the hated *Goyim* taken upon his life that he fought every instinct of his nature. As his frame grew older and feebler the fire of his resentment seemed to grow fiercer and fiercer within him. Thus three years passed, and each year at Christmastide the bells of the Lutheran church rang out their joyful tale, and each year the little boy came to renew the ticket for the pawned cup. He never seemed able to accumulate enough money to redeem his pledge, and offered the interest almost always in grimy pennies.

Abrahams took notice of him now and remembered that once before while the Christmas bells were ringing the boy had renewed his pawn-ticket. It was odd, too, that in the duration of the feeling of fierce hatred that swept over him at this season, the incident should have made even the slightest impression upon his memory. But, after all, it was a somewhat impersonal recollection. It was not until the fourth time the lad came that Abrahams with a sudden shock became aware that this boy was a living creature rapidly approaching dissolution. His burning eyes had sunk deep into their sockets. His frame was so emaciated that the bones showed plainly beneath the skin. He handed the pawnbroker twenty-five pennies and said:

"I couldn't save no more. Can you wait a couple of weeks?"

Abrahams never remembered writing out a new ticket. He must have done it mechanically, and it must have been mechanically that he told the boy not to bother about the five cents. For a strange paralysis seemed to have benumbed all his sensations, and he could only remember the lad's haunting face and the sadness that lay in his eyes. In the old days Abrahams had had a name for generosity and kindly impulse, and even when his trouble changed all the current of his life it had never been said that he was sordid. But in his benumbed condition at that moment, it was impossible for him to perform a voluntary, generous act. Heart and soul had suddenly been overwhelmed by a revelation of human

misery, and he could do no more than go through the habitual motions of his occupation. But he never forgot the boy's face.

The Christmas season passed, and Abrahams resumed his Talmud and his prayers. Once, when he went to the Beth Hamidrash for a book, he heard that a son had been born to Marcus. It took a long time for his mind to grasp this new thought, and the face of the boy who had pawned his cup kept recurring to his mental vision.

In the days that ensued the thought that he was now a grandfather came to him many times, and he made desperate effort to banish it from his mind. But the memory of the boy's face was not so easily obliterated. Many times did he lay down his book and pace the floor to drive the haunting image from his consciousness. It was dawning upon him now that his step had lost its elasticity and that he moved more slowly and with greater effort. But he could not drive that picture from his mind. And thus another year went by and Abrahams, with a strange mixture of hope and dread, looked forward to the day when the lad would come again. Sometimes, when a passage in the Talmud or the Torah moved him to greater piety than usual, the thought of the son who had failed to carry on his share of the

burden of Judah, and whose child would doubtless fall into the ways of the *Goyim*, would distress his soul. But, instantly, the great, burning eyes of the little boy who had pawned his cup would stare at him either from the pages of his book or from the gloomy shelves of his store, and son and grandson would both be forgotten in vague wondering.

The bells of the Lutheran church suddenly broke out in jubilant acclaim. The Christmas season was here. Day was departing, and in the twilight the resonance of the bells seemed to find a thousand faint, vibrating echoes within the walls of Abrahams's shop. A feeling of bitterness surged through his heart. The panorama of the persecution of his race through twenty centuries lay unfolded before his eyes as vividly as if a lightning flash had illuminated it.

"Hear, O Israel!" he cried, reciting the *Shema*, as if it were a fetish to ward off an

impending calamity, "the Lord thy God, the Lord is one!"

The door of the shop opened, and a woman whose face was almost entirely hidden by a huge shawl entered and laid a pawn-ticket upon the counter. Abrahams rose slowly and picked up the ticket.



MILTON
BRACKER.

His son? Was he not dead? Abrahams had even recited the Kaddish, the service for the dead, for him



Even though the door was shut, children seemed to come trooping into the room from the street. In the eyes of all shone a wonderful light

It bore the name of Samuel Postnoff, and slowly it fell from Abraham's hand as if his fingers had become paralyzed and he could not hold it any longer. His lips moved but for a moment he could not speak. Then, hoarsely, he asked,

"The little boy?"

A moment passed—it seemed an endless stretch of time to Abrahams—and from under the shadow of the shawl there came a faint sob. Then, in a broken voice:

"I'm his mother. We didn't know about the cup until the last day. He gave me the ticket and—he told me how good you were—you took twenty-five cents when he didn't have enough to pay the interest. He

wanted the money for a story-book. He—he was always sickly—he didn't have a chance. We're poor people, but, of course"—she even laughed faintly—"a dollar doesn't make any difference. And we want to keep the cup."

Abrahams had never once tried to peer at the face hidden within the hood of the shawl. He reached toward a shelf and took down the cup, removing it from the paper that covered it. He held it in his hand and looked at it, but his eyes could not see it. He gave it to the woman and moved, unsteadily, toward his chair. The woman fumbled in her pocketbook.

"How much is it?" she asked.

Abrahams turned swiftly, seemed to grow taller, his eyes flashed fire, and, as if some electric shock had galvanized him, his whole body stood erect and seemed to tower in that dingy room.

"For God's sake, don't talk to me of money!" he cried. "Please—please!"

The woman, abashed, picked up the cup and left the store, and the sudden spirit that had overcome the pawnbroker departed with her, for he sank into his chair, weak and helpless. Now the Christmas bells rang out anew. With cheerful clangor their strokes resounded through the wintry air, filling that small shop with endless reverberations. But, hark! what was this new message they were telling? What meant this new spirit of joy and youth and happiness that seemed to have crept into the peal of those bells? Abrahams, with mouth agape, gazed wonderingly at the dark shelves that lined his gloomy shop. In every nook and shadow he seemed to see a child's face staring at him with wondering eyes. He

turned to look at the shelves behind him, and everywhere he beheld the same apparition—baby faces, some smiling and some with great, deep-sunken eyes—all gazing upon him. And even though the door was shut, children seemed to come trooping into the room from the street, children of all kinds and descriptions, the lame and the sound, the plain and the beautiful, boys and girls, and in the eyes of all shone a wonderful light.

The bells of the Lutheran church that stood—and still stands—beyond the confines of the Ghetto were ringing out the song of childhood. Childhood! The sweetness and the hope of life! Abrahams slowly rose from his chair. One by one he extinguished the lights of his shop. In the darkness he groped for his hat and his coat. The bells rang out joyfully.

"I'm coming, Marcus!" the pawnbroker whispered. "I'm coming to you, my son!"

He locked the door of his shop behind him and hastened out into the wintry twilight.

How to Solve Your Christmas Problem

A Helpful Suggestion

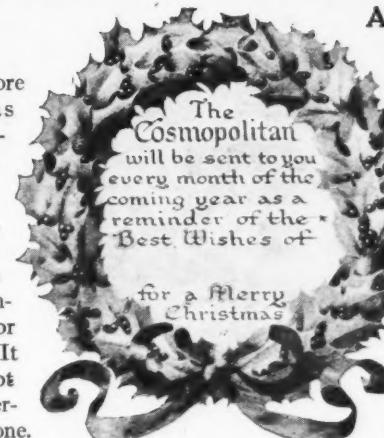
What could make a more delightful Christmas gift than a subscription to a magazine like *Cosmopolitan*?

Twelve separate gifts, covering each month in the entire year, is the extent of your single subscription for friend or relative. It will pay that little debt of courtesy which perhaps is due some one.

A Worth While Thought

Such a gift is surely worthy. It's a gift that contains a dozen remembrances—each one a magazine filled with helpfulness, entertainment, and pleasure.

The presentation of such a magazine as *Cosmopolitan* is most acceptable. *Cosmopolitan* is America's greatest magazine.



This Beautiful Christmas Wreath

To make your gift more pleasing, more acceptable, more timely, we will mail to each person to whom you wish to give a year's subscription to *Cosmopolitan*, this beautiful Christmas card, much enlarged, printed in four colors, and bearing your name as the well-wisher and donor. It will be mailed to reach its destination just at Christmas time, and will tell the recipient of a delightful gift of a whole year's remembrance. Better send your Christmas order now and avoid the holiday rush.



— MCCUTCHEON —

DRAWN BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

One day Bernice went out into the Sunshine and found something and brought it home with her and put it on a Rug in the Elizabethan Room. Father came in and took one look and said: "Not for mine! I won't stand for any Puss Willow being grafted on to our Family Tree."

New Fables in Slang

By
George Ade
Illustrated by
John T. McCutcheon

The New Fable of the Father Who Jumped In

ONCE there was a Leading Citizen with only one Daughter, but she was Some Offspring.

Bernice was chief Expense Account and Crown Jewel of a Real Estate Juggler who had done so well that all the Strap-Hangers regarded him as an Enemy to Society.

Papa was foolish, even as a Weasel.

He was what you might call Honest, which signified that all of his Low Work had been done by Agents.

A Person of rare judgment, withal. He never copped a piece of bulky Swag unless he had a Wheelbarrow with him at the time.

He had been going East with the Green Plush ever since the Party in Power precipitated the first Panic.

He had Stacks of the Needful, and his Rating was AA Plus 1, to say nothing of a Reserve cachéd in the little Tin Box.

Daughter alone could induce him to unbuckle, and melt, and jar loose, and come across, and kick in, and sting the Check-Book.

One day Bernice was a Little Girl, and the next day she was head Flossie among the Débutantes, with a pack of Society Hounds pursuing in Full Cry, each willing to help count the Bank Roll.

Father was scared pink when he sized up the Field.

He still wore box-toed Boots and carried Foliage on the Sub-Maxillary so that those who came ringing the Front Bell didn't look very lucky to him.

Sometimes he would dream that he had been pushed into a Mausoleum and that a slender Cyril with a Lady's Watch strapped on his Wrist was spending all of that Money for Signed Etchings.

Whereupon he would awake in a Cold Sweat and try to think of a safe Recipe for poisoning Cigarette-Smokers.

One day Bernice went out into the Sunshine and found something and brought it home with her and put it on a Rug in the Elizabethan Room.

Father came in and took one look and said: "Not for mine! I won't stand for any Puss Willow being grafted on to our Family Tree."

His name was Kenneth, and he reduced his Percentage on the first day by having the hemstitched Mouchoir tucked inside of the Cuff.

Also, it was rumored that he put oil on his Eye-Brows and rubbed Perfumery on the backs of his Hands.

Father walked around the He-Canary twice, looking at him over the Specs, and

New Fables in Slang

then he rushed to the Library and kicked the Upholstery out of an \$80 chair.

He could see the love-light glinting in the Eyes of Bernice. She had fallen for the Flukus.

Kenneth was installed as Steady.

When Bernice saw him turn the Corner and approach the House, he looked to her like Rupert, the long lost Heir—while Father discerned only an Insect too large to be treated with Powder.

Kenneth was the kind of Sop that you see wearing Evening Clothes on a Colored Post-Card.

If his private Estate had been converted into Pig Iron, he could have carried it in his Watch Pocket.

He was ree-fined and had lovely Teeth, but those who knew him well believed the Story that when he was a Babe in Arms, the Nurse had let him fall and strike on the Head.

He wore his Hair straight back and used Patent Leather dressing.

He was full of Swank and put on much Side and wore lily-colored Spats and was an awful Thing all around, from Pa's point of view.

In a crowd of Bank Directors he would have been a cheap Swivel, but among the Women Folks he was a regular Bright Eyes.

When you passed through the Archway of his Intellectual Domain you found yourself in the Next Block.

But—he could go into a Parlor and sprinkle Soothing Syrup all over the Rugs.

He had a Vaudeville Education and a small Tenor Voice, with the result that many a fluttering Birdie regarded him as the bona-fide Ketchup.

Bernice thought she was lucky to have snared him away from the others, and she had slipped him the whispered Promise, come Weal, come Woe.

She had no Mother to guide her, and it looked as if the Family was about to have a Rutabaga wished onto it.

No wonder Father was stepping sideways.

He would come home in the evening and find the Mush perched on a Throne in the Spot Light, shooting an azure-blue Line of desiccated Drool, with Bernice sitting out in front and Encoring.

Then he would retire to the back part



When Bernice saw him turn the Corner and approach the House, he looked to her like Rupert, the long lost Heir—while Father discerned only an Insect too large to be treated with Powder



- MCCUTCHEON -

Father never had heard tell of the Perils of Propinquity, and he thought Psychology had something to do with Fish. Just the same, he remembered about a Quail a day for 30 days, and he knew that the most agreeable Perfumery would not smell right if applied with a Garden Hose

of the House to bark at the Butler and act as if he had been eating Red Meat.

He knew that if he elbowed in and tried to break up the Clinch, it would mean a Rope Ladder, a piece in the Papers, and a final Reconciliation, with Parent playing the usual rôle of Goat.

He was resolved not to put in the remainder of his Days being panhandled by a Soufflé who wore Dancing Pumps in the daytime. The problem was to get shut of the Rodent without resorting to any Rough Stuff.

Father never had heard tell of the Perils of Propinquity, and he thought Psychology had something to do with Fish.

Just the same, he remembered about a Quail a day for 30 days, and he knew that the most agreeable Perfumery would not smell right if applied with a Garden Hose.

Likewise, he suspected that many a Quarter-Horse would blow, if put into a two-mile Handicap.

So he blocked out a Program which proved that Solomon had nothing on him.

Instead of grilling young Kenneth and holding him up to Contumely and forbidding

him the use of Cozy Corner, he started in to boost the Love Match.

Kenneth all but moved in his Trunk.

Father had a chance to weigh him, down to the last Ounce, and study the simple Mechanism of his transparent Personality.

Father classified the would-be Child-in-Law as a Gobbie, which means a Home-Wrecker who is still learning his Trade.

Kenneth would sit right up close to old Cash-in-Hand, who would egg him on to tell Dialect Stories and, after that, show how to make a Salad.

The Stories were some that Marshall Wilder stopped using in 1882 and since then have been outlawed on the Kerosene Circuit.

After Bernice had heard these Almanac Wheezes 26 or 28 times, she would sit still and look at the Center-Piece while Lover was performing.

The Gags didn't sound as killing as they had at first, and sometimes she wished the Dear Boy would chop on them.

No chance. Father had him kidded into believing that all the old ham-fat Riddles were simply Immense.

New Fables in Slang

As for that Salad Specialty, the poor Gink who calls loudly for English Mustard and thinks he is a Genius because he can rub a Bowl with a sprig of Garlic, may have his brief Hour of Triumph, but no man ever really got anywhere by mixing Salad, when you stop to add it all up.

Father would put the two young people together in the back of the Touring Car and ride them around for Hours at a time.

Anybody who has cut in on one of those animated Automobile Conversations, while the salaried Maniac from France is hitting up 42 miles an Hour, will tell you that the hind end of a Motor Vehicle is no good
Trysting-Place for an Engaged Couple.

Bernice would get home after one of these wild swoops into the realm of the Death Angel, and totter to her room and lie down, and murmur: "I wonder what ailed Kenneth today. He seemed Pre-occupied."

That same Evening, just when she needed Smelling Salts and Absolute Quiet, her enthusiastic Father would have Fiancé up to Dinner to pull the same stale Repertoire and splash around in the Oil and Vinegar.

If any Guests were present, then Father would play Introducer and tell them beforehand how good Kenneth was.

When given his Cue, the Lad would swell up and spring a hot One about the Swede and the Irishman, while Bernice would fuss with the Salt and wonder dimly if the Future had aught in store for her except Dialect Stuff.

Father had read on a Blotter somewhere that Absence makes the Heart grow fonder, so he played his System with the Reverse English.

He arranged a nice long trip by Land and Water and took the male Sweetheart along, so that the Doting Pair could be together at Breakfast.

His cunning had now become diabolical. He was getting ready to apply the Supreme Test.

Every Morning, when Bernice looked over her Baked Apple she saw nothing in this wide World except Kenneth, still reeking of Witch Hazel and spotted with Talcum Powder, and not very long on Sparkling Conversation.

When he was propped up in the cold Dawn, with his eyes partially open, he did not resemble a Royal Personage nearly

as much as he had in some of his earlier Photographs.

Father would order soft-boiled Eggs to be Eaten from the Shell. When Kenneth got around to these, he would cease to be a Romantic Figure for at least a few Minutes. Bernice would turn away in

Dread and look out at the swaying Trees and long to see some of her Girl Friends back home.

After Kenneth had been served to her, three meals a day, for two Weeks and they had ridden together for Ages and Ages, in Pullman Compartments, she made certain horrible Discoveries.

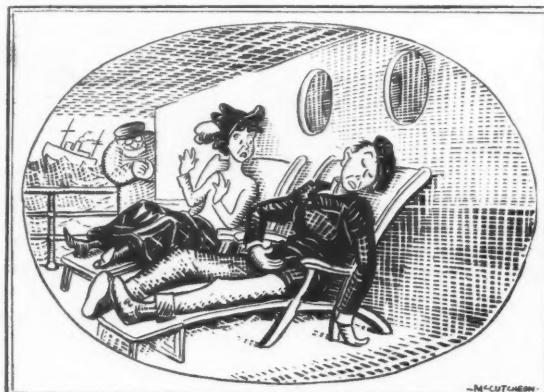
One of his Ears was larger than the other.

He made a funny noise with his Adam's Apple when drinking Hot Coffee.

When he was annoyed, he bit his nails.

When suffering from a Cold, he was Sniffy.

The first time she became aware of the slight discrepancy in Ears, she suffered only a slight Annoyance. It handed her a tiny Pang to find a Flaw in a Piece of Work that she had regarded as Perfect.



Father put them side by side on Deck and told them to comfort each other, in case anything happened. They never could have been quite the same to each other after that Day



— MCCUTCHEON —

DRAWN BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

After Bernice had heard these Almanac Wheezes 26 or 28 times, they didn't sound as killing as they had at First, and sometimes she wished the Dear Boy would chop on them. No chance. Father had him kidded into believing that all the old ham-fat Riddles were simply Immense

New Fables in Slang

After she had seen nothing else but those Ears for many, many Days, it became evident to her that if Kenneth truly loved her, he would go and have them fixed.

Likewise, every time her Heart's Delight lifted the Cup to his Ruby Lips, she would grip the Table Cloth with both Hands, and whisper to herself, "Now we get the Funny Noise."

Kenneth, in the meanwhile, had found out that her Hair did not always look the same, but one who is striving to get a Meal Ticket for Life cannot be overfastidious.

He was Game and stood ready to obey all Orders in order to pull down the Capital Prize.

He had been such a Hit in the Marshmallow Set that he could not conceive the possibility of any Female becoming satiated with his Society.

The poor Loon never stopped to figure out that the only way to keep a Girl sitting up

and interested is to stay away once in a while and give her a Vacation.

Father was right on the Job to see that Bernice had no Vacation. He framed it up to give her a Foretaste of Matrimony every Day in the Week.

If the Future Husband wandered more than thirty feet from her side, Father would nail him and Sic him on to her again.

She would look up and say: "Oh, Fury! Look who's here again!"

This was no way for a true-hearted Maiden to speak of her Soul Mate.

Father put the Cap Sheaf on his big Experiment by accepting an invitation to go Yachting.

He put them side by side on Deck and told them to comfort each other, in case anything happened.

They never could have been quite the same to each other after that Day.

Bernice wanted to get back on Shore and hunt her Room and peel down to a Kimono and refuse to see any Callers for a Month.

Even the accepted Swain was beginning to slow up. He could remember the time when he used to sit around with members of his own Sex.

Father had no Mercy. He took the two Invalids back to Land and rounded them up for Breakfast next morning.

When Kenneth appeared, he was slightly greenish in Color.

One Ear was three times as large as the other.

He had caught a Sniffy Cold.

In partaking of his coffee he made Sounds similar to those coming through the Partition when the People in the adjoining Flat have trouble with the Plumbing.

He saw Bernice glaring at him and bit his Nails in Embarrassment.

Father felt the Crisis impending and laid on the last Straw.

"I was trying to recall that Story," said he—"the One about the German and the Dog."

Bernice gave one Shriek and then dashed from the Room, making hysterical Noises down the Hallway.

Father told Kenneth to check all the Trunks for Home and then catch an early Train.

Bernice was squirming about on the Hotel Sofa when Father entered the Room.

She threw herself into his Arms and passionately demanded, "Why, oh, why are you trying to force me into marrying that Creature?"

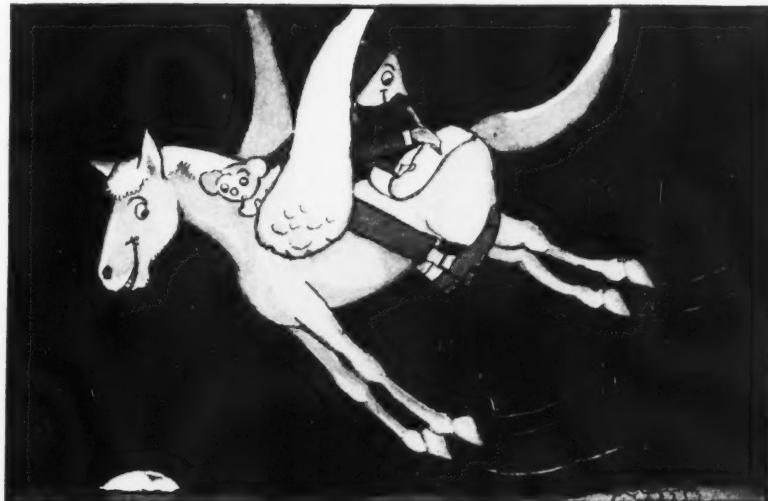
MORAL: Don't get acquainted too soon.



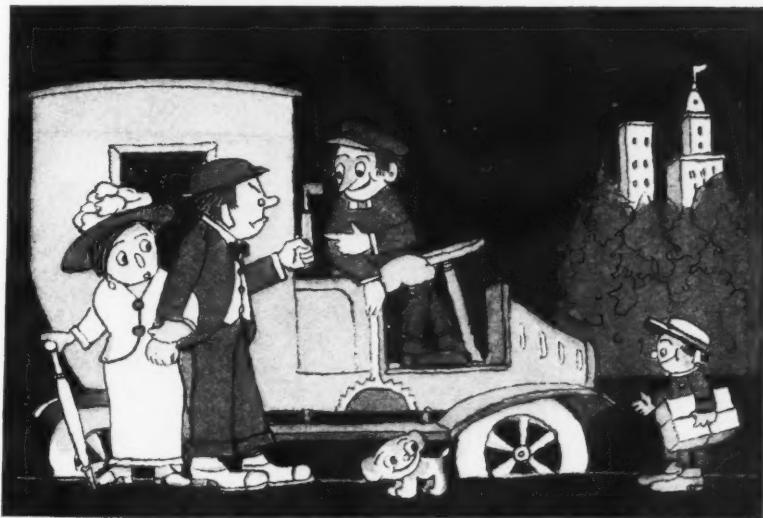
She threw herself into his Arms and passionately demanded, "Why, oh, why are you trying to force me into marrying that Creature?"

Charge!

By Childe Harold



I used to be a poet, but my meter wasn't right.
So now I run a taxicab, and much to my delight



I find a profit in the fault that marred my roundelay.
My meter isn't right—and that is why my taxi pays.



I used to be a soldier, and would rather fight than eat;
And then it was I learned to charge, and never to retreat.



And now, though I'm a plumber and regret my soldier days,
I've not forgotten how to charge—and that is why it pays.

